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ORIGINAL VOYAGES AND TRAVELS NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

III.

ANALYSES OF NEW VOYAGES AND TRAVELS PUBLISHED IN ENGLAND.

VOL. IX.

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PRINTED FOR RICHARD PHILLIPS,

BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS,

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1809.

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TRAVELS

IN

SPAIN:

CONTAINING

A NEW, ACCURATE, & COMPREHENSIVE VIEW

OF THE

STATE OF THAT COUNTRY, DOWN TO THE YEAR

1806.

BY J. F. BOURGOING,

FORMERLY FRENCH AMBASSADOR AT THE COURT OF MADRID, COMMANDER IN THE LEGION OF HONOUR, MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE, &c. &c.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,

AND EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR RICHARD PHILLIPS, 6, NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS,

By J. G. Barnard, 57, Snow Hill.

1808.

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THE work of M. BOURGOING was first known to the Public about twenty years ago at which period it was considered the most accurate account that had appeared of that highly-interesting country. In France it met with considerable success, and in the course of time, passed through three editions, each of which received corrections and emendations from the Author. The political events, however, which have lately occurred, suggested the propriety of a still more enlarged re-publication, and as the Author had the advantage of continuing his observations, by a residence for several years, at various times, in the country which he describes, the present edition will be found to contain a correct and authentic View of Modern Spain, under which title the original is now published.

M. Bourgoing lays much claim to justice and impartiality in his descriptions, in consequence of his long intercourse with every class of the inhabitants; and having studied their language and manners with great atten-

tion. We find, indeed, that even before the appearance of his first work, relative to this country, in the year 1789, he had resided in it upwards of eight years, since which he has been twice dispatched thither upon important missions. He has therefore had ample opportunity to rectify his former errors; and to improve the present edition by the insertion of numerous facts, not contained in those which have preceded it. In short, he considers that his Work is now a complete picture of the country to which it relates; while that of a traveller who passes hastily along, can at any time be nothing more than a sketch.

84.

SPAIN
AND
PORTUGAL,
Spanish Leagues 17½ to a Degree.
Leagues 20 to a Degree.
British Miles 69½ to a Degree.
Lon. West from Greenwich.
Lon. East from Greenwich.
W. W. Macpherson del.
Cooper sculp.
Published Feb.y 1809, by Sherwood, Neely and Jones, No. 10 Paternoster Row, London.

1. *Isle of Pheasants.*
2. *Spanish Custom-house.*
3. *French Custom-house.*

FERRY of the BIDASSOA.

4. *Road from S.t Jean de Luz.*
5. *River Bidassoa.*
6. *First houses of the Town of Irun*

TRAVELS

IN

SPAIN.

CHAP. I.

MODE OF TRAVELLING, STATE OF THE INNS, ROADS, &c.—ACCOUNT OF BISCAY AND ITS INHABITANTS.—BILBOA.—ST. SEBASTIAN.—VITTORIA.—BURGOS.—CANAL OF CASTILLE.—VALLADOLID.—MEDINA.—THE KINGDOM OF LEON.—DESCRIPTIONS OF SALAMARA, SEGOVIA, &c.

MY first visit to Spain was in the month of September, 1777, when I held the situation of secretary to the French ambassador. The Spanish ministry having been changed a few months before it was the object of our Government to sound the disposition of Spain, relative to the great quarrel between North America and her mother country.

There are three public roads, which lead from France into Spain, namely, one from St. Jean de Luz to Irun, the other from St. Jean Pied de Port to Rancevaux, and the third from Boulon to la Jonquiere. We proceeded by that of St. Jean de Luz. Instead of taking post-horses from Bayonne to Orogne, which is five leagues distant from the former, and two from the frontiers, I exchanged my carriage, as most travellers do, for a vehicle not very elegant, called, by the Spaniards, *Coche de Colleras*, and which, till we are used to it, excites many alarming apprehensions. This carriage is rather strong than commodious, and drawn by six mules, to which the voice of the conductors serves either as a spur or bridle. On seeing them fastened to each other as well as to the shafts, with simple cords, and their straggling manner of going, as if without any kind of guidance,

in the crooked, uneven, and frequently unbeaten roads of Spain, the traveller imagines himself entirely abandoned to the care of Providence; but on the appearance of the least danger, a single word from the chief muleteer, who is called *Mayoral*, is sufficient to govern and direct these docile animals. If their ardour abate, the *Zagal*, who is his postillion, jumps from the shafts, where he is stationed as a centinel, animates them with his voice and whip, runs for some time by their side, and then returns to his post, where he remains until called for by the same or some similar circumstance to repeat his services. This vigilance of the two conductors soon relieves the passenger from his fears, who, notwithstanding, remains astonished that more accidents do not happen from so awkward a manner of travelling. He reconciles himself, however, more easily to this than to the Spanish inns. Their inconveniences have, perhaps, been exaggerated, as generally happens when ill-humour guides the pen; but the truth is, that they are in general without any good accommodations; travellers are badly lodged and served; and those who wish for a tolerable repast, must themselves solicit the aid of the butcher, baker, and grocer. In this respect, however, there has, within these few years, been a change for the better. I have met with some tolerable inns, especially in the principal cities. But till the ministry of Count Florida Blanca, there were no stages or conveyances for the public; nor any roads, on which one could travel post, except on horseback. At present, however, there are a number of excellent roads, and a diligence sets off twice a week from Bayonne for Madrid.

On leaving Bayonne you pass through St. Jean de Luz, after travelling for three leagues over a stony and rugged road. You then cross a bridge, which is thrown over a small arm of the sea, and enter the suburbs of Sibourre. Soon afterward the steeple of Orogne appears in view, and the traveller is about a league from Irun, the first Spanish village on the other side of the Bidassoa. This is the boundary of two kingdoms: it is a river famous in the political history of Louis XIV. from the island which it forms at a small distance to the right of the place where the river is passed, and called the Island of Pheasants. The important interview between Cardinal Mazarin and Don Louis de Haro, occasioned it to receive the name of the Island of the Conference. It is not a quarter of a league in circumference, is entirely uninhabited, and almost barren; it owes its fame, like many persons of moderate talents, to a fortunate circumstance.

When the traveller has passed this island, he finds himself in the province of Biscay, in Spain. Some of my enthusiastic

countrymen will tell you, that the moment they set their feet on the other side of the river, the horizon and soil are changed; that they breathe another air, and feel the influence of a foreign climate. We must forgive them the idle fancy; nature which sports with our geographical divisions, when they are marked by great rivers, or even by arms of the sea, preserves, notwithstanding the change of denomination, a striking similitude between the two opposite banks; it would be the same to her did the rivulet of Bidassoa divide the meadow of a private individual. The banks resemble each other; if the traveller remove from them a few leagues on either side, he will, whether he be a Frenchman or not, prefer the district which leads him from Bayonne to that which conducts him to it. The difference also between the last roads of France and those at the entrance of Spain, is in favour of the latter.

The roads of Biscay may be said to be among the finest in Europe. Few countries, however, laboured, in this respect, under greater difficulties. Biscay, which joins the Pyrenees, seems to be an extensive continuation of these mountains to the borders of Castile. In tracing a road there were considerable descents to diminish, precipices to avoid, and high summits to turn with address. Such ground required all the art which can be displayed in the construction of roads. The three provinces of *Guipuscoa*, *Vizcaya*, and *Alava*, of which Biscay is composed, and which, with respect to their private concerns, form three distinct little states, joined their efforts to accomplish this end, as is usual with them when their common interest is in question: Nature has not been prodigal to them in her gifts. Guipuscoa and Vizcaya are unprovided with corn, and are supplied with it by Alava, which with that only resource is almost as well peopled as the other two. In the years 1790 and and 1791, this corn trade produced a million and a half of livres. The three provinces of Biscay are the asylum of liberty and industry, and this is the great cause of their common prosperity; for what miracles may not be wrought by these two sisters, who usually go hand in hand? In crossing Biscay, we perceive that their presence has given animation to every object; nothing can be more delightful than the hills; nothing more cheerful than the cultivated valleys. Biscay contains about 116,000 inhabitants, and Guipuscoa, which is about six leagues wide by seventeen long, contains 120,000.

For thirty leagues, the distance between the Bidassoa and Vittoria, not a quarter of an hour passes but the traveller discovers some village or hamlet. The towns of Villafranca, Villareal

and Mondragon, have the air of independance and plenty. What a difference in the aspect of this country and that of the neighbouring province! I am far from wishing to throw ridicule on the Castilians, whose virtues I esteem; but they are silent and melancholy; they bear in their austere and sallow visages the marks of lassitude and poverty. The Biscayans have a different complexion, and quite another air of countenance and character. Free, lively, and hospitable; they seem to enjoy their happiness, and wish to communicate it to those who come among them. I shall long remember what happened to us at Villafranca. We arrived there early, the weather was fine, and we wandered on the outside of the town, amusing ourselves with observing the varieties of its cultivation. Several groups of peasants in different parts of the orchards engaged our attention; we also excited theirs. A moment of mutual curiosity caused us to approach each other. My travelling companion spoke Spanish with great facility; he knew, as well as myself, that that language bore no resemblance to that of the Biscayans; but we could not imagine that in a province so long subjected to Spain, the language of the sovereign was unknown: and that it was necessary to have recourse to the primitive tongue. We gave these good people to understand that we wished to taste their fruit. They immediately strove who should be the first to oblige us; our hands were soon filled, and we were strongly solicited to fill our pockets also. Some of the peasants went to procure us fowl and fresh eggs; we had great difficulty in preventing them from being offended at our refusal, and regretted we had no other interpreter than our looks and gestures. We were obliged, at at last, to leave them; but as we had rambled without directing our steps to any particular place, and were unable, without a guide, to find the way back to our inn, our benefactors now caused us some embarrassment, as each wished to become our guide. Those whose services were not accepted, kept, for a long time, their eyes fixed upon us. They could easily discover that we were surprized at their hospitality. We left them some marks of our acknowledgment, which they received in such a manner as proved to us the disinterestedness of the reception we had met with. Indeed, we seemed, on parting, to quit those amiable natives of the South-sea islands, whom Cook and Bougainville have taught us to love, and yet we were not twenty leagues from Bayonne.

The Biscayans, who are so different in their language and appearance from the Castilians, are not less so in the constitution of their country. Their province is considered, in many

respects, as beyond the Spanish frontiers. Except a few restrictions, all merchandize enters, and is never examined but at the interior limits. The province has other privileges of which the people are very jealous, but so precarious a possession is liberty, that these have recently been more than once attacked.

The taxes which they pay have the name and form of free gifts (*donativo*). The monarch, by his minister of finances, requires a certain sum: the demand is discussed by the states, and, as it may be imagined, is always acquiesced in. They then levy the sum upon the different cities and communities, according to a register, which, however, suffers frequent modifications. There is one advantage derived from this mode of levying; the impost being paid from the city grants, individuals are not exposed either to seizure or constraint. It therefore seems, in the first point of view, that Biscay taxes itself; and for want of the reality, the inhabitants cherish this shadow, to which, for some years past, they have made real sacrifices. The free commerce of Spanish America might be extended to their ports, if the Biscayans would allow the necessary duties to be there paid; but they look upon custom-house officers as the creatures of despotism, and their jealousy rejects the proffered benefits of the sovereign. They can make no commercial expedition to America, without preparing for it in a neighbouring port, and the most industrious people of Spain, the the most experienced in navigation, and the best situated for such a commerce, sacrifice a part of these advantages to that of preserving some small remains of liberty. Thus, before the war, which gave independence to British America, all the inhabitants of one of the provinces engaged themselves, by an oath, not to eat lamb, in order to increase the growth of wool, with the intention of rendering useless the manufactures of the mother country.

The Biscayans have certainly had, from the beginning of the last century, an advantage over the Spaniards, relative to the commerce of America. The company of Caracas, known also by the name of that of Guipuscoa, had warehouses upon the coast, and made voyages from one of their ports; but this company have lately been unfortunate, on which account the government determined to relieve it from a burden, which from circumstances became highly inconvenient. Exempted therefore from contributing to the expences of government, its commerce may be renewed with the colony of Caracas, without having reason to fear, for many years, those competitors who have been permitted the same liberty of traffic.

Biscay is remarkable for its roads, cultivation and privileges, but more particularly for the industry of its inhabitants. This is chiefly exerted upon iron, the principal production of the provinces. In order to improve this manufacture, the Biscayans have recourse to foreign correspondence, public lectures, and travelling. At Bergara there is a patriotic school, where metallurgy is taught by the most able professors, amongst whom is our enlightened and amiable countryman, Proust. Students in chemistry have been sent to Sweden and Germany, where they have acquired, as well in the bowels of the earth as in the shops of manufacturers, such knowledge as has already been profitable to their country; for this word is not a vain sound in Biscay. The inhabitants, separated by their situation, language, and privileges, weak as they are, and confined within narrow limits, are called by nature and policy to feel the spirit of patriotism, and are obedient to the call. This noble sentiment produced the school of Bergara, where the nobility of the country are brought up at the expence of the states; and, not long ago, the same patriotism gave new employment to the industry of the Biscayans by digging the port of Deva, between St. Sebastian and Bilboa.

There are several other such harbours upon their coasts, which merit the traveller's attention. Bilboa, the capital of Biscay, properly so called, has one where commerce is in the most flourishing state, and whence an intercourse is maintained, in time of peace with France, Holland, and England. It is situated near the sea, on the right bank of a river, which is not a very long current, but the bed of which is deep enough to receive very large merchant ships.

The most important town in all Biscay is Bilbao, or Bilboa, though it does not contain more than 14,000 inhabitants, yet its former industry has much diminished, particularly in respect of its tanneries. It contains about 200 mercantile houses, amongst which are several Irish, English, French and German.

Biscay has always been remarkable for the tenacity which it has displayed concerning its political liberty, though its privileges are very chimerical. No foreigner can be naturalized in Biscay, without proving his *filiation* or descent, that is, he must prove that his parents were neither Jews nor heretics, and that they have not exercised any vile profession.

On my first journey I left the great road at Arnani, to cross by a fine road the mountains which separate it from the sea. From their tops is seen the little city of St. Sebastian, which is joined to the continent by a narrow neck of low land. The

port, if an artificial harbour can be so called, is very narrow, and adapted, by moles, for fifteen or twenty vessels, which are there placed as in so many drawers. It is sheltered by an eminence, on which the ruins of an old castle are discovered. From St. Sebastian I kept along the sea-coast, travelling over mountains that surround a bay called the *Port of the Passage*, and which resembles rather a great pond than a gulph of the ocean. As soon as I arrived at the inner confines, I was beset by a troop of female Biscayans, who spoke to me with some vehemence, without my understanding a word of what they uttered. I was for some time embarassed to discover the intention of this seeming banditti; and must confess, that had not a little shame prevented me, I should have shewn some marks of fear. They soon, however, became more calm, and by some words almost French, I understood that these rivals disputed with each other the good fortune of carrying me over to the other side of the harbour. I recovered from my alarm, and threw the apple to the prettiest of the women. It was not an apple of discord; she who had obtained the preference, modestly enjoyed her triumph, without so much as exciting envy. Notwithstanding the presence of my amiable boat-woman, the space I had to cross appeared to be about half a league; at length I arrived at the little town of the Passage, built in the very narrow space between the mountains and the harbour; and climbed up to the castle, which commands its narrow entrance. From this castle there is, on one side, a view of the spacious bason, and, on the other, of the open sea.

From the Port of the Passage the company of Guipuscoa fits out vessels for the coast of Caracas. After having admired the singular form of this harbour, one of the largest, and perhaps the safest in Europe, I returned to St. Sebastian, and again entered the road to Vittoria.

The city of Vittoria, the capital of the province of Alava, one of the three of Biscay, is seen as we descend from the mountains; it stands in the middle of a well cultivated plain, abounding in villages; the town, however, is ill built, and the streets badly contrived; yet it exhibits the appearance of activity and industry. When I first passed through it, I observed a square newly begun, which has long since been completely finished. Each side contains nineteen arcades, and one of the fronts of which is that of the town or mansion house. The pillars are of the Tuscan order. This edifice, notwithstanding some defects, would be an ornament to a city more considerable than that of Vittoria: the plan was not given by a foreign architect, but by M. Olarvide, a native of Vittoria.

Vittoria being the last town of Biscay, on the side of Castile, the traveller is obliged to submit to all the severe examiniations of the custom-house officers; and every thing which is conveyed in or taken out of the place is rigorously inspected; while all suspected letters are stopped. With a view to encourage the art of coachmaking in Spain; every person who brings a carriage into the country is obliged to leave one-tenth of its value here, and the money is not returned to him till he repasses the frontiers.

Five leagues beyond Vittoria, the Ebro appears, and divides the town of Miranda into two unequal parts, the principal of which is that on the left bank. This river is one of those objects aggrandized by the magic colours of history, and is found much inferior to the reputation it has acquired. It is true that at Miranda it is near its source, which is at the feet of the mountains of the kingdom of Leon; but although it formerly served as a boundary to the conquests of Charlemagne, it has not hitherto been made navigable. In the year 1785, the famous canal of Arragon began to justify the hopes which had been entertained of it since the reign of Charles V. Some small vessels from Tudela arrived at Saragossa, where they were received with the most lively demonstrations of joy and gratitude.

By this canal a new conveyance is opened to the productions of Arragon, one of the provinces of Spain, the most favoured by nature, and yet one of the least productive relatively to its extent. Two canals, that of Tauste and the Imperial canal, both of which begin in Navarre, and have the same depth of water, run in various windings through Arragon, and by turns recede from or approach the Ebro, till they, at length, fall into it. These streams are the sources of industry to all the districts through which they flow, and render their fields fertile by their fructifying waters. The country of Arragon is already planted with thousands of olive and other trees. The cities and towns, which formerly were condemned to drought and scarcity, are now supplied with fish and water from these canals. The rivers, which from the north of Navarre and Arragon, formerly emptied their waters into the Ebro, have contributed to the flourishing condition of the countries they have hitherto uselessly watered, and the Ebro receives the merchandize which they bring. This undertaking has been effected by labours, which deserve no less admiration than that excited by the wonders of the canal of Languedoc. Besides the dykes, banks, and sluices, with the larger and smaller bridges, which the two canals in their course rendered necessary; there has been

constructed in the valley of Riojalon, an aqueduct seven hundred and ten fathoms in length, and seventeen feet thick at the base, in which the little river runs.

We now quit the banks of the Ebro, and, after passing several fertile plains, enter Castile; for we have not yet reached its spacious plains. On leaving Miranda, I discovered the rocks of *Pancorvo*, which have a most picturesque appearance, and have already received justice from the pencil of several travellers. The village of Pancorvo, three leagues from Miranda, is buried, if I may use the expression, among the rocks. They scarcely leave a narrow passage for the great road, which is overshaded by their threatening summits. Five leagues farther on, we pass through the small city of Bribiesca, enclosed by a wall which has four gates, placed at equal distances. The inhabitants are not opulent, but appear to be active. When I passed through this town in 1777 and 1785, I found it a melancholy and barren waste; but in 1792 it was much improved, and contained many gardens and vineyards.

On leaving Bribiesca to go to Burgos, we meet with two steep hills; and here to quiet our fears, it is necessary to have an unlimited confidence in the docility and surefootedness of the mules, and the care of their drivers.

Towards Burgos the road becomes tolerable. This city, the capital of Old Castile, is very agreeably situated; the greatest part of it is on the right of the Arlançon, over which there are three bridges. That river describes an arch of a circle round Burgos, and on the other side is a hill, upon which there still remain some ruins of an old fort. The Arlançon embellishes and fertilises all the environs; it renders flourishing the plantations which serve as public walks, waters the verdant meadows, and washes the walls of two remarkable edifices, situated below the city; the first is the monastery *de las Huelgas*, a convent of nuns, the abbess of which has considerable privileges; the other is the *Hopital del Rey*, the Royal or King's Hospital, remarkable for the extreme cleanliness preserved in it, and the healthiness of its situation. The most polished nations might take example from the Spaniards with respect to these charitable foundations. A cruel prejudice has not yet made them fear that the wretched should there find themselves sufficiently comforted to see, without repugnance, such an asylum open to their misery.

Except its cathedral, there is nothing remarkable in Burgos: this is one of the most magnificent and the best pre-

served of the ancient Gothic edifices. The traveller is not a little surprised at finding in one of the chapels a picture by Michael Angelo Buonarotti, representing the Virgin dressing the infant Jesus, who is standing upon a table. The noble air which Michael Angelo gave to his figures is very observable in these, as is also the strength and correctness of design, to which he frequently sacrificed grace. The cathedral is at the extremity of the city, almost opposite to one of the three bridges over the Arlançon. On the other side of the same bridge is a suburb, where, as throughout the kingdom of Spain, is a miraculous image known by the name of *Santo Christo de Burgos*. It is kept in a dark chapel, perfumed with incense, and full of *ex votos* and silver lamps, and into which persons are introduced in a manner so mysterious, as to have something awful even to those who are no ways inclined to superstition. As soon as the curious are within the chapel, and on their knees, the wax tapers of the altar, on which the crucifix stands, are lighted. The crucifix is concealed behind three curtains, that are drawn one after the other with a studied slowness, which still adds to the religious solemnity. Simple people believe that its beard grows. Devotees attribute to it many miracles, but impartial eyes can discover in it nothing extraordinary.

The new square at Burgos only deserves mention on account of the bronze pedestrian statue of Charles III. being placed in it. It is badly designed, and as badly executed. Indeed it is merely noticed, because it is almost the only monument of the kind in Spain; for though the Spaniards are devoted to their sovereigns, they are less prodigal in this kind of homage than other people.

The Arlançon again presents itself to view on leaving Burgos, and is scarcely ever lost sight of in any part of the road to Villadrigo; a very agreeable village, to the right of the river, at the bottom of a vast plain, tolerably cultivated, and less destitute of trees than the rest of Castile. All the environs of Burgos are now in an excellent state of cultivation.

We next perceive the Pisuerga, a little river which runs from north to south, and the waters of which it was intended should be made to supply the canal of Castile, projected and begun in the preceding reign. This project was afterwards almost abandoned, to the great prejudice of Old Castile, which only requires such an opening for the sale and increase of its productions. The canal was to begin at

Segovia, and following the course of the Eresma, which falls into the Duero, to be continued as far north as Reynosa, receiving from the little rivers, in its passage, the tribute of their waters. Reynosa is but twenty leagues from Saint-Ander, a sea-port, where all the merchandize exported from old Castile is shipped. A road, which will be destroyed before the canal is finished, has been made to facilitate a communication by land.

We continued our way along the banks of the Pisuerga, and after having passed two steep hills, the feet of which are washed by the river, arrived at *Quintana de la Puente*, near to a bridge of eighteen arches, and *Torquemada*, one of the most dirty and wretched towns in Spain. The Pisuerga is again to be crossed here over a bridge of twenty-six arches, and which has lately been almost wholly rebuilt. Were it not for this river, the banks of which are extremely pleasant, and embellished at small distances by groups of trees, nothing could be more dull and less varied than the road from Villadrigo to Duennas. Before we arrive at the latter town, which stands upon rather a steep hill, by the side of the Pisuerga, which in this place receives the river of Carrion, we see on the left the great monastery of St. Isidro, and on the side opposite, a new road, begun in 1784, by the governor of Palencia, whose residence is but two leagues from Duennas. It was made at the expence of the neighbouring communities, and may serve as a model in any country.

Immediately beyond the hills of Duennas, the country becomes quite flat and naked as far as Valladolid, a considerable city, situated near the Pisuerga, and on the banks of the Esquava, a small river, upon which are established a few washing places for the wool of the neighbouring country. Valladolid is well peopled, and seems very lively, especially at the fair which is held towards the end of September, but the streets are so dirty as to be disgusting both to the sight and smell.

Most of the churches of Valladolid, those especially of the Dominicans and of *San Benito*, are elegant, and particularly agreeable to the Spanish taste, that is, handsome and full of altars richly gilt. They also contain some tombs of white marble, admirably sculptured. The sculptures, as well in coloured wood as in marble, in detached groups, or bas-relief, may be traced back to the revival of the arts in Spain; an epocha which produced Juan de Juni, Berruguete, Becerra, and others, who would have done honour to more enlightened ages.

The cathedral of Valladolid also engaged my attention. This was but an enormous mass of dark-coloured stone, without the least ornament. The pilasters round the nave are of the Doric order, the proportions of which are observed with the greatest accuracy. The cathedral may in time be embellished by art, but it will be impossible to remove a striking defect, which is, that on entering, a high wall behind the choir is the first object that presents itself to view, and hides the rest of the church; it is quite undeserving of the encomiums which Pons has lavished on it. I was still more astonished at not finding in Valladolid, a great city, the residence of a bishop and chapter, the seat of an university, one of the six great colleges of the kingdom, and one of the two supreme tribunals of Spain, any such thing as a map or chart to be sold, nor a single copy of Don Quixote. But in amends, there are convents in great plenty. At one end of Valladolid is an enormous square, called the *Campo-Grande*, from which are seen thirteen others; particularly one, which is very regularly built, and has three tiers of balconies, in which it is calculated, that 24,000 persons may sit at their ease.

I had a fair opportunity to judge of the capacity of this square, when I first arrived in Spain. It was at the time of a bull-fight, which only takes place once in three years. I was struck with the prodigious concourse of people who, from a circuit of several leagues, had collected to see the festivity. The famous *Torreador*, or bull-killer, named Pepehillo, whose feats I witnessed several times afterwards, had been sent for from Madrid. He paid his respects to the ambassador, whom I accompanied, by presenting him with several of the bulls as he killed them, a usual tribute to dignified foreigners; and each of these sanguinary tributes was the signal for throwing from the balcony of the corregidor, in which we were, several pieces of gold into the spot of his exploits.

He certainly did not want such encouragement; but he was never known to be more adroit than on this occasion.—He fell a victim in 1802, to the ferocity of a bull which gored him in a desperate manner, but which he nevertheless killed.

There are at Valladolid several manufactories; some stuffs and course cloths are made there from the wool of the sheep which are kept in the neighbourhood. There are also gold and silversmiths, and one street is entirely inhabited by jewellers. This is very lively and full of busi-

ness, as are all the others which terminate in the great square.

At one of the great houses in Valladolid, the convent of Fuensaldagne, are three incomparable pictures by Reubens:—the colouring is in his finest style. Simancas, the principal depot of the archives of the monarchy, is only two leagues from Valladolid.

Madder is cultivated in these environs, the same as in those of Burgos.

That part of Castile, which lies to the right, on proceeding from Burgos to Segovia, is almost unknown to modern travellers; nevertheless, it contains two towns worthy of notice, were it only on account of the contrast of their present poverty and their former prosperity. They are Medina del Rio Seco, formerly celebrated for its manufactories; and Medino del Campo, which was once the residence of several monarchs, the theatre of great events, and the scite of an extensive commerce. In those times, its inhabitants were from 50 to 60,000, but at present they do not exceed 1000 families. Its great fairs for the sale of the fine Segovian cloths, its beautiful houses and regular streets are now obliterated from history. Medina del Rio Seco, from 30,000 souls, is reduced to about 1,400 families.

Leon, a town agreeably situated, and which was important even as late as when the kingdom of this name was united with that of Castile, now contains only 1,500 families. Salamanca, which is the second city in the kingdom of Leon, deserves more particular attention, and will be spoken of hereafter. It may be conceived, that during my first journey, I did not neglect visiting this spot, so famous in the Roman history.

The first remarkable place at which we arrived after passing by Segovia, was *Santa Maria de Nieva*. This town contains six hundred houses. The inhabitants, more happy than those of the greatest part of Spain, have full permission to sell all kind of eatables. They reckon among other advantages, the possession of a miraculous image of the Virgin, and the innocent privilege of having an annual bull-fight, at which all the lovers of that diversion in the neighbourhood assemble, and where the most famous *Matadores* of Spain disdain not to gather sanguinary laurels.

From the eminence on which Santa Maria de Nieva is placed, we discover a fine country,—if a large extent of land, in which there is neither running water, trees, verdure, nor country houses, and which offers nothing but

the dull uniform aspect of immense fields of wheat, can be so called.

We soon after came to a wood of firs, which bears a faint resemblance to the heaths of Bourdeaux, but the industry of the inhabitants has not taken advantage of the resource which these trees present.

On the outside of the wood the ground becomes bare and uniform. Notwithstanding its dryness, it is well cultivated to the very gates of Arevalo, a town which must formerly have been a considerable city. It is almost surrounded by a little river, the deep bed of which seems to have been dug for the defence of a fortress. The gate of Arevalo is a massive building without ornament; it leads to a bridge which is not more indebted to art, but its solidity may brave the ravages of inundations and almost those of time. However, it has not been thought unworthy of a pompous inscription, which informs the traveller that the town and villages for thirty leagues round contributed to its construction. The interior of Arevalo, notwithstanding the impoverished state of the modern inhabitants, still bears the marks of having formerly been an important city. There are some remains of antique columns, upon which are placed miserable barracks and half-rotten balconies. The sight of these called to my recollection those bankrupts, who, formerly opulent, wear out in their distress the tattered remains of their once sumptuous wardrobe. The clergy only preserve their riches in the midst of the poverty with which they are surrounded. There are still in Arevalo eight parishes, and as many convents.

The only cultivation for the space of six leagues, the distance from Santa Maria de Nieva to Arevalo, is that of corn: a few vineyards produce wines, the bitter and earthy taste of which, nothing but habit can render supportable.

From Arevalo to Penaranda, nothing is seen but a fertile and well-cultivated country. Yet, notwithstanding the riches of the earth, the inhabitants seem poor. Reduced to articles of pure necessity, they despise those of convenience, and deprived of all exterior communication and objects of comparison, they seem not to have either the desire or knowledge of these enjoyments. They appear to have no idea of embellishing their inheritances; a pleasure or kitchen garden is to them an object of luxury, which their parsimony refuses. Idleness imposes on them deprivations, and, in turn, the habit of these increases indolence:

they will continue in this way until roads, canals, and easy means of conveyance shall have taught them the advantages of commerce.

We passed the night at Flores de Avila, a miserable village, where we suffered every inconvenience. The frugal supper set before us, was twenty times interrupted by the barking of dogs, the thefts of cats, the importunities of beggars, and the cavils of a toothless old woman who did the honours of the inn. We passed the night upon beds as hard as it is possible to conceive beds to be, devoured by the insects, which in Spain so frequently disturb the repose of the traveller. From such miserable repose, we rose early without much effort, and immediately set out for Penaranda, a handsome little town, which contains about a thousand houses. Like Arevalo, it has some ruins of architecture, which prove it was formerly more considerable; it belongs to the counts of the same name, one of whom was the count de Penaranda, so well known in political history, by his arrogance, which twenty times was near breaking up the congress of Westphalia.

The inhabitants of the town have the greatest confidence in an image of the Holy Virgin; without the aid of which, say they, they should repeatedly have sunk under their wretchedness. Such are the mild illusions which modern philosophers have had the cruelty to ridicule, and which, perhaps, should be supported for the consolation of the poor, when vigilant and enlightened authority has otherwise the means of remedying the abuses of superstition. Illusions like these are surely innocent, and even precious when their only effect is to nourish hope and patience in the mind of the unfortunate. The inhabitants of Peneranda, like those of most of the Spanish provinces, appeared to me to stand in need of these two resources; they are overburthened with taxes; they painfully earn what they possess, and distress destroys their industry. Their lords, who are sometimes ignorant to the degree of being unacquainted with the geographical situation of their estates, confide the management of them to stewards, treasurers, or alcaldes, who bring curses upon their names by the abuse of their authority.

I cannot take my leave of the little town of Penaranda, without rendering a tribute of justice to the inn in which I took the necessary refreshment. It is certainly the cleanest and most convenient of any I met with in Spain, and well supplied with provisions.

From Penaranda, after passing by Ventosa, a miserable village upon an eminence whence Salamanca begins to be seen, we arrived at the town of Huerta; and in the inn there, I for the first time observed a singularity which in some respects well deserves to be imitated in other places. At the entrance we found a placart, in which the alcalde or mayor prescribed to the innkeeper the manner in which he ought to treat travellers, with the price he was to receive for their beds, food, horses, &c. This was well enough, but the foresight of the alcalde extended to forbidding the innkeeper from keeping pigs and hens, from suffering certain prohibited games to be played in his house, and from receiving into it armed men, or women of ill fame. These shackles produce inconvenience, without being of any real benefit to morals, and by these means Spain will long be without good inns, and will consequently be the dread of travellers.

On leaving Huerta we distinctly saw the steeples of Salamanca, and did not again lose sight of them. The road lies along the banks of the Tormes, near to which the city is situated. At a certain distance its situation is beautiful; and were the country a little less naked it would considerably resemble that of Tours, on the banks of the Loire. The appearance of Salamanca is very like that of Tours, as we arrive at it from Blois. To the right are some little barren and stony hills, on which are seen a few habitations, with some tufts of trees, and to the left several copses, which separate the great road from the river. At about half way we crossed one of the vast pastures or commons, called *Valdios*, which are but too frequent in Spain, but they are not cloathed with that brilliant verdure, which is the finest ornament of the country. A great drove of bulls passed us upon the road. The theatres of the bull-fights at Madrid and Valladolid are supplied from this district. After having frequently been witnesses to their terrible conflicts, it was not without some emotion that we found ourselves surrounded by these formidable animals; but they were at liberty and unprovoked; they had lost their ferocity, and we were soon as much at our ease as we could have been in the midst of a flock of sheep. In fact, the philosopher knows that nature has formed but few mischievous beings; necessity only forces some to become so, and this happens when it imposes the law either of self-defence or seeking food for nourishment.

On entering Salamanca we passed through dirty streets, narrow and thinly peopled, which do not appear to belong to a great city: but we were agreeably surprised on arriving at the square, which is equally remarkable for cleanness and regularity of architecture; it appeared to us much superior to the *Plaza Mayor*, of which the inhabitants of Madrid are so vain. This city is built with hewn stone, and ornamented with three rows of balconies that run all round without interruption. The first story is formed by arcades, and their frieze is ornamented with medallions of the most illustrious personages Spain has produced. On one side are those of all the kings of Castile to Charles III. exclusively; on the other those of the most celebrated heroes, such as Bernard del Carpio, Gonsalves de Cordova, and Hernando Cortez. Those to the east are not yet filled up.

The edifices however, which form the square of Salamanca are not the only ones worthy of attention; the cathedral, although cotemporary with Leo X, and built by a number of architects, has paid more than one tribute to bad taste. It must, however, be admitted, that the boldness of the nave and the finishing of the Gothic ornaments make it one of the most remarkable churches in Spain. When the traveller is informed that, besides the cathedral, there are in Salamanca, twenty-five parish churches, twenty-five convents of monks, and fourteen of women, without enumerating a considerable number of pious foundations, he is neither astonished at its poverty nor want of population. Its university, formerly so famous, to which students were sent from all parts of Europe, has considerably fallen from its ancient splendor, although it is yet far from meriting the ignominious epithets bestowed upon it by modern travellers. By the last form given it by the council of Castile, it has sixty-one professorships, without reekoning an anatomical theatre, and the college of three languages (Hebrew, Greek and Latin.) It contains several able professors, employed in pursuing and forcing from its last retreat the pretended philosophy of Aristotle, the object of the invectives of all Europe, after having been that of stupid veneration, in France and Italy no less than in Spain.

The edifices of this university are composed of two parts, separated from each other by a street. The little schools, *(Escuelas minores)* are on one side; and on the other the gates of the university properly so called. One of these gates immediately strikes the eye. Besides its being de-

corated with flowers extremely well sculptured, it bears an inscription, which informs the reader that he is already at the door of the sanctuary of the sciences; the inscription is in Hebrew. This gate opens to a court that leads to the different schools. Bad painting, with which the wall is daubed, indicate the science taught in this part of the building, and Latin verses written beneath, scarcely more tolerable than the paintings, record either the generosity of the principal patrons of the university, as Alfonso X. surnamed the Astronomer, and Ferdinand III. or the advantages of the science in question. The library is above; it is public, and if the librarians may be judged of by the reception I met with, those who may have occasion to visit them hereafter will be perfectly satisfied with their politeness. This library contains a good collection. We remarked there many foreign books, especially English and French; but there seemed to be but few modern works. The whole consists of upwards of twenty thousand volumes.

Another foundation, more modern than the university of Salamanca, and more celebrated in the present age, is that of the great colleges, or *Colegios Mayores*. There are in Spain seven houses of education which bear this name. The most distinguished youth of the kingdom are brought up in them: and from them, formerly those who held places in the administration were taken, as I have observed in another part of this work. Such a distinction excited emulation amongst the students of the colleges *(Colegiales)* and the order of advocates, whose moderate fortunes were unequal to so illustrious an education. The latter have lately been fully revenged; since it was among them the state has found those who do it most honour; and their triumph has thrown a ridicule upon their disdainful rivals. Besides, those who supplanted them produced the reform of the abuses to which these colleges were subject. In 1776, the council of Castile gave a new form to the whole, which by making them more regular, has rendered them more useful.

The city of Salamanca alone contains four of these colleges, those of St. Bartholomew, Cuenca, Oviedo, and del Arzobispo. The first, and the most ancient, has been recently rebuilt, and merits the attention of connoisseurs: the architect was a Biscayan, who had formed his taste in Italy; but his genius seems to have exhausted itself in the facade and the court; the interior of the building bears not the least marks of it. It nevertheless contains a library

rich in manuscripts. This college has produced several learned men; such as Alphonso Tostado, whose immense erudition and prodigious fertility of invention are still proverbial among the modern Spaniards.

The college of Cuença, respectable in its appearance by its mass and symmetry, is overcharged with paltry ornaments. The same observation holds with respect to that of el Arzobispo; they are both monuments of the indefatigable patience which characterised the artists of former ages; though it must be allowed they might better have employed their time and pains.

I cannot declare much in favour of the *Colegio Mayor* of Oviedo. I had indeed heard much of the church of the Dominicans, the front of the convent of the Augustin nuns, and the church of San Marcos, heretofore belonging to the Jesuits. In the midst of this profusion of sacred edifices at Salamanca, it was necessary to make a choice; we therefore confined our observations to these three churches.

The front of that of the Dominicans is an elaborate performance, in the gothic taste; the nave is spacious, and the light judiciously admitted; the chapels are richly decorated, and in all these respects it appeared to us to resemble many other churches in Spain. But we sought in vain for the fine paintings of which we had heard so many encomiums. The ceiling of the choir is painted in fresco, by Palomino of whom I have spoken, and who, in writing the lives of the Spanish painters, has given excellent instructions relative to the fine arts. However, it seemed to us, that at Salamanca he had not added example to precept.

An officious monk appeared to shew us the curiosities of his church. We presumed he would be our *Cicerone* for the paintings; but he led us directly to the shrine. Here our disappointed curiosity was a second time obliged to put on the mask of devotion, and immediately we found ourselves in the midst of a dozen soldiers and persons of the lowest rank, listening to a recital of the list of all the relics contained in the cabinet. My travelling companion, to whom his religion rendered these details less interesting than to the implicit believers, withdrew his attention, and employed himself in endeavouring to explain the *ex votos* with which he was surrounded. The expositor, astonished that his services should be refused, recalled the wanderer, and made him some exhortations, which, according to the in-

tention of the worthy monk, would have affected a mind prepared for grace; but the strayed sheep remained deaf to the voice of the shepherd. He vainly offered him sometimes the nail, and at others one of the double teeth of some saint to kiss, but the wandering brother would not suffer himself to be prevailed upon. At length the monk came to a little box full of relics. Pope such a one had made a present of it to the community. "We have nothing," said he, "more precious, bring all your "chaplets and rub them against this collection of spiritual "riches. Every body present, except my companion and myself, eagerly obeyed the exhortation. I must confess that we appeared a little confused at being surprised without that emblem of a good Christian, and the spectators began to look on us with an evil eye. We were quite unknown in the city; and presently recollecting the holy office, with a slight impression of fear, sought for an opportunity to remove the suspicions which we perceived were entertained of us. This we soon found; the monk shewed to his audience a relic which, he told them, was nothing less than some of our Saviour's hair. Each bent his knee, whilst the dominican exclaimed: *Come near, this indeed merits adoration.* I approached with the rest, and devoutly kissed the holy relic. The situation of my companion became a little embarrassing. Was he, by his inaction, to declare himself an heretic; or might he, from respect to the company, consent to do what to him appeared an act of idolatry? His choice was soon made; he was neither superstitious nor fanatical, and he took the resolution to imitate us. I know several persons of his persuasion, who would impute this to him as a crime; but I think him very excusable in permitting himself to do an act which to him must seem indifferent. Besides, what purpose would it have answered, to have offended so many people, by a tacit condemnation of their practice? In the eyes of an indifferent person, the exterior acts of religion make a part of their manners. The times of fanaticism, those of the revolution, as well as those of Spanish inquisition, when it was thought a merit to insult the objects of a religion which was looked upon as idolatrous, and in which my maxims of toleration would have been construed into so many crimes, are happily past. I however wish, for the honour of the Spanish nation, that as a religion different from that of the established one, is suffered in the sea-port towns of that kingdom, a traveller may be able to go over

the whole country without being exposed to the danger which my travelling companion would, had he been less prudent, have incurred in the church of the Dominican at Salamanca.

I shall omit the enumeration of all the sacred treasures there shewn to us, except the Bible of the famous anti-pope Benedict XIII. who was born in Spain, and deposed by the council of Constance. "Take care," said our conductor, "not to confound him with a pope of the same name who was of the Dominican order; the latter, was a real pope." We recollected the words of Molier: *You are a goldsmith, M. Josse.*

The front of the church of the Augustin nuns is massive and loaded with a profusion of ornaments, but the edifice in general is in a bad state. It faces a castle of the duke of Alba, which in Spain is called a *palace*, as the posses sions of the grandees of Spain are called *states*. A part of those of the house of Alba is in the environs of Salamanca; and at the distance of four leagues from it, there is a city called after their name *(Alba de Tormes)* in which they have also a palace. But these *states* and *palaces* suffer not a little by the continual absence of their proprietors, proofs of which very frequently occur in making the tour of Spain. As long as the opulent landholders shall neglect to animate by their presence their vast possessions, the patriotic societies, establishments of manufactures, encouragements for clearing of lands, and prohibitions of foreign merchandize, will all prove ineffectual to redress the evils which for two centuries have been undermining the Spanish monarchy. They are the most proper persons to second the efforts of administration and insure their success. How can they, who are constantly at such a distance from their estates, redress the grievances committed in their names, project and execute plans of improvement, or encourage and facilitate the sale of the productions of their lands? As long as the obscure and ruinous luxury which they display at court and in the capital shall absorb their riches, they must be deprived of the means of rendering them useful to their fellow-citizens.

The ancient college of the Jesuits, among the sacred edifices at Salamanca, is that most deserving our attention; it has been given to the community of regular canons, under the name of the church of *San Marcos*, or Saint Mark. In front is a magnificent portal of the Corinthian order. The ancient seminary of the Jesuits, which, at the

request of the late bishop of Salamanca, was dedicated to the education of thirty young ecclesiastics, established there in 1778, is upon the same line. The ceremony of their admission by the prelate is represented in a fine paint- by Bayeux, a pupil of the famous Mengs, and one of the best painters now in Spain. The paintings upon the walls of the great cloister have for their subject the principal actions of the life of Saint Ignatius; the Jesuits had them painted at Rome.

The back part of the edifice is occupied by a community of Irish priests ; which causes the church of Saint Mark to be improperly called the Irish church.

Before we left Salamanca, we went to visit the ancient Roman bridge of twenty-seven arches, over which, on leaving the city, we passed the little river of Tormes, and afterwards took the road to Madrid.

Olmedo is separated from Valladolid by eight leagues of sandy soil. In all this distance there is no other verdure to be seen than that of a dull forest of pines, at first to the left of the road which afterwards passes through it. Valdestillas is half way, and a league farther on we pass the Douro over a handsome bridge, to the right of which there are some houses under ground, and detached vaults, in which is preserved the wine made in that part of the country.

Olmedo is seated upon an eminence, in the middle of a plain, which appears almost unbounded on every side, except to the north-east, in which direction are seen some barren hills. This city, which was formerly strong, is still partly enclosed by thick walls three quarters of a league in extent. It has very few inhabitants or manufactures, and its whole internal appearance announces its decay. There are however still seven parishes and as many convents. A few bricks are made in or near the town, and the inhabitants feed hogs and turkeys. Some vineyards in the neighbourhood, and a few kitchen gardens under the ancient walls, constitute all the riches of Olmedo.

Segovia is eleven leagues from Olmedo. The country round this city is the most barren, poor and depopulated part of all Castile. On passing through some towns, such as *Santa Maria de Nieva*, and Giusti, we perceive the turrets of the castle of Segovia and the steeple of the cathedral at a considerable distance. The traveller suffers much from impatience before he arrives at this city; he has several circuits to make with many painful and tedious efforts

before he has climbed, as it were, up to the square of Segovia. On approaching, he sees to the right an old castle built upon the summit of a steep rock; and to the left, a valley watered by a little river from which it receives its verdure. His imagination is by turns exalted and delighted. He forgets the parched and barren country he has passed through, and of which he will find a continuation on leaving Segovia, because he is wholly intent on the fine prospects by which he is surrounded.

This city, which formerly was famous on several accounts, is notwithstanding its dirtiness, and the small number of its inhabitants, still not unworthy the attention of the traveller. Its principal edifices are the cathedral and the castle of Alcazar.

The cathedral is a mixture of the Gothic and Moorish architecture. The inside is very spacious, and of majestic simplicity; the windows are well disposed, and the great altar has been lately decorated with the finest Grenadian marble. A circumstance much to be regretted, is, that in this cathedral as well as in most others of Spain, the choir is placed in the middle of the nave.

The Alcazar of Segovia, formerly the residence of the Gothic kings, is an edifice in a good state of preservation. Charles III. established a military school in it, for young gentlemen intended for the artillery. Their education in every particular is highly creditable to the inspector-general of the artillery, who is the governor of the institution.

The Alcazar was for a long time made use of as a prison for the crews of the Barbary corsairs who fell into the hands of the Spaniards. It was impossible to see, without compassion, those robust Moors, condemned to a painful idleness, and devoting themselves to sedentary employments. They were, however, never treated with rigour, and the court of Spain, twenty-five years ago, restored them to their country, on forming connexions with the Emperor.

But nothing is more worthy of attention at Segovia than the aqueduct, which the singular situation of the city renders necessary.

Segovia is built upon two hills, and the valley by which they are separated; it besides extends considerably in every direction. This position made it very difficult for a part of the citizens to be supplied with water. The difficulty was, however, removed, according to the learned, in the reign of Trajan, by an aqueduct, which, until this day, is one of the most astonishing, and the best preserved, of the Roman works. It begins on a

level with the rivulet it receives, and is, at first, supported by a single line of arches, not quite three feet high; it runs by a gentle ascent to the summit of a hill on the other side of the city, and appears to become more elevated in proportion as the ground over which it is extended declines. At its highest part it has the appearance of a bridge boldly thrown over a prodigious abyss. It has two branches which form an obtuse angle, relatively to the city; and it is at this angle that it becomes really awful. Two rows of arches rise majestically one above the other, and the spectator feels some impression of fear in comparing their slender base with their amazing height; for its solidity, which has braved upwards of sixteen centuries, seems inexplicable, on closely observing the simplicity of its construction. It is composed of square stones, placed one upon another, without any exterior appearance of cement, though we cannot now be certain whether they were really united without this aid, by being cut and placed with peculiar art, or whether the cement has been destroyed by time. One cannot, without regret, see wretched houses reared against the pillars of the arcades, seeking in these durable ruins, a support for their weakness; and, in return for this benefit, degrading a monument which even time has respected; but these scarcely rise to a third of the height of the aqueduct, and serve, at least, to give an appearance of greater projection to its awful mass. A small, ill-built convent has been erected behind the angle which forms the two branches. But what nation has not been guilty of like profanations? Let those of my countrymen, whose indignation may be excited by this, remember the amphitheatre at Nimes.

The houses near which this beneficent aqueduct passes, lay it under contribution on paying a certain duty, and it was of the greatest utility to the houses, formerly much more numerous than at present, in which the wools of Segovia were washed and dyed.

CHAP. II.

REMARKS ON THE SPANISH WOOLS, AND THE ATTEMPTS TO INTRODUCE THEM INTO FRANCE.—ACCOUNT OF THE MESTA.—MANUFACTORIES OF GUADALAXARA AND SEGOVIA.—WANDERING OF THE SHEEP.—MODE OF SHEARING, WASHING, &c.

THE best wools in Spain are those of the districts of Segovia, those of the country of Buytrago, seven or eight leagues east of

Segovia, those of Pedraza to the north; and towards the Douro, those of Avilla and Leon. The accounts which I received in Spain during the first eighteen years I resided in that kingdom, enabled me to form a judgment of Spanish wool. I shall only present my reader with the most interesting results of my enquiries.

In the first place, it is an almost universal opinion, although combated by several well informed persons, that the wools of Spain do not so much owe their fineness and quality to the temperature of the climate or the nature of the soil on which the sheep are bred, as to the custom of driving the flocks to different parts of the country. Two observations, well supported, will, perhaps, be sufficient to invalidate this opinion. The first is, that in Estramadura there are flocks of sheep which are never driven to any other place, yet there is no sensible difference between their wool and that of those which are almost constantly in motion; the second is, that even in the environs of Segovia, there are small flocks which are never driven thence, and their wool is as fine as that of those which are. I have been assured by the people of this district, that of the twenty arrobes of fine wool grown there, nearly a third was produced by the stationary flocks. Whence therefore is derived the custom, so troublesome in various respects, of driving several millions of sheep all over Spain*? From that which causes, propagates and establishes abuses, from the private interests of the great, which, in Spain, gave birth to the ruinous privileges of the *Mesta*. This is a company of great proprietors of flocks, composed of rich religious communities, grandees of Spain, and opulent individuals, who find their account in feeding their sheep at the expence of the public in every season of the year, and who, by impolitic laws and regulations, have given sanction to a custom which necessity first established.

The mountains of Soria and Segovia, condemned to sterility by the climate, soil, and the steepness of their sides, were formerly the asylum of some neighbouring flocks. At the

* In the 16th century the travelling sheep were estimated at seven millions: under Philip the Third, the number was diminished to two millions and a half. Ustariz, who wrote at the beginning of the last century, made it amount to four millions. The general opinion is, that at present it does not exceed five millions. If to this number the eight millions of stationary sheep be added, it will make nearly thirteen million of animals, all managed contrary to the true interests of Spain, for the advantage of a few individuals. For the proprietors of stationary flocks also have privileges, which greatly resemble those of the members of the Mesta.

approach of winter the place was no longer tenable. The sheep sought, in the circumjacent plains, more temperate air. Their masters soon changed this permission into a right, and united themselves by an association. This company in time became augmented by the addition of others, who, having acquired flocks, were desirous of enjoying the same privileges. The theatre was extended in proportion as the actors became more numerous, and, by degrees, the periodical excursions of the flocks were extended to the plains of Estramadura, where the climate was more temperate and pasturage in plenty.

When the abuse began to appear intolerable, it had already taken deep root, and affected the interest of the most powerful citizens. The consequence is, that for more than a century, there has been a continued struggle between the company of the Mesta on one part, and the lovers of public good on the other. If a traveller pass through Spain in the month of October, when the *tras humantes**, arrive in great numbers in and about the plains of Estramadura and Andalusia; or in the month of May, when they return towards the mountains of old Castile; he may be surprised to learn that these animals have the right of pasturage on every common in their way, that the laws annex a breadth of ninety varas† to the road by which they pass; that the pastures which are reserved for them in Estramadura are rented at a very moderate rate, and that the proprietors have for a long time vainly solicited an augmentation of price.

This crying abuse has been attacked by many enlightened Spaniards, as well in our time as in preceding centuries. Much has been written upon it by the Count de Campomanes, Don Antonio Ponz, and before them by Arriquibar, Lernela, Ustariz, and the laughing philosopher Cervantes, who, under the veil of pleasantry, has given such wise lessons to mankind, and more especially to his fellow-citizens. But that which appears so easy to eradicate is connected with many circumstances with which most people are unacquainted. Without repeating what we have said concerning the influence of persons of wealth and power, who in every country have at all times been the greatest obstacles to useful reforms, let us consider the reason why the feeding of sheep is preferred to agriculture.

* The Spanish name for the travelling sheep.

† The Spanish *vara* is to the ell of France as 5 to 7; ninety *varas* therefore make about forty toises or fathoms.

Within the last hundered years the value of wool has doubled, whilst grain, the cultivation of which requires so much labour and is so precarious, has scarcely risen at all in price. Ten thousand head of sheep produce *communibus annis*, two thousand arrobas, or five hundred weight of wool: If we estimate the arrobe of wool at a hundred rials, or twenty-five livres, these ten thousand sheep will produce fifty thousand livres, (about two thousand pounds), from which, indeed the expence of feeding, that of travelling, the rent of their winter pastures, shepherds' wages, and other trifling expences, must be deducted, but which leaves a neat produce sufficiently considerable to render this kind of property very valuable. With respect to the custom of making the sheep travel, it must be observed, that besides its being sanctioned by the laws, and having acquired by long custom the nature of a property, several circumstances conspire not only to excuse it, but even, perhaps, to render it necessary. The number of sheep must be diminished, or some of them must wander. Those which during the fine season of the year, feed upon the mountains of Segovia, Soria, Cuenca and Buytrago, would in winter perish with hunger; and where can a better asylum be found for them than in Estramadura, a province badly peopled, not rich, and where pasturage is the only resource?

In fact, how would it be possible besides to persuade the proprietors of flocks voluntarily to renounce a property easily managed, and of which the almost certain produce finds an inexhaustible market in manufacturing countries, where the wools of Spain are so eagerly bought up? It must however be allowed that the Spaniards might still reap greater advantage from this commerce. The French, Dutch, and English go to Bilboa and Saint Ander in search of the wools of Segovia and Leon. They do not even leave to the natives the commission upon the sales. They purchase the wool from the shepherds, and get it washed at their own expence. Of a million of arrobes*, which Spain annually gathers of fine wool, more than five hundred thousand are exported washed, and a lesser quantity in the grease. The duties upon this

* The arrobe is twenty-five pounds. The middle price of the best wools is from twenty-three to twenty-four livres (20s.) the arrobe in the grease, upon which a duty of five livres ten sols (4s. 7d.) is paid on exportation. The washed arrobe pays double the sum.

exportation, which it has not hitherto been thought proper to limit, are calculated at about five millions of livres (about two hundred thousand pounds) another reason for not hastily endeavouring to remedy the abuses complained of by the patriots. Such a resource is not too easily to be abandoned, without having an equivalent at hand.

Many attempts have been made to introduce the Spanish sheep into France, particularly by M. Daubenton, who has for thirty years superintended the flocks on his estate at Rambouillet. The wool they produce cannot be distinguished from that of Spain; but they have much to encounter from the change of climate and food. Out of 360 sheep which I sent him from Spain at different times, about 60 perished on the journey, though the Spanish shepherds proceeded with them very slowly, and even though they were kept for the winter at Bourdeaux, to render them less susceptible of the colder climate of France. But this increase of mortality is the common consequence of proceeding to a great distance from south to north, and men are even less exempt from it than animals. In France there is usually a great mortality amongst the lambs of these sheep, and in the severe winter of 1794 and 1795, great numbers died through the cold. Another circumstance in favour of Spain is, that the lambs are born in October, while in France, the sheep do not drop them till January.

Since the revolution, great efforts have been made to encourage the growth of Spanish wool in France; and in 1798, M. Gilbert was sent thither to select and purchase a number of the animals. He procured about 1200, but fell a victim to the fatigues of his journey. The charge is now committed to thirty agents; and at the beginning of 1805, they expected to be able to obtain 1000 sheep, for which they had contracted.

They make the fine wools into cloth in several places, but no where better than at Guadalaxara, the manufactories of which I visited towards the end of the year 1783; but which, since then, have undergone various alterations, according to the objects which the superintendants have had in view. I observed, with much surprise, that the art of manufacturing wool had in several respects made a considerable progress. I say with surprise, because I had so often heard it asserted, that the Spaniards understood nothing of the matter; that they knew neither how to card, spin, weave, dye, mill, nor calendar; that their cloths

were of a bad texture and wore very badly; and that the price was exorbitant. How many prejudices of the same nature vanish upon impartial and careful examination! I shall state but one fact to prove, that what is said of the bad quality of the cloths of Spain is not universally true, and that the Spaniards are in a fair way of checking all similar reproaches. I was shewn at Guadalaxara, pieces of scarlet cloth, which for colour and quality, appeared to me worthy to be compared to the best cloths of Julien. These are worth thirty-nine livres (1l. 12s. 6d.) an ell, in the town where they are made, and according to the tarif in the manufactory of Guadalaxara, I observed that the price of the finest scarlet was no more than from thirty to thirty-one livres (25s. to 25s. 10d.) an ell. On comparing other articles of the tarif, the same difference appeared between the price of Spanish cloths and those of France, but to the advantage of the former. What appears more surprising is, that the manufactories on the king's account, were regulated with but little economy, and that of Guadalaxara with still less. Since I was there some alteration has been made, which will improve the operations, and be the means of reducing the price of the productions. This, however, was one of the most complete manufactories any where to be met with; it contained, within a small space, all the instruments and machines necessary for making cloth, except the thin smooth paste board which is put between the folds of a piece of cloth before it goes into the press; this was imported from England, the rest was the production of the place, not even excepting the shears with which cloths are shorn. There were eighty looms for the cloths of the first quality, properly called cloths of *San Fernando*, from the place where they were first manufactured; a hundred for those of the second quality, and five hundred and six for serges, with which the Spaniards hope to do in time without those of England.* These looms, contained in two buildings, employed three thousand eight hundred and twenty-five persons, all paid by the king,† besides near forty thousand dispersed over the countries of Mancha and the Castiles, who spun the wool intended to be manufac-

* It was calculated at the time here referred to, that Spain annually paid to England two millions sterling for woollen articles alone.

† His catholic majesty furnished from his treasury, for the support of this manufactory, a hundred and fifty thousand livres a month; an exorbitant sum, which possibly might not be returned by the sale of the cloths.

tured at Guadalaxara. On the whole, I am of opinion, that it would be difficult to find a manufactory better established. The city, wherein it is carried on, forms a striking contrast with those in the neighbourhood. I saw not one beggar or idle person among the fifteen or sixteen thousand inhabitants it contains. When Charles IV. visited them, in 1791, they gave employment to 24,000 persons, who, as well in the town as its environs, manufactured cloth to the annual amount of 140,000 of rials. Such is the advantage of manufactures, and especially those of cloth; that they afford many trifling employments of which children and the aged and infirm are capable. These are aids which the arts offer to weak or suffering humanity, to those whom nature seemed to have condemned to inutility and a burdensome languor. We must, however relate the whole truth; the Spaniards in general confess themselves inferior in the arts of dying and milling their cloths; but as they possess the first materials, as well for manufacturing as for dying, a few persons skilled in these two arts would be sufficient to carry several of their manufactures to the greatest perfection, and the government has of late years neglected no means to procure them.

Guadalaxara is also the only place in Spain where the famous cloths of Vigonia are made; a valuable commodity, which the rest of the globe must envy Spanish America.* As this kind of cloth is not yet much in use, the manufacture of it is not regularly continued. It is difficult even to procure a few ells of it, without having given for them a previous order of some months. Some of this cloth also is made for the king of Spain, who makes presents of it to different sovereigns. In 1782, his majesty sent twenty pieces to the grand seignior, immediately after the treaty which he had just concluded with the Porte. They were very well received; and it was said, on this occasion, that Spain would not be sorry to give the Turks an inclination for their cloths. Manufacturing nations were a little alarmed at this, but perhaps without much reason. The Spanish government is too wise to undertake to rival these nations in such a commerce, until it is enabled, from its manufactures, to supply the twenty millions of subjects in its own dominions. Spain knows how far she yet is from such a state of prosperity. The manufactory of

* The wool is obtained from the province of Buenos-Ayres and from Peru; that of the first is longer, but the other is more silky.

Guadalaxara finds in that of Brissuega, at four leagues distance, a kind of assistant. The latter contains a hundred looms, all employed in weaving cloths of the first quality.

Segovia, which has always been famous for the goodness of its wool, was formerly not less so for the number and perfection of its manufactures. It is fallen from its ancient splendour to a degree afflicting to every friend of his country. In 1785, the number of looms did not exceed two hundred and fifty, and it has since still more decreased; though its patriotic society pretends that when in full trade, it had six hundred looms.—The most considerable of its manufactories was that of Ortiz, established in 1779, under the name of The Royal Manufactory; the king allows a certain sum to be employed in it. Ortiz furnished employment, in 1785, for three thousand persons in Segovia and the environs, and had sixty-three looms at work, in which cloths of every quality, from pieces, which according to the ordinances, contain two thousand threads, to those of four thousand, were manufactured. The idleness of the inhabitants of that city was the only obstacle to an industry which might otherwise have been considerable, the privileges by which the minister wished to encourage the first undertakings are not burthensome to the rest of the manufacturers. They all sell in competition at a price by no means exorbitant. The dearest cloths in the month of September, 1785, cost no more than ninety rials a vara, which is nearly thirty-one livres ten sols (26s. 3d.) an ell.—Don Ortiz, the owner, made a princely fortune. He died in 1788, but his heir is equally zealous and clever. The manufactory of Ortiz, is the only one in Spain, except that of San Fernando, at Guadalaxara, at which superfine cloths are now made.

We may form ideas of every thing relative to the Spanish sheep and their precious soils, without going far from Segovia. It is in the neighbouring mountains that a part of the wandering sheep feed during the fine season. They leave them in the month of October, pass over those which separate the two Castiles, cross New Castile and disperse themselves in the plains of Estramadura and Andalusia. For some years past those of the two Castiles, which are within reach of the Sierra-Morena, go thither to pass the winter; which, in that part of Spain, is more mild: the length of their day's journey is in proportion to the pasture they meet with. They travel in flocks from a thousand to twelve hundred in number, under the conduct of two shepherds;

one of whom is called the *Mayoral*, the other the *Zagal*. On reaching the place of their destination, they are distributed in the pastures previously assigned them. They return in the month of April; and whether it be habit or natural instinct that draws them towards the climate, which at this season becomes most proper for them, the inquietude which they manifest might, in case of need, serve as an almanac to their conductors.

In the month of May, while on their return, they are shorn, an operation of considerable magnitude in Spain, because there it is performed in great buildings, contrived so as to receive whole flocks of forty, fifty, and sometimes sixty thousand sheep. Each flock, belonging to one proprietor, is called a *cavana*, which is pronounced *cavanya*: they take the name of their proprietors. The most numerous *cavanas* are those of Bejar and Negretti, each of which consist of sixty thousand sheep. In that of the Escurial, one of the most famous, there are fifty thousand. Prejudice or custom gives a preference to the wool of one cavana to that of another. Thus, for instance, no wools, except those of the *cavanas* of Nigretti, the Escurial and Paular, are made use of at Guadalaxara. The harvest and vintage in corn and wine countries are not seasons of greater festivity. The sheep-sheering is a time of rejoicing, both to the owner and workmen. The latter are divided into classes, each of which has its distinct employment. A hundred and twenty-five workmen are necessary to every thousand sheep. Each sheep produces four sorts of wool, more or less, fine according to the part from whence it is taken. In the neighbourhood of Segovia there are several shearing houses (*Esquilcos*) One of the most remarkable is that of Iturvieta.

As soon as the shearing is finished, the wool is made up in bags and sent to the sea-ports, where it is shipped without any other preparation, or to the washing or scowering places in different parts of Castile. There are several in the district of Segovia. I particularly examined one of the most considerable, that of Ortijosa, three leagues from St. Ildefonso. I was there convinced that this operation, imperfect as it appears at first sight, because foreign manufacturers repeat it before they make use of the wool, sufficiently answers the intention, which is to preserve the wool, so that it shall not be possible for the longest voyage to alter its quality. All the wool used in the royal manufactory of Guadalaxara is scowered in this quarter. The

quantity annually scowered here is about forty thousand arrobes (or five hundred tons) which by this operation is reduced to almost the half. The situation could not have been better chosen; it is very spacious, and forms a kind of bason, the inner divisions of which are meadows, on an easy declivity, which terminate in a common center, and are open to the rays of the sun in every direction.

The wool is carried thither in the state it was when taken from the sheep: each fleece is as it was first made up. In this form it is given to the *Apartadores*, who divide it into three heaps of different qualities. They are so accustomed to this business, which requires a long apprenticeship, that they can tell, at first sight, from what part of the animal each flock of wool has been taken. These three sorts thus separated are extended upon wooden hurdles, where they are spread beaten and cleaned from the dust and dirt adhering to them; they are afterwards taken to the washing place.

As soon as the water in the great copper, which is of an enormous size, is on the point of boiling, it is let out by two great spigots that open or shut certain pipes by which it is conveyed into three square wells, lined with hewn stone, and about three or four feet deep. The hot water falls upon a bed of wool, which covers the bottom of the well. The wool thus disposed is turned in every direction by three men. Each sort of wool is washed separately; and, according to its fineness, requires the water to be more or less heated.

After this first operation, the wool is again spread upon hurdles, to drain off the water, and with it the filth, which it has begun to dissolve. The coarse locks are also separated from the rest, and sold for the benefit of the souls in purgatory; for, in Spain, religion is connected with every thing. The Spaniards mean to sanctify by this association, frequently not a little ridiculous, their occupations, riches, and even their pleasures. The motive, however chimerical, is amiable; the design, commendable. Pity it is that as much cannot be said of the means. But let us return to our subject.

The hurdles upon which the wool is spread out, are placed in an interval of three or four feet, which separates the stone-walls from the narrow aqueduct, also of stone, through which runs a stream of cold water. A man placed at the entrance of the aqueduct receives the wool, and

throws it in; while five men, who stand by the side below the first man, press and rub it with their feet as it passes, and send it from one to the other. Still lower down are other workmen who stop it in its passages, and throw it on a stone slope, where it drains, while the water runs off into a gutter contrived below the slope. A net, placed at the extremity of the little aqueduct, retains the locks, which, from time to time, are carried away by the rapidity of the current.

When the wool is well drained, it is spread upon the declivity of the meadows which we have before-mentioned, and four fine sunny days are scarcely sufficient to dry it thoroughly. When it is quite dry it is put in bags to be carried away. Initial letters upon the bags indicate the sort of wool contained in each; and, beside these, there is a mark which distinguishes the flock by which it was furnished; so that a connoisseur, who saw the bags, would say, that is fine or superfine wool of the Escurial, Negretti, or Bejar flocks.

I make no apology for these details; they may furnish our proprietors of sheep with useful knowledge, as well as give hints to our manufacturers, of the use to be made of our wools, or at least inspire them with emulation, and indicate to them the means of improvement. They may moreover serve, in many respects, to vindicate the Spaniards from the charge of idleness and ignorance, which has so frequently been brought against them. If we were sedulously to imitate the example they have set, the whole advantage of the Spanish wool-trade might be soon turned in favour of France.

CHAP. III.

RESIDENCE OF ST. ILDEFONSO.—ÉTIQUETTE.—TITLES.—DIGNITY.—GRANDEUR.—ORDERS OF KNIGHTHOOD, &c.

IT is now time to leave Segovia and its environs, and conduct the reader to the castle of St. Ildefonso, which is only two leagues farther. The high mountains which command it are seen at a great distance, and scarcely has the traveller quitted Segovia before he discovers the castle

itself, which the rising or sinking of the road, from time to time, conceals or discloses. Appearances by no means announce the residence of a great court. The country is barren, and a few wretched hamlets at small distances, give no idea of the enlightened presence of any monarch. Nor would it indeed be suspected, that in that spacious and naked horizon, there were manufactories of various kinds, such as of paper, cloth, and glass, or that the environs of St. Ildefonso were decorated with rivulets, cultivated fields, meadows, and clumps of green oaks; and again, after having seen all these, is it possible to conceive that the result should be so poor and dismal? This must first be attributed to the nature of the soil and the situation of that part of Castile, surrounded by mountains, and without roads, canals, or navigable rivers. But it must be more particularly ascribed to the numerous herds of deer which live in peace in this district, and never have their repose disturbed by the royal huntsmen who pass there about three months in the year, and appear more disposed to preserve than to destroy them.

As we approach St. Ildefonso, the country, however, becomes more beautiful; a number of rivulets meander through the fresh verdure, and the deer wander in herds in the copses, or bound upon the hills in a security which could not be expected in those timid animals; the tops of a few handsome houses appear above the green oaks; and the group, formed by the castle and the adjoining edifices, crowned by mountains, some naked, others covered to their summits with trees and shrubs, presents a very pleasing prospect. At length we arrive at the gate fronting the royal residence, and which is separated from it by a spacious court in front of a glacis.—The whole bears some resemblance to Versailles, which, although imperfect, cannot but be pleasing to a Frenchman. He, at first, imagines that Philip V, who built St. Ildefonso, wished to have about his person such objects as might recal to his recollection the abode which was so dear to him in his early youth. He seems to have had the same intention in establishing his military household.

Of the old guards of the knights of Spain there remains but one company of halbardiers, which may be compared to that of the hundred Swiss. Philip V. established three companies of body guards, each of two hundred men, modelled, with respect to form and clothing, after those of the French court. Two regiments, which guard the exterior of the castle, that of the Spanish guards, and the regiment of Walloons, are also perfect copies of our regiments of

French and Swiss guards. A company is detached from each of them to do duty wherever the court resides.

The command of each of these six military corps which form the interior and exterior guard of the kings of Spain, is given to the most distinguished persons of the nation. The commander of the halbardiers is always a grandee of Spain. The captain of the Spanish company of body guards is one of the most illustrious families. That of the Italian company is generally an Italian nobleman, and the captain of the Flemish corps is either a noble Fleming, or some stranger of rank. The same rule is observed with respect to the Walloons. The captain of the Spanish guards is always chosen from the most distinguished grandees of Spain.

This resemblance to our court, observed at St. Ildefonso, which makes a Frenchman recollect Versailles, is like a diminutive shade in painting, and smooths the passage from one court to the other, so that when arrived at St. Ildefonso, you are tempted to believe that you are but half the distance by which they are separated.

The proofs of the predilection which Philip V. had for this place of royal residence have survived him His remains are deposited in a chapel within the castle. I visited this mausoleum, which has something awful in its simplicity. The appearance of the tomb, which contains an illustrious person, always excites serious reflection. What then must be the impression made by that of a prince, whose reign holds so distinguished a place in modern history, and forms the epocha of the last exploits of Louis XIV, and of his greatest disasters; of a prince for whose interests Europe was agitated by three wars within less than half a century; and whom the conquest of the greatest monarchy in the world could not render happy. At least the gloomy melancholy which obscured the last years of his life, proved that the most brilliant successes of ambition are ever followed by satiety and languor. What a subject for philosophical reflections upon the vanity of human greatness!

After having indulged my mind with these at the foot of the tomb of Philip, I went to vist the enchanting abode which he prepared for himself in the midst of a solitary wood, and in the bosom, as it may be said, of steep mountains. There is nothing magnificent in the palace, particularly in its exterior appearance. The front on the side of the garden is of the Corinthian order, and not

destitute of elegance. Here are the king's apartments, which look upon a parterre surrounded with vases and marble statues, and a cascade which, for the richness of its decorations, may be compared with the finest of the kind.

The purity and clearness of the water are indeed incomparable. Philip V, could not, in this respect, be better served by nature. From the mountains which shade the palace, descend several rivulets, which supply the reservoirs. These waters answer the double purpose of supplying numerous fountains, and of diffusing life and verdure through the magnificent gardens, the sight of which alone is a sufficient recompense for a journey into Spain. They are on the inside a league in circumference. The inequality of the ground affords every moment new points of view. The principal alleys answer to different summits of neighbourning mountains; and one in particular produces the most agreeable effect. It is terminated at one end by the grand front of the palace. From this point are seen, at one view, five fountains, ornamented with elegant groups, rising into an amphitheatre, above which appear the summits of lofty mountains. The most elevated of these groups is that of Andromeda fastened to a rock. When seen at a little distance it is perhaps defective, because the rock appears too diminutive by the side of the monster which threatens Andromeda; and of Perseus, by whom it is attacked; but the whole contributes to the beauty of the view. The most remarkable of the five groups is that of Neptune.

Genius presided at the composition and in the choice of the situation; the deity of the ocean appears erect, surrounded by his marine court. His attitude, his threatening countenance, and the manner of holding his trident, announce that he has just imposed silence on the mutinous waves; and the calm which reigns in the bason, defended from every wind by the trible wall of verdure, by which it is surrounded, seem to indicate that he has not issued his commands in vain. Often have I seated myself, with Virgil in my hand, by the side of this silent water, under the shade of the verdant foliage, nor ever did I fail to recollect the famous *Quos Ego!*

There are other fountains worthy the attention of the curious; such as that of Latona, where the limpid sheaves, some perpendicularly, and others in every direction, fall from the hoarse throats of the Lycian peasants, half transformed

into frogs, and spouting them forth in such abundance, that the state of the Goddess disappears under the wide mantle of liquid crystal; that also of Diana in the bath, surrounded by her nymphs; in the twinkling of an eye all the chaste court is hidden beneath the waters; the spectator imagines he hears the whistling of aquatic birds, and the roaring of lions from the place whence this momentary deluge escapes by a hundred canals. The fountain of Fame is formed by a single jet-d'eau, which rises a hundred and thirty feet, exhibiting to the distance of several leagues round the triumph of art over nature, and falls in a gentle shower upon the gazing spectators. There are some situations in the gardens of St. Ildefonso, whence the eye takes in the whole of the greater part of these fountains, and where the ear is delighted with the harmony of their murmurs. The traveller who wishes to charm all his senses at once, must take his station on the high flat ground in front of the king's apartment. In the thick part of the foliage are contrived two large arbours, from the top of which are seen twenty crystal columns rising into the air to the height of the surrounding trees, mixing their resplendent whiteness with the verdure of the foliage, uniting their confused noise to the rustling of the branches, and refreshing and embalming the air; if the traveller here experience no pleasing sensations, let him return home, he is utterly incapable of feeling either the beauties of art or nature.

It is possible that the reader may here imagine my enthusiasm too extravagant. He is mistaken; let him follow me to the great reservoir of abundant and limpid waters. He will have to climb for some minutes, but will not regret the trouble he has taken. Let us suppose ourselves arrived at the long and narrow alley which takes up the whole of the upper part of the gardens; proceed to the middle, and turn your face toward the castle. To the vast horizon around you, no other boundaries are discovered but those which limit the human sight; these alone prevent you from discovering the Pyrenees. Observe the steeple which seems but a point in the immense extent: you will perhaps imagine it to be that of the parish church of St. Ildefonso; but, in reality, it is the cathedral of Segovia, at two leagues distance. The gardens, through which you have passed, become narrower to the eye. You suppose yourself close to the royal habitation; the alleys, fountains, and parterres have all disappeared; you see but one road which, in the

form of a vessel, upon the prow of which you seem to stand, has its stern on the top of the palace. Afterwards turn and take a view of the little lake behind you, of which the irregular borders do not, like what we call our English gardens, merely ape the disorder of Nature. Nature herself has traced them, except on the side where you stand. This straight walk is united at each end to the curve which surrounds the reservoir. The waters, which stream in abundance from the sides of the mountain in front meet in this reservoir, and thence descend by a thousand invisible tubes, to other reservoirs, whence they are spouted in columns or sheets upon the flowery soil to which they were strangers. The birds, drawn by their clearness, come to skim and agitate their crystal. The image of the tufted woods which surround them is reflected from their immoveable surface, as is also that of some simple and rural houses, thrown, as by accident, into this delightful picture, which Lorrain would have imitated, but, perhaps, could not have imagined. The opposite bank is obscured by thick shades. Some hollows overshadowed by arching trees, seem to be the asylum of the Naiades. Disturb them not by indiscreet loquacity, but silently admire and meditate.

It is impossible, however, not to go to the source of these waters; let us follow the meandring of their course, and observe the winding paths which there terminate, after appearing and disappearing at intervals through the copse. Let us listen to the bubbling of the rivulets which, from time to time, escape from our sight, and hasten to the rendezvous assigned them by the descendants of Louis XIV. They formerly lost themselves in the valleys, where they quenched the thirst of the humble inhabitants, but are now consecrated to the pleasure of kings. Ascending the back of the pyramidical mountain, behind which their source is concealed, we arrive at the wall which confines a part of them in the garden, and which was hidden by the trees; nothing, however, ought here to recall to mind, exclusive property and slavery. Woods, waters, and the majestic solitude of mountains, which are at a distance from the tumult of courts and cities, are the property of every man.

At a short distance from this wall, which forms the exterior enclosure of the gardens, is an empty and flat ground, where the infant Don Louis brother to the king, chose a place which he consecrated to cultivation. Farther on the mountain becomes more steep, and is covered with trees to

its summit. Let us now return; as we seek amusement and not fatigue. We will follow the course of the waters, they descend in bubbling streams from one level of the gardens to the other. In their course, in one place they water the feet of the trees, in others they cross an alley to nourish more slowly the plants of a parterre. From the bason of Andromeda they run between two rows of trees in the form of a canal, the too sudden inclination of which is taken off by cascades and windings. They receive and carry with them from the gardens the rivulets, which, after having played amongst the gods and nymphs, and moistened the throats of the swans, tritons and lions, humbly descend under ground, and run on into the bosom of the neighbouring meadows, where they fulfill purposes less brilliant but more useful.

No traveller ought to quit these magnificent gardens without stopping at a place which appears to promise much but produces not any very great effect. This is the square of the eight allies, *Plaça de las ocho calles.* In the center is the group of Pandora, the only one which is of whitened stone, all the others are of white marble or lead painted of a bronze colour. Eight alleys answer to this center, and each is terminated by a fountain. Plats of verdure fill up the intervals between the alleys, and each has an altar under a portico of white marble by the side of a bason sacred to some god or goddess. These eight altars, placed at equal distances and decorated, among other jets-d'eau, have two which rise in the form of tapers on each side of their divinities. This cold regularity displeased Philip V. who a little before his death, when visiting the gardens, made some severe reproaches to the inventor upon the subject. Philip had not the pleasure of completely enjoying what he had created; death surprised him when the works he had begun were but half finished. The undertaking was however the most expensive one of his reign. The finances of Spain, so deranged under the princes of the house of Austria, thanks to the wise calculations of Orry, to the subsidies of France, and still more to the courageous efforts of the faithful Castilians, would have been sufficient for three long and ruinous wars, and for all the operations of a monarchy which Philip V. had conquered and formed anew, as well as to have resisted the shocks of ambition and political intrigue; but they sunk beneath the expensive efforts of magnificence.

It is singular that the castle and gardens of St. Ildefonso should have cost about forty-five millions of piastres, precisely the sum in which Philip died indebted. This enormous expence will appear credible when it is known that the situation of the royal palace was at the beginning of this century the sloping top of a pile of rocks; that it was necessary to dig and hew out the stones, and in several places to level the rock; to cut out of its sides a passage for a hundred different canals, to carry vegitative earth to every place in which it was intended to substitute cultivation for sterility; and to work a mine to clear a passage to the roots of the numerous trees which are there planted. All these efforts were crowned with success. In the orchards, kitchen gardens and parterres there are but few flowers, espaliers or plants which do not thrive; but the trees naturally of a lofty growth, and which consequeutly must strike their roots deep into the earth, already prove the insufficiency of art when it attempts to struggle against nature. Many of them languish with withered trunks and with difficulty keep life in their almost naked branches. Every year it is necessary to call in the aid of gun-powder to make new beds for those which are to supply their place; and none of them are covered with that tufted foliage which belongs only to those that grow in a natural soil. In a word, there are in the groves of St. Ildefonso, marble statues, basons, cascades, limpid waters, verdure and delightful prospects, every thing but that which would be more charming than all the rest, thick shades.

The Spanish court was never more splendid here, than at the time when is was visited by two French princes, the count d' Artois and the Duc de Bourbon, who in 1782 repaired to the army besieging Gibraltar.

The court of Spain comes hither annually during the heat of the dog days. It arrives towards the end of July and returns at the beginning of October. The situation of St. Ildefonso, upon the declivity of the mountains which separate the two Castiles, and fronting a vast plain where there is no obstacle to the passage of the north wind, renders this abode delightful in summer. The mornings and evenings of the hottest days are agreeably cool. Yet as this palace is upwards of twenty leagues from Madrid,* and

* Fourteen Spanish leagues, seventeen and a half to a degree. These fourteen make upwards of twenty of those of France (and above fifty-five English miles.) It is a great effort to perform this journey in six hours with mules which are much more swift than our best post-horses,

half of the road which leads to it crosses the broad tops of mountains, extremely steep in many places, it is much more agreeable to the lovers of the chace and solitude than to others.

The count d' Artois was the nephew of Charles III. of Spain, who was at that time the oldest monarch in Europe. His reception of the count shewed that the feelings of nature are not unknown to loyal breasts. The ceremonies which were displayed on his arrival were peculiarly gratifying to the visitors, as it was the first interview of the kind that had taken place since the Bourbon dynasty had reigned in Spain. The count d' Artois, and those who accompained him, were lodged in the palace. The whole household was at his command; but care was taken that those about his person should, by their manners and language, recall to his mind a faint idea of the court he had quitted. These attentions had no bounds but of the desire of leaving a young prince at full liberty, which is far preferable to all the vain homages of ceremony. Charles III. led a very regular life; some certain employment was assigned by him to every hour of the day; yet nothing was deranged on account of his nephew's arrival. Hunting, fishing, his devotions and his business with the ministers were all continued as usual. The count d' Artois, on his part, knew how to enjoy the liberty granted him. The Duc de Bourbon, who travelled under the name of Dammartin did not receive so much attention.

I saw but little of the count, who was wholly employed in the task imposed upon him; but according to every thing I heard, I judged that it could not be better executed, nor the interest of the king better attended to than by this nobleman, seconded as he was with the counsels of my benefactor, the count de Montmorin, at that time our ambassador; but who afterwards perished by the hands of the revolutionary Cannibals. We have however proved to the Spaniards in his person, that the French also are susceptible of gravity unaccompanied by pedantry, that they may possess wisdom without austerity, dignity without pride, and prudence without timidity. Treated by the Spanish monarch and all his august family, with the greatest kindness and respect he conciliated to himself the confidence of the ministers, the esteem of the great, and the goodwill of the people. The national character is somewhat cold, and not too prodigal of the tokens of its benevolence; but persons of merit are therefore the more flattered in

receiving them; and I never yet have met with any one who knew the Spaniards intimately without having conceived for them a strong and lasting esteem. There is no court in Europe where the persons of ambassadors are more generally known. In other courts they are seldom communicated with except upon the affairs with which they are charged. At that of Madrid, they are constantly before the eyes of the monarch, especially the *family* ambassadors. Every morning as soon as the king returns from hunting, or has finished the business which prevents his taking that diversion every day, he receives those of his ministers who have any thing to communicate to him; these are succeeded by his confessor. After this audience the family ambassadors are introduced; and in these secret conferences, it is said, the most delicate affairs are frequently discussed. These ambassadors afterwards join those of other courts, between whom the conversation is generally short.

The king's dinner immediately succeeds, at the end of which the whole *corps diplomatique* is again introduced. After having appeared at the tables of the princes and princesses, the ambassadors and envoys from foreign courts pass into the cabinet, where the monarch gives them a second audience. These audiences are repeated every day, and at the same hour, a party with some of the grandees who attend on his person, sups in private, and retires early to bed. At ten o'clock the most profound silence reigns in his palace.

This regular system, which was adopted by Charles III, the *late* king, has been followed by Charles IV, though with more simplicity. Yet he has always been equally fond of *hunting*, and is much attached to *music*!*

The magnificence of the court of Spain is more particularly displayed on gala-days. These are of two kinds, the great and lesser galas. The great galas are kept eight times a year, on the birth-days of the king, the prince and princess of Asturias, and of the king and queen of Naples: the lesser ones, which are called demi-galas, are in honour of the other princes and princesses, descendants of Philip V. These only require the courtiers to be dressed a little better than ordinary; but at the grand galas, the greatest

* The reader will perceive that Bourgoing is here speaking of the king who has abdicated the throne in favour of his son Ferdinand VII.

luxury of dress is displayed, in which, however, taste does not always preside. Every person in the service of the court, from the grand master to those who hold the most inconsiderable employments, have a uniform suitable to their places, and which they wear on these occasions. In the morning of these great days, all those who have any connexion with the court, whether by their military service, their titles, or civil functions, the ecclesiastics, and, for the most part some monks, pass before the king and the royal family, bending one knee and kissing the monarch's hand. This is a species of loyalty and homage, a renewing of the oath of fidelity. But what is more singular, women, of the greatest distinction, kiss not only the hand of the monarch, but that of all his children, whatever may be their age or sex, and the most charming duchess prostrates herself before the youngest infant, even when at the breast, and presses, with her lips, the little hand which mechanically receives or refuses the premature homage.

I must observe, in behalf of Spanish etiquette, that it favours the delicacy of the fair sex. Men kiss hands in public, but the ladies only in the inner apartments. None but the ladies who have employment in the palace, kiss the hands of all the royal family. The others, who are received at court, pay this homage to no one but the queen and the princess of Asturias. This class is composed of all the female grandees of Spain, and ladies of title; which denomination must not be understood in the sense affixed to it in France. It here becomes necessary to treat of the dignities and titles of the court of Spain.

Princes of the blood, so called, have not hitherto been distinguished as such at this court. Next to the Infants and Infantas of Spain, and the sons, grandsons and nephews of the sovereign, immediately come the grandees. These are divided into three classes, differing from each other by such trifling distinctions as are scarcely worth notice. All the grandees of Spain, of whatever class they may be, are covered in presence of the king, and have the title of excellence: in these are comprehended all their prerogatives. There is no place or employment, however distinguished it may be, which is exclusively attached to their rank, if those of grand-master, and grand-equerry be excepted; as also that of *Sumiller de corps*, which has some relation with the place of grand-chamberlain, and the commission of captain of halbardiers; but there are several others which

infallibly lead to the rank of grandee. The band of gentlemen of the chamber to the number of forty, more or less, at the will of the sovereign, is for the most part composed of grandees; but there are also some persons of quality, who, without the former rank, obtain this dignity. It is true that none of the latter are employed immediately about the person of the sovereign, or the heir to the crown, and that the queen and the princess of Asturias are served by none but grandees: but these of both sexes are indiscriminately taken from the three classes. There are grandees of the most ancient and illustrious extraction of the two inferior classes, and who do not esteem themselves the less on that account.

The queen is waited upon by *Camoristas,* who are young ladies of distinguished families, but poor.

Philip V. who conferred many titles of grandee, created not one either of the second or third class. Ferdinand VI. imitated his example; but Charles III. has revived a distinction almost imaginary, which was nearly obliterated; and in the last promotions, created several grandees of the second class. They do not all enjoy the privilege of being covered in the royal presence, except when they are received for the first time, and when they accompany his majesty at any ceremony. This honour does not, however, belong to them exclusively; they enjoy it in common with the nuncio, the family ambassadors, and some generals of orders, who also have the title of excellence, and as long as their dignity continues, are associated with the real grandees.

Besides the titles of grandee, which are hereditary, there are others that become extinct at the death of the possessor. Some persons obtain the honours only of grandee, and transmit them to their descendants. He who enjoys them bears the title of *excellence,* but is not covered in the presence of the king. A more marked distinction in the different classes of grandee, and which is not founded upon law, but upon custom, and still more tyrannical, is that which the grandees of ancient families establish between themselves and those of more modern or less illustrious extraction. The first speak to each other in the singular number, on all occasions, and whatever may be the difference in their ages, or the places they hold. I have more than once heard young grandees, who scarcely had the rank of colonel, speak in this manner to the minister for war, whom they look upon as their equal in point of birth. But when they

converse or correspond with grandees, whose extraction appears to them to be unequal to their own, they ceremoniously, give and receive the title of *excellence*. The latter frequently suffer in secret by this mortifying homage; so ingenious is vanity in every country, in creating itself enjoyments, and even torments, and in converting vain chimeras into realities, which have an influence upon happiness. The new grandees solicit the honour of speaking to each other in the singular number, as they would do the favour of the sovereign. But the refusal they meet with is the more mortifying, as this mark of equality and familiarity is sometimes granted by the most distinguished grandees, to branches of some illustrious houses who have not yet obtained the title, and who, thinking they have well-founded pretensions to such an honour, are distinguished by the name of *casas agraviadas,—injured families.*

On the other hand, the sovereign and his family address all the natives who approach them with the pronoun *thou*, which is a benevolent condescension that makes them all equal.

The title of grandee, when hereditary, is so in males and females, unless the patent formally express the contrary. There are many houses in Spain that, by marriages with heiresses to this title, have ten or twelve *hats*, which is the vulgar term to denote the dignity of grandee of Spain. Yet this accumulation is an imaginary advantage, which adds nothing to the dignity of him by whom it is enjoyed: and although he may have children, he has not even the power of distributing the hats among them. The right of primogeniture to the title of grandee is established in every family enjoying that hereditary rank. There are but few in which the second son has a title and a grandeeship in his own right. All the eldest sons of grandees receive, by anticipation, the title of *excellence*, but their brothers have it not, nor that of count or marquis: they bear the name of their family, preceded by that they receive in baptism. This resembles the etiquette in England, where the brother of the Earl of Chatham is called William Pitt, and the brother of Lord Holland, simply Charles Fox.

This distinction must not be lost sight of by a stranger, who does not wish to be deceived by the vain words count and marquis, and by them to appreciate the rank of persons. There are many grandees of Spain who have no other title. There is no mark of extraordinary distinction in that of duke. It is given according to the pleasure of the sovereign,

when he confers the title of grandee, on which account the patent is a little more expensive. But all those who are honoured with the title of count or marquis are not grandees. Most of them are no more than what are called *titulos*, or *titles* of Castile. These titles prove not an illustrious race, but the favour of the sovereign, commonly merited by some particular and important service, either in a military or civil capacity. The king generally grants to him whom he thus honours, the liberty of applying his title to one of his estates; and sometimes adds a denomination which denotes the service he wishes to recompence. Thus was it that under Philip V. the admiral Navarro, who commanded the Spanish squadron at the battle of Toulon, received the title of *Marquis de la Vittoria*; he who in 1759 escorted Charles III. from Naples to Barcelona, that of *Marquis del Real Transporte;* and more recently, the minister of the Indies; Don Joseph de Galvez, whose long services Charles III. wished to reward by one of these titles, took that of *Marquis de la Sonora*, from the name of a colony, which his zeal and talents had acquired to his country, by peopling and improving it, and by freeing the whole settlement from the incursions of the savages.

The title of *Prince* was till lately unknown, except as the exclusive appellation of the heir to the throne. The duke of Alcadia, who brought about the treaty of peace with the French Republic, was the first subject on whom the king conferred that dignity: he was created *Prince of Peace*. I am, however, at a loss to decide whether the exception in his behalf was made in consequence of the estimation of his *services*, or whether he obtained the title through the excessive degree of *favour* which he enjoyed, in defiance of established custom!

These titles of Castile give to those who bear them, and to their wives, the qualification of lordship, *Vuestra Senoria*. The refusal of this, in matters of ceremony, carries with it a mortification; but the greater part are too reasonable to require or even suffer it from their equals in the ordinary intercourse of society; though their inferiors bestow this honour upon them very lavishly. There are every where flatterers, as well as persons who love to be flattered. But those who are more particularly exact in rendering them their due in this respect, are such as have a right to the title of excellence in return, and who love their own ears should be tickled with a sound so pleasing.

There is a title between this and lordship; that of *Ussia Illustrissimâ* (most illustrious lordship) which is given to archbishops, bishops, and great magistrates.

The dignity of grandee, as well as the titles of marquis and counts of Castile are not only unaccompanied with any pecuniary advantage, but are not even bestowed gratis. Those who obtain them, immediately pay a duty which has been received ever since the reign of Charles V. known by the appellation of *Demi-Annates**.

The grandees pay about twenty thousand livres, (833l.) which by the fees of the chancery are increased to twenty-five thousand (1040l.) This duty is paid as often as the title descends, and is more or less according to the greater or lesser distance between him who inherits it, and the person from whom it is derived. Besides the duty on taking up the title, the grandees annually pay another under the name of *Lanzas*. This is the remains and faint image of the military service, which the great vassals of the crown formerly performed, by furnishing a certain number of spears. As foreigners, who are grandees of Spain, cannot be subjected to this species of servitude, it appears equally conformable to reason and custom that they should not pay the duty of *lanzas*.

According to an arrangement mutually agreed to between the courts of Madrid and Versailles, when the same family was in possession of the two thrones, the grandees of Spain were to rank with the dukes and peers of France. This acknowledgment of equality was not obtained without much opposition on the part of the former. When the question was agitated at the beginning of the reign of Philip V. the duke of Arcos, in the name of all the grandees, remonstrated against it to that monarch in the strongest terms. He asserted, that the grandees could not but be greatly surprised and offended at finding themselves considered as on a level with the peers of France. At their own court, said the duke, the grandees see no one between them and the throne but the sons of their sovereign, whilst the peers of France must give place, first to the princes of the blood, next to the legitimated princes, and lastly even to foreign ones, not only to those of Italy and Germany, but

* The king sometimes remits this duty. The count d'Estaing received from the Spanish monarch this additional favour, on obtaining the rank of grandee.

also to those who, although descended from royal families, hold places in the service of the king of France, such as the dukes of Loraine, de Bouillon, and others. The duke endeavoured to prove by many facts, that the grandees in Spain constituted the first order of subjects immediately after the royal family; and that most of them were in possession of privileges, as descending from royal ancestors, either in the male line, as the dukes of Medina Celi, descended from the infants de la Carda, or in the female, or even from bastards. He gave instances of kings of Spain, and even of emperors, who had treated them as equals with the princes of Italy and Germany, and proved that the grandees had always enjoyed the same honours as the princes descended from sovereigns, when they were not royal; that when the courts of France and Spain had named representatives, those of France were princes of the blood, and those of Spain grandees; without the least difference being made in the respect and honours paid to each. From all these proofs the duke concluded, that the dignity of grandee of Spain corresponded with that of the princes of the blood in France, and not with that of the peers.

These arguments were certainly plausible, but they were ill-received by Philip, who had contracted at the court of his grandfather a taste for despotism. The answer he returned to the duke was, that he would do well to go and signalize his zeal with the army in Flanders. This order was obeyed, and the duke, when on his return through Paris, was the first who desisted from the pretensions of which he had been the advocate. He made the first visit to the princes of the blood, gave them the title of highness without receiving the same, and addressed the dukes and peers by the title of excellence without requiring a return; thus the cause of the grandees was lost for ever. Their number rapidly increased; their dignity was granted to several foreign noblemen; and, as all things are diminished in value by being multiplied, the grandees have become accustomed, by degrees, to see themselves, without any great mortification, considered as on a level with the dukes and peers of France. A situation which applies as well to them at present as it did in the time of the late French monarchy. We are not to suppose, however, that the grandees of Spain, who derive their dignity from the reign of Charles V. do not think themselves superior to others, as in Germany the princes of ancient families believe they are to those who were created by Ferdinand and his successors;

but this difference so flattering in secret to vanity, vanishes from before the eyes of the nation, and especially from those of the sovereign.

These grandees may, indeed, entertain a very high opinion of their own dignity and illustrious birth, but in other respects they are extremely affable and obliging. They are far from possessing that sullen pride attributed to them by European prejudices. Many of them are as remarkable for a gentleness of manners and goodness of heart, as the great in other courts for a haughty and forbidding dignity. It is not that they do not possess that which might be, if not a motive, at least an excuse for the assuming airs of pride; high employments, illustrious birth, and immense fortunes. Indeed, with respect to the latter, they are superior to those of the most opulent at the court of France.

Except the princes of the blood, there were no fortunes at the late French court, to be compared to those of the duke of Medina Celi, the duke of Alba, the marquis of Penafiel, the count of Altamira, or the duke of Infantado. It must, however, be confessed that their external appearance does not correspond to their fortune. They do not ruin themselves as in France, in large and numerous houses, and splendid entertainments. All these species of ostentation are in Spain yet in their infancy: theirs is more obscure, but perhaps not less expensive. Numerous sets of mules, rich liveries which are displayed but three or four times a year, and a multitude of servants, are their great articles of expence. Yet the ill management of their estates, into which they seldom or never examine, considerably diminishes their income. They have stewards, treasurers, and various officers, like those of petty sovereigns. They keep in their pay, not only the servants grown old in their service, but those even of their fathers, and the families whence they inherit, and even provide for the subsistance of their children and relations. I was assured that the duke of Arcos, who died in 1780, maintained three thousand persons. This magnificence, which disguises itself under the veil of charity, appears to have more than one inconvenience, it encourages idleness and causes mismanagement and extravagance, which while dependents are thus multiplied, must escape the most careful vigilance. Notwithstanding all this, there are fewer great families go to decay and ruin in Spain than in most other countries. The simplicity of their manners, their little

taste for ostentation, and repugnance to ruinous arts, which, in other kingdoms, are found so seducing, conspire to preserve the estates of the Spanish nobility; but whenever the grandees of Spain shall chuse to imitate the example of those of other courts, their splendour will be equal to that of the most brilliant. This may be judged of by the appearance which some of them have made in foreign countries, when the dignity of their nation required a display of magnificence. They have hitherto indeed but little sought the paths which led to the gratification of ambition. At the beginning of the last century, when they were divided between the two princes who aspired to the throne, when once their passions were roused, they made efforts and displayed talents, which were not always employed in the best cause, but which proved that the latter reigns of the princes of the house of Austria had not benumbed their faculties. A kind of supineness, which continued half a century, succeeded to this fermentation; but in the late reign they shook it off, and proved that the most distinguished subjects in a nation are not always the most useless. They embraced with eagerness the profession of arms, which in fact offers them but few temptations, and which in Spain is more subject to courtiers than in France.

The body of the grandees furnishes at present but few members of the church, which in Spain has not so many attractions for the vanity of great families as in other catholic kingdoms of Europe; but the few individuals of this class who have devoted themselves to the sacred duties, without regard to worldly considerations, are exemplary for their learning and piety. The only dignity with which they at present are invested, is that of patriarch of the Indies, who at the court of Spain perform the functions of grand almoner. This is not merely a place of ceremony; he who holds it is constantly in waiting near the person of the sovereign. No other grandees, except those in actual service are near the monarch: these are the grand-master of his household, his grand equerry, his *Sumiller de corps*, his first equerry, two gentlemen of the chamber, the captain of the guards in quarter, and he who attends the prince of Asturias, his *Sumiller de corps*, and four gentlemen of the chamber, who in turns serve him by two and two. The late prince and the princess of Asturias, now the king and queen, have each their grand-master and grand equerry; which great officers constantly reside near the persons of their highnesses. All the other grandees have their fixed

residence at Madrid, whence they are but momentarily absent to make their court. Some, though but few almost constantly reside in the capitals of the provinces; but I know none who habitually reside on their estates, which they dignify with the pompous title of *states*; and which, from their extent and the privileges annexed to them, are not altogether unworthy of the appellation.

The dignity of grandee is not announced by any exterior insignia. Those who are gentlemen of the chamber wear a golden key. There are besides the order of Malta, six orders of knighthood in Spain; but not one to which the grandees have an exclusive right. The most distinguished is the order of the golden fleece, founded by Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, and which the court of Vienna continues to confer in concurence with that of Madrid, although the former had renounced this prerogative, by the treaty which terminated the great quarrel between Philip V. and the archduke. The number of knights of the golden fleece is very limited in Spain, and this is the order, which has best preserved its ancient splendour, of any in Europe.

There are also four military orders, which were founded at the time of the crusades; and since the time of Ferdinand the Catholic, the king has been grand master of them all. They are those of *Santiago*, *Calatrava*, *Monteza*, and *Alcantara*. The three first are distinguished by a red ribbon, and the last by a green one. These four orders have commanderies, which are conferred by the king. They were for a long time given to every class of persons, provided they could bring the requisite proofs. Charles III. recalled them to the spirit of their first institution, and prescribed to himself an irrevocable law to bestow them on none but military men. An honourable distinction for the rest of the subjects was therefore wanting, which he supplied in 1771, by creating a fifth order, which bears his name, and is dedicated to the conception of the virgin. It is composed of two classes: that of the great crosses, and simple knights. The great crosses wear the ribbon of the order, sky blue, edged with white. On days of ceremony they are clothed in a large mantle with these two colours, and wear a collar, upon which are alternatively displayed the arms of Castile and the king's arms.

The four orders first mentioned, have commanderies of the following value. Santiago has eighty-seven, the largest of which produces a revenue of about 200,000 reals.

Calatrava has fifty-five, one of which produces 358,000 reals. Monteza has only thirteen, and Alcantara thirty-seven. The value of the last two is, therefore, much inferior to that of the others.

The number of the great crosses ought to be limited to sixty. When the order was first established the members were chosen from among the grandees, except two of the great officers, one of which was the archbishop of Toledo, and the other the Patriarch of the Indies. A short time afterwards the king made an exception to this rule, in favour of his marine minister, the marquis of Castejon. This exception was afterwards extended, ; though the order was still confined to the most eminent personages of the kingdom, such as the ministers and some general officers, distinguished either by their zeal or services.

The simple knights were two hundred in number, each enjoying a pension of 4000 reals (about forty pounds). A few years since the king bestowed this lesser order upon some persons in France, who are not reckoned in the original number. In their favour he has departed from the statute which rendered this order incompatible with all others, by permitting it to be associated with the cross of St. Louis.

It is necessary to produce proofs of nobility to obtain this latter order, as well as the four military ones ; this I must believe, because I have been assured of it by several people of veracity, otherwise I should have had my doubts of its truth, or have imagined at least that there were several means of eluding the law.

The female sex also has some dignities. In 1792 the queen obtained the institution of an order called that of *Maria Louisa* (her own name), which she granted to sixty ladies, mostly the wives of grandees. In her first choice she was actuated merely by partiality. At present the order consists of a hundred ladies, including some princesses.

It is true, that nobility in most of the provinces of Spain is not difficult to establish. It is sufficient that he who aspires to this distinction proves himself, and his ancestors, to have lived nobly, without having exercised any of the professions, few in number, which law and prejudice declare to be vile; he is then reputed a gentleman by descent, *hidalgo*; for in Spain, nobility by creation is unknown. Some humorists have observed, that there are whole provinces of which all the inhabitants are *gentlemen*: nor is this any great exaggeration.

Philip V. ennobled all the Biscayans. All the Asturians are believed to be descended from the ancient Goths, who took refuge in the mountains of Asturia, and are reputed noble on account of this honourable origin. But there cannot be a more glaring absurdity than to imagine that two or three hundred thousand men, who settled some centuries ago in a small province, were all noble. If all men measure five feet six inches, the words giant and dwarf would be obliterated from the dictionary. Nobility necessarily supposes a more numerous class, who are ignoble. Thus, in fact, there are in Biscay and Asturia, as in other parts of Europe, distinguished families, in the opinion of the public, who have made a great figure in the district in which they reside, either by their opulence, or the places they have held; and whatever may be the pretensions of obscure neighbouring families, the former affect a preeminence, which these acknowledge by their homage: this, however, does not prevent the latter from cherishing ideas of grandeur, which preserves in their minds a nobleness undoubtedly preferable to the chimerical nobility of blood: so that if by chance they arrive at some employment less obscure than their birth, they think they have only regained their proper place, and are less insolent and vain than most upstarts in other countries. I have more than once remarked this distinguishing characteristic, even in the lowest ranks of the Asturians and Biscayans. They have, in their appearance, something more haughty, and are much less humble in their homages. They are not awed either by titles or riches. A man in place, is in their eyes a fortunate man, who has won in their royal lottery, in which they all have a ticket, and may win in their turn; and this prejudice, ridiculous as it may seem, keeps them on their guard against meanness, and even against degrading crimes. This reflection is more or less applicable to all the other provinces of Spain.

Notwithstanding those imperceptible gradations, which in Spain separate the nobility from the inferior ranks, the proofs required, in certain cases, are closely examined: but there, as well as in other countries, money and interest procure genealogists not over scrupulous. A reflection, applicable to every nation, may be made with respect to the nobility of Spain, which is, that the less a monarch is limited, the more arbitrary are these distinctions, and the more irregular the gradations. Despots, even those the least tyrannical, prefer or neglect their subjects, according to

their caprices. Unlimited monarchies more or less approach this uncertainty: and there are few in which the sovereign authority is more absolute than in Spain. Under the ancient form of government it was more confined; but it changed by degrees, and without commotion. The intermediate ranks scarcely exist in name.

The supreme councils, however, of which that of Castile is the principle, have often attempted to present remonstrances against measures which they conceived to be injurious and contrary to the laws; but as all their members are appointed by the king, and can be removed by him, their interference is, as may be supposed, of small importance.

CHAP. IV.

OF THE REMAINS OF THE CORTES.—THE COUNCIL OF STATE.—THE ARRANGEMENT AND DUTIES OF THE SPANISH MINISTRY, &c.—ACCOUNT OF THE PRINCE OF THE PEACE.

THE Cortes have long been considered as the only fence capable of restraining the eruptions of despotism. The history of Spain sufficiently proves how great an influence the Cortes had in the most important affairs of government, in war, peace, and the levying of taxes. These, however, for a long time past, have not been assembled, except for the sake of form, and the sovereigns, without violence, without formally rejecting their intervention, have found means to elude their authority. They promulgate from the throne ordinances under the name of *pragmatiques*, the preambles of which give us to understand, *that they claim the same authority as if they had been published in the assembly of the Cortes.* These, are however, never convoked except at the accession of a new sovereign to the throne, to administer to him an oath in the name of the nation, and to swear to him fidelity. On this occasion, letters of convocation are sent to all the grandees, to all persons bearing titles of Castile, to all the prelates, and to every city which has a right to send deputies to the Cortes. The two first classes represent the nobility, the priests sit in the name of the clergy, and the

cities which depute one of their magistrates, represent the people. Except on these occasions, of which there have been but two examples in the last century, the Cortes of the whole kingdom have not been assembled since 1713, when Philip V. convoked them to give their approbation to the pragmatic sanction, which changed the order of succession to the throne.

Their last meeting was in 1789, on the occasion of crowning Charles IV. when they sat three months, and had the count of Campomanes for their president, who was afterwards made governor of the Council of Castile.

The Cortes are still consulted, for the sake of form, in certain cases; but then the members of which they are composed correspond with each other, without assembling. A faint image of them, however, remains in an assembly, which constantly reside at Madrid, and under the name of *Diputados de los Reynos* (deputies of the kingdom). At their breaking up in 1713, it was regulated, that they should be represented by a permanent committee, whose office it should be to watch over the administration of that part of the taxes, known by the name of *Millones*, and which had been granted under Philip II. with the formal consent of the Cortes, upon certain conditions, which the monarch swore to observe. They retained the administration of these imposts until the year 1718, when Cardinal Alberoni, whose ardent and imperious genius was irritated at such shackles, transferred it to the hands of the sovereign. From that time the assembly of deputies of the kingdoms, held no more of the state revenues than the small portion necessary to pay the salaries and defray the expences of the members. These are eight in number, and the manner of choosing them will shortly be explained, at present their power has dwindled almost to nothing: they being only consulted on such trivial occasions as the naturalising of a foreigner, &c.

It will be proper to observe, that the division of Spain into kingdoms and provinces, as described in maps and geographical treatises, has scarcely any place in fact. The government knows but one division, *the provinces of the crown of Castile, and those of the crown of Arragon*. These two parts of the monarchy differ from each other with respect to the administration, form, and collection of taxes; a distinction which had its origin at the time when Castile and Arragon were united by the marriage of Isabella and Ferdinand the Catholic, and which since that time has undergone but few alterations. The crown of Aragon

possessed only Arragon, properly so called, Catalonia, the kingdom of Valenca, and that of Majorca, composed of the ancient Balearic islands, Majorca, Minorca, and Ivica. The crown of Castile possessed the rest of the Spanish monarchy. The deputies of the kingdoms are chosen according to this division. All the provinces of Castile unite to name six; Catalonia and Majorca one; and the regencies of Valencia and Aragon elect the eighth. These deputies sit but for six years, at the end of which a new nomination takes places in the same manner. As a relict of their ancient rights, they still retain the privilege of being, by virtue of their places, members of the council of Finance, by which the sovereign communicates to the nation the necessity of levying any new tax; and the approbation they are supposed to give to the royal resolution is a shadow of the consent of the Cortes, without which taxes could not formerly be either levied or augmented. But it is easy to perceive how feeble this rampart of liberty must be, which is only formed of a small number of citizens, who possess but little real power, are under the controul of a government from which they expect favours and preferments, and who, after all, represent only the people, the most numerous, but the least respected part of the nation.

The provinces of Biscay and Navarre, which have assemblies and particular privileges, send also, on some occasions, deputies to the throne, but they do not make a part of the body of the deputies of the kingdom, and their constituents fix at pleasure the object and duration of their temporary mission.

From this sketch it is evident how little the sovereign authority is limited in Spain. The will of the monarch is also carried into execution by several permanent bodies, under the name of Councils, who are the interpreters and keepers of the laws, and of which we shall speak more particularly after having conducted the reader to Madrid.

Before we quit the residence of the sovereign, it will be proper to say something farther concerning the ministers who are constantly near his person: and with whom he used to share the weight of royalty. Their authority was formerly counter-balanced by the council of state, which was consulted on all important occasions; which still subsists and forms the most distinguished body in the monarchy; but which, since the administration of cardinal Alberoni, has not been permitted to assemble or exercise its functions. The place of councillor is now only honorary, with a

considerable salary annexed to it, and furnishes the sovereign with the means of rewarding those of his subjects who have deserved well of the state, by the most distinguished employments. The various offices of administration generally lead to this appointment at the end of a few years, and formerly the ministers had not the title of excellency until they were thus promoted. But at the nomination of M. de Valdez to the marine department, the king ordained that from that time all his ministers should bear that title, even before they became councillors of state.

As there are still important cases in which the sovereign, modest enough to distrust his own discernment, wishes to receive the advice of those whom he honours with his confidence, he supplies the want of the assemblies of the councillors of state, by uniting his ministers in a committee.

At present what is called the council of state, is composed of thirty-seven members, of whom twelve have been sent away from Madrid for various causes. Eleven other distinguished individuals, who are generally absent, so as not to take a part in the deliberations of the council, have the title of "*their honours*," which reduces them almost to a level with the qualification of "*excellency*."

The administration of the kingdom is divided into six principal departments, which have long been managed by six ministers, viz.

1. The minister of foreign affairs, who is in many respects the directing minister, and receives as a mark of distinction, the title of secretary of state.

2. The minister of war has but a circumscribed authority. He is president of the council of war, which is rather a tribunal than a board of administration; but the inspectors of the infantry, and those of the cavalry, dragoons, and provincial regiments, draw up a statement of whatever relates to the corps of which they have the direction, and the minister at war has only to present the memorials they give in to the king.

3. The marine minister, who has no associates. The chiefs of the three departments, and the inspectors of the marine are named by the king, on the representation of the minister; the marine ordinances prepared by him alone require only the sanction of the sovereign.

4. The minister of finances, who should properly be under the inspection of the superintendant-general of that department; but these two offices were some time since united,

and will probably be so continued; the separation of them would multiply without necessity the springs of government, and the interests of the state require they should be simplified as much as permanent forms, those sacred bulwarks of justice and property, will admit. Besides, when the sovereign believes he has found in a subject the capacity and integrity required for the administration of his finances, why should he put over him other inspectors than his own conscience, and the zealous wish to justify so flattering a choice? The animadversion of a censor could, in such a case, produce nothing but divisions and mistrust, which would operate to the disadvantage of the service. The event has justified these reflections, in the persons of three ministers, who governed the finances of Charles III. These ministers were, besides, by their office, presidents of the council of finance.

5. The minister of the Indies, who has the most extensive department in all the monarchy, for in him is centered the civil, military, ecclesiastical and financial government of Spanish America, and it may be said, that in the whole political world there is no minister whose department comprehends so many different objects. Had Augustus committed to one single minister the government of the whole Roman empire, his power would only have extended to a small part of modern Europe, the coasts of Africa, and some provinces of Asia; for the Roman empire at the time it was most extensive, was not to be compared to that immense country, which, from the north of California, stretches to the streights of Magellan, and forms the dominions of the Spanish monarch in America, and the department of the minister of the Indies? Within these few years, however, the duties of the president of the council have been joined with that of minister of the Indies.

6. The minister *of favour and justice*. He has his department in the judiciary and ecclesiastical affairs; but his authority is circumscribed by the great chamber (*Camara*) of the council of Castile, of which we shall treat in another place; and with respect to the nomination to benefices by the intervention of the king's confessor. The latter, however, is not constitutional, but depends upon the will of the monarch, and the confidence with which he honours the director of his conscience.

The minister of justice has always comprised, in his department, whatever relates to the magistracy and ecclesiastical affairs. But since there has been no minister for the

Indies alone, the minister of justice is empowered to attend to all the objects that relate to Spanish America. Hence, as late as 1796, there were only five political ministers in Spain. That of foreign affairs was held by Don Manuel Godoy, who was created Duke of Alcudia in 1792, and who, on putting an end to the war with France, received the title of *Prince of the Peace!* This man I have seen in very critical situations, and I shall neither be his censor, nor his apologist. There is scarcely any example in history of an individual rising so rapidly to fortune and dignity. Born a mere gentleman in Estremadura, with a very small patrimony, he has risen to the rank of one of the first lords of the Spanish monarchy, and is in consequence overloaded with dignities; in addition to which he has the title of *Prince*, which was never before conferred upon any nobleman of Spanish origin. But *nature* has joined with fortune in giving him every qualification to advance him to the pinnacle of greatness, while his talents are so striking, that the slightest intercourse with him is sufficient to shew how capable he is of the important duties with which he is invested.

Of the various changes which have taken place in the different departments since my first visit to Spain, I shall only notice that of the ministry of marine, which, a few years ago, was given to Don Juan de Langara, who, notwithstanding the defeat he experienced in 1780, had acquired general esteem, from his talents and loyalty. He, however, soon retired, and the situation was bestowed, *ad interim*, upon Don Joseph Antonio Caballero; but at the beginning of 1802, Admiral Grandellana was appointed to this branch of the ministry; and, in 1805, he yielded the place to Don Francisco de Lemos, who has acquired a name by his former exertions in war.

The ministry of the war department, after the death of Larena, was confided to the Count of Campo Alange, who kept it till the conclusion of the peace with France, when he was appointed ambassador to Vienna, and afterwards to Portugal; he was succeeded by Don Miguel Joseph de Asanza, who again made way for Don Juan Manuel Alvarez, *uncle of the Prince of Peace*, in consequence of his being appointed *Viceroy of Mexico!* Yet a sort of fatality withdrew him from this new destination, and he was lastly made a member of the council of state.

In 1792, the minister of favour and justice was Don Pedro d'Acunha, but it was afterwards filled by Don Eugenio

de Llaguno; yet he did not long hold this new dignity, for the place being prematurely confided to the new Duke of Alcudia, he enjoyed his *otium cum dignitate* in the council of state, and soon afterwards took his leave of the world.

His immediate successor was *one of the most enlightened Spaniards that I ever met with: he was* DON GASPAR MELCHIOR DE JOVELLANOS! one of those whom, at the end of my second edition, I pointed out as men of merit, who languished in obscurity.* He was again replaced, by Don Caballero; and at the beginning of 1805, the following were the principal ministers of the Spanish monarchy:—Don Cevallos, for foreign affairs; Don Soler, for the finances; Don Caballero, for justice and war; and Don Lemos, for the marine.

The stability of ministers was, under Charles III. one of the most remarkable particularities of the court of Spain. That monarch, who in disposing of eminent places, consulted public opinion, had the rare happiness of never having his approbation dishonoured by the event; for which reason his ministers, without abandoning themselves to indolence, which this security might naturally produce, ardently laboured to justify his confidence, and lose not that time which to them is so precious, in watching the latent springs of intrigue, and disconcerting its secret machinations. In the reign of Charles IV. the system seems to have been exactly reversed, for in 1792 there were no less than three changes in the administration, when the principal places where given to persons whose characters and opinions were diametrically opposite. The Spanish ministers, more than any others, can devote themselves to their duties, without interruption. Nothing diverts them from their principal object. Pleasures do not abound at the Spanish court; there are no theatrical representations of any kind; the amusement of the sovereign and the princes is confined to the chace. This is a great inconvenience to the idlers about the court, but very advantageous to public affairs. Ministers may there dedicate their whole time to their business, and give frequent audiences. I have often greatly admired the simple and regular life they lead; walking is almost the only amusement they permit them-

* Our readers will recollect that Jovellanos was one of the principal grandees who was forced to accompany Joseph Buonaparte to Bayonne; and who afterwards escaped from Madrid, and declared in favour of the Patriots! ED.

selves. Nothing less than the esteem of the nation and the love of public good can recompense them for so entirely renouncing the greater part of the pleasures of life. I never was intimate with any of them, but according to what I have heard, they feel no regret at the self-denial which their situations require. Their principal society consists of their clerks, who habitually eat at their table. This reciprocal constraint has some particular inconveniences, but there results from it a greater union between the heads and the subalterns, and more unanimity in the conduct of affairs. Those who dispatch them under the eye of the minister are not, in fact, merely clerks; they may rather be compared to the principals of our offices. To be appointed to these places, it is necessary to have given proofs of talents in some confidential employment. There are undoubtedly abuses in the public offices of the court of Spain as well as in all others; orders are there eluded, and perhaps traiterously divulged as in other countries; but in general, corruption is very rare, and persons in office are polite and obliging; this is the unanimous opinion of those who have had any connections or business with them.

CHAP. V.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE SPANISH COURT.—GALLERY OF PAINTINGS.—STATUES.—MANUFACTURES OF GLASS.—CHARTREUSE OF PAULAR.—MONASTERY OF THE ESCURIAL PAINTINGS.—PANTHEON.—LIBRARY.—ENVIRONS OF THE ESCURIAL.

THE residence of the Spanish court, as has lately been observed, affords few resources for real pleasure. There are no more amusements for the royal family than for their ministers; nor are there any public assemblies, except on court days. It may therefore reasonably be supposed, that with the few means of recreation which the court presents, it consists only of those who are confined there by their places. At St. Ildefonso it is almost deserted, so that the

royal personages are for the most part reduced to the society of those whose services require their attendance. The queen, while she was princess of Asturias, before she ascended the throne, passed most of her time in private, where she had few other pleasures than those of music and conversation. The king, her husband, has a taste for music and most of the fine arts; he patronizes that of painting in particular, and not satisfied with the master-pieces with which the palace of his father is furnished, he made, while prince, a collection of the best paintings of different schools, in which he was assisted by two of his valets de chambres, one a Frenchman, the other an Italian. Some years ago, on the vague expression of a wish, which was taken notice of by one of them, Louis XVI. sent him two fine paintings by Vernet. He afterwards became so partial to the productions of the pencil of that master, that in the Escurial there is a little cabinet, of which all the pannels are finished by the hand of this great painter.

The apartments of the palace of St. Ildefonso, are literally covered with paintings. Those of the first royal antichamber are flattering to a French observer; he there passes in review, as in an historical gallery, first, an elegant portrait of Louis XIV. by Rigaud; and next that of Louis XV. when a child; those of the regent, the duke of Vendome, the last duke of Parma, of the house of Farnese and his duchess, as also those of Charles III. when he went to take possession of the kingdom of Naples, and Philip V. on his arrival in Spain; the latter of which made a great impression on me as well as many other persons, by its mild and noble countenance. It is rather surprising, that this portrait should be placed near that of the archduke. It might be imagined, by this singular union, that at the termination of the quarrel of these two princes, the archduke had sent to his fortunate rival, his portrait, as a pledge of their reconciliation, and that it was placed in a palace, in which the duke, whose likeness it was, had conceived the hope of ascending the throne. The chamber adjoining, is that in which the king dines. It has a view of one of the finest cascades in the garden, which is surrounded by double walls of verdure. The nearest trees shade the balcony, and their shadows gently wave on the pannels within. This room is also decorated with several paintings, among which are some by Murillo and Solimena. I shall not enumerate all those in the adjoining apartments, but shall only observe, that according to connoisseurs there is a fine one of

St. Sebastian, by Guido; an excellent copy of a Magdalen by the same master; and a Flemish family, by Rubens, in which we see the strongest expression. There is also a picture by Poussin, but it is placed so high that I could not distinguish the subject; two heads by Mengs, a small piece by Amiconi, in which three beautiful angels of rather too faint a white, hold the sacred winding sheet unfolded; the portraits of the princes of Conde, and M. de Turenne, upon the same canvass, by Vandyck; with several other pieces of a smaller size, to be seen in the king's cabinet. There are also a considerable number in the apartments of the prince of Asturias. Among others are three of larger dimensions in their dining-room, which represent the three principal periods of the life of Job. In that which belonged to Maria-Josepha, is a Roman charity, so striking as to excite universal admiration; the colouring is highly finished, and in the heads there is a nobleness and propriety which inspires equal admiration and respect. In the drawing-room of the princess, there is one painting, singular from its extraordinary size, and the number of figures it contains. By their strange dresses, so little resembling those of the age, the artist may be supposed a Fleming. It represents all the various circumstances of the repast, at which Herod, to please his daughter, ordered John the Baptist to be beheaded. It is natural to imagine that the painter intended by this allegory to perpetuate a remembrance of the death of the unfortunate Don Carlos; this is one of those old traditions which time has rendered sacred, and of which the age and origin are equally unknown. I shall not farther enlarge this long list, which will convey no information to connoisseurs, and is insufficient for those who do not pretend to it. Those of my readers who wish for a more complete one may consult two journeys into Spain, one by Mr. Twiss, and the other by Mr. Swinburn.

Let us now descend to the gallery, which occupies all the front on the side towards the gardens. Here are also some paintings, and among others, two good copies, one from Raphael, the other from Giulio Romano, and two or three pretty heads in Mosaic; but what is most valuable is a considerable number of antiques, most of which were purchased in Italy by Philip V, and formerly made a part of the cabinet of queen Christina. Those which most engaged my attention were a cylindrical altar, on which the procession of Silenus is sculptured in bass relief; a colossal

Cleopatra; a statue of Jupiter wielding his thunder, several Venuses of the size of the human figure; eight Muses a little mutilated, in which modern and unskilful hands have endeavoured to repair the injuries of time; and of which the drapery is remarkable for its lightness; two groups which are banished to a corner, as if they were ashamed to retrace the unimproving fictions of mythology; two of the adulterous amours of Jupiter, in the pious abodes of catholic kings, a Leda and a Ganymede, who caress without suspicion the immodest birds, whose resemblance the god had assumed; and a small figure of Seneca, seated and wrapped in his mantle. But the antique sculptures which more particularly merit the attention of connoisseurs, and the sight of which alone is sufficient to recompence the fatigues of a journey to Spain, are the young fawn carrying a kid, and the group of Castor and Pollux, two original master-pieces of antiquity in perfect preservation, copies of which, in marble, stone, and plaister are every where found by the side of those of the Venus de Medicis, the Laocoon, the Apollo Belvidere, and the Farnesian Hercules.

In an apartment in the gallery the finest marbles of Spain, in columns, vases, and busts, seem to vie with the productions transmitted to us from antiquity; yet notwithstanding the excellence of those modern performances they only serve to render the superiority of the venerable remains of antiquity still more apparent. A small corridor, adjoining to the gallery, contains in piles every thing for which no place could be found in the latter, Egyptian statues, fragments of columns, bass reliefs, busts and other antiques, consigned to dust, destructive insects, and whatever anticipates the ravages of time. It is to be regretted, that a court whose sovereigns know so well how to value and encourage the arts, should not have chosen a more convenient place in which these precious monuments might be preserved from the destruction by which they are threatened.

Contiguous to the castle of St. Ildefonso, proofs of the vigilance of Charles III. and his taste for useful establishments, appear on every side. The Count de Florida Blanca, his then prime minister, worthy of seconding the beneficent views of his master, remarked to him that the country round St. Ildefonso contained numbers of poor people, women and children, who through want of employment were reduced to lead an idle life, which might sow the

seeds of every kind of vice; the monarch immediately established, not far from his palace, a manufactory in which these persons, until then incapable of rendering themselves useful, weave and prepare linens of different qualities. The edifice which contains them rose, as if by magic, at the command of the sovereign. In 1781, it had not been thought of. A manufacturer at Leon had the mortification of seeing government stop in its progress a considerable manufactory, which had been confided to his direction. He was ordered to St. Ildefonso, and before the month of August 1783, there were upwards of twenty looms employed in the new manufactory, and two great machines for pressing and washing the linen; this however is but a trifle, compared to what Spain has done, and has yet to do before she can become independent of foreigners with respect to these articles. Nature has, in this particular, been as kind to her as in all others; she derived advantages from it at the period of her greatest splendour. The Spaniards manufactured all kinds of household linen, and did not import from their neighbours a third of what they do at present. They are now likely to regain those advantages, being convinced that Arragon is proper for the cultivation of hemp and flax.

In Biscay these already flourish, and in Asturia, Old Castile, and particularly in the kingdom of Granada, of which the hemp and flax are preferable to those which Spain is still obliged to procure from the north for the use of her navy, people begin seriously to meditate similar establishments. But Galicia is the only province in which the manufacture of linens is in any very advanced state. This province produces linen for every kind of use, sufficient for its own consumption, and even sends some to Madrid and into Andalusia. Let not foreign merchants, however, who send linen to Spain be alarmed; were all the provinces immediately to follow the example of that of Galicia, her vast colonies would, for a long time, afford an almost inexhaustible market for the linens of Brittany, Silesia, Switzerland and Ireland.

Near the manufactory for articles of necessity, which was established at the time of my first journey, there is one of luxury, begun in the reign of Philip V. this is a manufactory of looking-glasses, the only one of the kind in Spain. It was at first only a common glass manufactory, which still exists, and produces tolerably good bottles, and white glass extremely well cut. I purchased some on which

cyphers, letters, and pleasing landscapes are ingeniously engraved. This was the first step towards a far more enlarged undertaking. The looking-glass manufactory of St. Ildefonso may be compared with the finest establishments of the kind; drawings of it are given in the plates of the French Encyclopédie. The edifice is spacious and well contrived; it contains two furnaces and twenty ovens, in which the glass gradually cools after having been run. They make glasses of all dimensions, from common squares to those of the greatest size. They are not so clear, and are perhaps less polished than those of Venice and St. Gobin; but no manufacture has yet produced them of such large dimensions. The operation of casting them is performed with much precision. The count d'Artois had the curiosity to be present at it; the glass run in his presence was, as well as I can remember, a hundred and thirty inches long by sixty-five wide, and I was assured that there were others which exceeded it in size. They are chipped in a long gallery joining to the manufactory, and at the distance of a quarter of a league there is a machine put in motion by water, which gives them their last polish; they are afterwards taken to Madrid, where they are silvered. The king has some of the finest to decorate his apartments; of others he makes presents to the courts most intimately connected with that of Spain. His Majesty is, however, at a great expence in supporting this manufactory: some of his glasses must have cost him and his father no less than 160,000 reals.

In 1783, Charles III. added some of these glasses to the presents he sent to the Ottoman court, with which he had just concluded a treaty. In the year 1782, his majesty sent to Naples some glasses which were a hundred and thirteen inches long, by fifty-four wide.

It cannot but be highly pleasing to an enlarged and philosophical mind to reflect that, notwithstanding the prejudices of religion and politics which formerly divided nations, the arts have established between them an exchange of articles of luxury throughout all Europe, and that the beauties of the seraglio may admire themselves in glasses fabricated at St. Ildefonso, whilst Turkey carpets cover the floors of French apartments. The rest of the produce of the manufactory of St. Ildefonso is sold at Madrid, and in the provinces, for the king's account; but it may easily be imagined that the profits are too small to reimburse the expences of so extensive an establishment, which, except the article of wood, is so distant from all the

raw materials it employs. Situated as it is, far inland, surrounded by lofty mountains, and at a considerable distance from any navigable river, it ought certainly to be numbered among the establishments of luxury which prosper near the throne, and contribute to its splendour, without benefiting the people.

At the distance of a quarter of a league from this royal mansion runs a little river (the Eresma) which served for the innocent pleasures of the sovereign, Charles III. and often reflected his image. The banks have on each side a causeway, or where the ground requires them, there are stone or sod steps. It is enclosed between two piles of rocks, grouped in the most romantic manner. Its limpid waters sometimes run tumultuously over lesser rocks in the bed of the river, or precipitate themselves by natural cascades, sometimes forming small basons which serve as asylums to the trout destined to pass from the hook of his Catholic majesty to his table. In some places this river is separated by little meadows from copses of green oak, with which that part of the country abounds. In others tufted shrubs are seen upon the tops of the rocks, or hang waving from their sides.

Traveller, if ever you should reside for some time at St. Ildefonso, and find yourself wearied with the dull magnificence which reigns in the palaces of kings, repair to the banks of the Eresma, there you will find one of the finest English gardens nature ever formed; nor will you regret those at the distance of a quarter of a league in which art has displayed all its luxury: and you will return more satisfied with yourself and less desirous of the false enjoyments which pomp procures at an enormous expence.

The late court of Spain used to go once a year to alarm the Naiades of the Eresma, by the noise of a general deer-hunting. The rendezvous is upon the banks of this little river, about a league from the castle of St. Ildefonso. Some days previous to the arrival of the court, a number of peasants are sent to the neighbouring woods and hills to drive before them the deer with which the country plentifully abounds. The prescribed limits are by degrees narrowed, until the time fixed for rousing the game. The sport then becomes excellent: the deer run in small herds on all sides, seemingly perceiving the danger into which they are driven; after which they face about and endeavour to brave the running fire of musquetry that threatens them in the rear; but obeying the impulses of fear, and failing in their attempt, they pass in closer herds through the fatal defile, where the king, his sons, and the other princes, placed in ambuscade, wait their arrival. Their agility now becomes their last resource, and saves the greater number. Out of three or four thousand,

and sometimes more, which thus pass in review, about a hundred fall. Some remain dead upon the spot, others carry away with them a mortal wound, and fly to conceal their agony in the thickets. Their bodies, whilst yet in palpitation, are brought and arranged upon the field of battle. These are numbered with a cruel satisfaction, for which a philosopher would reproach himself, but which it is agreed to pardon in hunters. The whole court, the ambassadors, and foreign ministers, commonly took part in this amusement, which was repeated towards the end of every visit to the Escurial; but in the present reign these hunts have by no means been regular. The counts of Artois and Dammartin were invited as they returned from the camp of St. Roch, and appeared there as actors. They perhaps would have wished for a less easy victory over the timid inhabitants of the woods, which they are accustomed to chase, and not coolly to massacre; but the forests of Compiegne and Fontainebleau had never offered them those legions of fleet herds, filing off by thousands before them, and this sight, perhaps the only one of the kind in Europe, seemed highly to gratify their curiosity.

This bush-beating, though not regularly pursued, has often taken place, with the apparent view of effecting a rapid extermination of the stags and deer, who commit great devastations amongst the fields near the royal residences. In the very first year of his reign Charles IV. destroyed more than two thousand of those animals, by having them driven before batteries charged with grape-shot, and in 1792 and 1793, I found that this practice was regularly resorted to in the neighbourhood of his residences.

There is another place to which, during the visit to St. Ildefonso, the catholic king goes once, to carry thither the noise and terror which accompany the chase. I mean the environs of Paular, a monastery of Carthusians, at the foot and on the other side of the enormous mountains which command the castle. During the rest of the year it is the asylum of peace and silence. The Paular, one of the richest convents of the Carthusians in Spain, is situated in a charming valley, watered by a considerable rivulet, which runs gently through the groves and meadows. This stream drives a paper-mill, the noise of which is the only sound repeated by the solitary echoes of the neighbourhood. A Frenchman manages this manufactory on the account of the monks, and seems in this corner of the world to have forgotten both his country and language. We one day recognized each other by that species of instinct by which two natives of the same country are reciprocally attracted, who first explain themselves by a smile, of which their common language soon becomes the interpreter.

I had been to visit the monastery of Paular, and had forgotten to provide myself with letters of recommendation to the prior. Excluded from this pious asylum, I expiated my negligence by wandering, without knowing whither I went, and without provisions, about the monastery. My guardian angel, or the genius of the country, conducted me towards the paper-mill; I took the lucky path, and the director of this little manufactory conjecturing I was a Frenchman, accosted me and offered his service. His intercession opened to me the doors of the convent, and procured me proofs of the hospitable generosity of its silent inhabitants.

There is nothing remarkable in the monastery of Paular, except the great cloister in which Vincent Carducho has painted the principal events of the life of Saint-Bruno.

Before quitting St. Ildefonso, it is necessary to conduct the reader to the castle of *Rio Frio,* three leagues from St. Ildefonso. Charles III. came hither annually to hunt the herds of deer which wander in the woods by which it is surrounded. These animals, which in general are so timid, appear to live here in a security that excites surprise in the traveller, and which is disturbed but once a year, when the king makes them pass gently in review, and chuses at leisure those he means to kill. The castle of Rio Frio is situated in an extremely sandy soil. It was built by queen Isabella of Farnese, who after the death of Philip V. retired to St. Ildefonso during the whole reign of Ferdinand VI. son of that monarch, but by another wife; and determined to make the castle of Rio Frio her last abode. That it might recal to her memory the new palace of Madrid, which neither she nor her husband had the good fortune to reside in even a single day, she ordered it to be built after the same plan, but of less dimensions. Her own son Charles III. being called to the throne of Spain by the death of Ferdinand VI. her project of retreat vanished, and the castle of Rio Frio, even before it was finished, was deserted for ever.

We will now leave St. Ildefonso and take the road to the Escurial. At about three quarters of a league from the castle we pass the Eresma over a bridge, and arrived at Balsain, a village situated in a hollow, shaded by thick woods. The kings of Spain had formerly a hunting seat here, to which Philip V. sometimes went, and where he conceived the project of building St. Ildefonso, in this wild country, which promised to gratify at once his taste for solitude and for the chace.

The French ambassador, before the king built his palace at St. Ildefonso, resided at this old castle. As soon as we have passed it, we climb for two leagues the tops of the high mountains which separate the two Castiles. The road is shaded by high pines, the tops of which are frequently lost in the fogs which rise from the bosoms of deep vallies. The air becomes insensibly colder as we approach the summits of the mountains; and when we have arrived at the seven points of rocks which, from St. Ildefonso, have the appearance of an immense parapet wall, a new object presents itself to the admiring eye. Before us we view the vast plains of new Castile, and perceive Madrid considerably within the bounds of the horizon over which the sight wanders to an immense distance.

At this spot, we find ourselves, as it were, in another country, and find another sky and a different temperature. The traveller frequently leaves behind him clouds upon clouds, to which the mountains seem to serve as boundaries, and instantly passes into the most serene air. The rays of the sun lost in the thick fogs he had just passed through, add colouring and embellishment to the prospect around him. He soon precipitates himself rather than descends from the top of this magnificent belvedere, and at the end of two leagues arives at the town of Guadarrama, through which passes the great road from Paris to Madrid. He crosses this road to follow that which leads to the Escurial, at which the court used to reside six weeks after leaving St. Ildefonso.

This famous monastery is situated at the midway of the ascent of the chain of mountains which terminate old Castile. The choice which Philip V. made of this steep situation indicates the savage and melancholy character which history has attributed to that prince. We will not here, however, repeat their censures. The Spaniards, even at this distance of time, have not yet abandoned him to the censure of posterity as we have our Louis XI. whom he resembled in more points than one. His memory, besides, seems to command respect, at the approach of this royal convent, where we perpetually hear him called "*our holy founder,*" where his ashes are deposited, and where his image every where meets the eye. This foundation, as is well known, was in consequence of a vow made on the day of the battle of St. Quintin, at which, however, Philip was not present. It is known also that he dedicated it to St. Lawrence, of whom that day was the feast. In Spain

it is called by the name of this saint (*San Lorenzo*) and every thing in the Escurial reminds us of the instrument of his martyrdom. It is not only seen upon the doors, windows, altars, rituals and sacerdotal habits, but the edifice itself bears its form. It is a quadrangular building with the principal front to the west, behind which is a mountain; the opposite side, which faces Madrid, takes the form of the shortened handle of a gridiron reversed; and the four feet are represented by the spires of four little square towers which rise above the four angles. I will not undertake, with the Abbé de Vayrac and Colmenar, to give the number, no doubt exaggerated by them, of all the doors, windows, courts, &c. of this famous convent. Although, it certainly has something awful, it does not perfectly correspond to the idea formed of it, according to the accounts we have received. Its form did not permit the architect to make the most of its vast extent; and it is not till we have passed the numerous dormitories, and wandered among the courts, stair-cases and galleries that the imagination completes what a first view had only sketched. There is nothing magnificent in the architecture. It has rather that serious simplicity more proper for a convent that the splendid elegance which announces the residence of a great monarch. The front to the west alone has a fine portail formed by large columns of the doric order, half sunk in the wall, and on each side two great doors of noble dimensions. By this portail we pass to an elegant square court, at the bottom of which is a church. This principal entrance is never open for the kings of Spain and the princes of the blood, except on two solemn occasions. When they come for the first time to the Escurial, and when their remains are deposited there in the vault which awaits them. I could not but imagine I perceived the emblem of the gates of life, and those of eternity, which, for the children of kings, as well as for the meanest of mortals, open but once and immediately shut again for ever.

On this side, the door of the church is announced by a fine peristyle; over the front of which are colossal statues of six kings of Israel, which appear as in equilibrium upon their slight pedestals. These six kings had some share in the founding or rebuilding of the temple of Jerusalem, as we are informed by the inscriptions upon the bases of their statues. The two in the middle are David and Solomon, to whom the sculptor has endeavoured to give the likeness of

Charles V. and Philip II. his son; so ingenious has flattery ever been in seeking new channels to convey its homage, and turning to its use even what seems least adapted to its purpose.

The front to the south is entirely destitute of ornament; but in four stories there are nearly three hundred windows. The two great doors of entrance are on the opposite front. The whole edifice is built with hewn stone of a species of bastard granite, which by its colour, become brown with time, adds to the austerity of the building. The quarry where it was dug is in the neighbourhood of the Escurial, and it is said that this was one motive for the choice of the situation of the Escurial. It furnished blocks of such considerable dimensions, that three stones were sufficient to form the chambranle of the greatest door-ways, and each step of the principal stair-case is composed but of one.

When the court is not at the Escurial, it resembles only a vast convent inhabited by two hundred monks, under the inspection of a prior. On the arrival of the court the convent is transformed into a palace! the monks are banished to the apartments in the south and west sides, and the principal cells become the habitations of the royal family, and the nobility and gentry of both sexes, by whom they are accompanied. The king himself has his in the narrow space which forms the handle of the gridiron. Philip II. seems to have wished to make this a retreat, where sovereign greatness might retire to hide itself beneath the shade of altars, and become familiarized to its tomb; and his successors, faithful to this vow of humility, still content themselves with the same modest habitation. It communicates, by a stair-case, with the church and vestry, in which the united arts have displayed all their magnificence.

The church is in the form of a Grecian cross, above which is a dome. The whole building rests upon pillars, perhaps rather too massy, in the interstices of which are several altars. The architecture is simple but majestic. Several subjects from holy writ, and some sacred allegories are painted in fresco in the dome, by the magical pencil of Luca Giordano. The great altar, which is ascended by twenty steps, contains three different orders of architecture, one above the other, in the form of a mutilated pyramid: no expence has been spared in decoration. Richness and elegance are united in the tabernacle. The columns are of

the most precious marble; the interstices are filled up with paintings by Lucas Cambiaso and Pellegrino Tibaldi. Yet the whole has something parsimonious in its appearance, which forms a striking contrast with the majesty of the edifice. It is too lofty for its breadth, and appears to be crammed by force into the narrow space it occupies, as if it had not been erected for the church to which it belongs. But the two monuments which accompany it are really beautiful; these perfectly accord with the first of the three orders of which it is composed; that is doric, with fluted columns. The tombs are those of Charles V. and Philip II. These two sovereigns are on their knees, and seem to bow their majesty before the king of kings. They occupy the forepart of a kind of open chamber lined with black marble, by the side of the altar. There is something at once solemn and grand in the two monuments. The spectator, while contemplating them, cannot but profoundly reflect on the vain insignificance of human greatness, and the abyss in which it is sooner or later swallowed up. The tranquillity that reigns around them seems to be that of death, against which the lords of the earth vainly arm themselves with sepulchral pride. These reflections become still more serious when applied to two sovereigns, who, during their lives, disturbed the world with their ambition, and are now condemned to eternal silence by the only law which they could not escape.

The two nearest altars to the high altar, are those of the Annunciation and St. Jerome, which have beauties for devotees and goldsmiths. Two great doors, upon which are two indifferent paintings by Lucas Cambiaso, open and leave the eye dazzled with innumerable relics in vases, and cases of silver and silver gilt, enriched with precious stones. There is also a large St. Laurence of solid silver, upon the breast of which are some spoils of this Martyr, which his disciples saved from the flames. The church contains also some good paintings by artists of the second order, among which are several apostles by Navarette, known by the appellation of the dumb, the fall of the angels, and the martyrdom of St. Ursula, by Pellegrino Tibaldi. In the two vestries particularly, master-pieces of painting are scattered with such profusion as is capable of fatiguing the admiration even of connoisseurs. In the first, in which the light is not good, there are three by Paul Veronese, one by Titian, two by Tintoret, one by Rubens, and one by

Spagnoletto. The principal vestry contains a still greater number, and would alone be sufficient to justify the fame of the Escurial.

I shall only mention those paintings which are most striking to eyes least accustomed to judge of the productions of the arts. That which has the greatest effect is the alter-piece, by Claude Coello, a Portuguese, otherwise little known. It retraces a scene, of which the vestry was the theatre. Charles II. accompanied by the nobility of his retinue, is represented on his knees before the holy sacrament, held by the prior of the monastery; the monarch went thither publicly to supplicate pardon for the profanation of a host, lacerated by impious hands, and revenged by a miracle. The holy meditation of the monarch, the appearance of compunction in his features, the attitude of the prior, and those of the monks, by which he is surrounded, and the manner in which so many figures are grouped without confusion, give to the whole of this painting the most sensible effect; and although it be far from the best piece, there is none which leave a greater impression upon the generality of spectators. Real connoisseurs, and those who are dazzled by great names, prefer a fine holy Virgin by Guido; two paintings by Vandyck, one the woman taken in adultery, the other St. Jerome naked to the waist, and writing as he is dictated to by an angel, whose freshness of complexion produces the most agreeable contrast with the sallow skin of the aged saint. A large picture by Tintoret, in which this painter has indulged all the caprice of his imagination, in giving a representation of the Lord's supper. An assumption by Annibal Carracci; several pieces by Titian, and two, very admirable for the colouring, one a St. Sebastian of the natural size, and the other our Saviour disputing with a doctor of the law; three by Raphael; one called *the pearl*, on account of its superior excellence, is a holy family, in which the infant Jesus has a grace, a justness of expression, and an exactness of drawing which belongs only to this great master; and another the Visitation, in which the modesty of the Virgin, and her embarrassment on appearing before Elizabeth with the unexpected and already apparent signs of her pregnancy cannot be too much admired.

Artists, of inferior celebrity, have also contributed to the decoration of the vestry. I shall mention but two; the chevaliers Maxime and Romanelli. The first has exhibited the beauty of Guido's forms, in the painting where Christ

disputes in the temple with the doctors, and the graces and sweetness of the pencil of Albano appear in that of the latter, the Virgin seated caressed by her holy infant. I cannot leave the vestry without mentioning a kind of obelisk in filigree, ornamented with precious stones, concealed behind the fine painting of Claude Coello, and which is never exposed except at the celebration of the miracle it represents. It may be imagined, without my saying it, that this vestry contains, in large drawers, the most rich sacerdotal ornaments, chandeliers, sacred vases and the like, which are greater proofs of the magnificence of the kings of Spain than of their piety.

The same observation may be made on the pantheon their sepulchre, to which a door in the passage from the church to the vestry opens. The stair-case is entirely covered with marble, as is also the inside of the pantheon. This is divided into several chambers, each of which has its particular distinction. One of them is what is called the *podridero*, or the *rotting place*. Here the bodies of the kings and the royal family are delivered up to the first ravages of corruption. The bodies of the princes and princesses of Spain, who have not reigned, are deposited in another. It is in this august and dismal assembly that the duke of Vendôme is placed, like M. de Turenne at St. Denis, among the remains of our kings. Many people are still of opinion, that the first of these generals was interred in a village in the kingdom of Valencia, where he died. I examined the register of the monastery, and found an account of his remains being brought thither, and I afterwards learned, that they arrived at the Escurial the 9th of September 1712, and were received by lord Cotron, captain of the guards of Philip V. and the count de Las Torres; that they were first deposited in the old pantheon, whence they were transferred to that of the princes. The real pantheon serves as the last asylum only for the kings and queens of Spain. It seems as if they wished to be revenged of death, which levels all ranks, by making this preeminence survive them.

It is impossible not to feel a kind of religious awe when we descend into this vault, into which deceased grandeur seems to struggle against annihilation? A few rays of half extinguished light with difficulty penetrate this cold abode. To supply the defect, a superb lustre, pendant from the cupola, is lighted up on extraordinary occasions; but except in these cases the curious are conducted by a flam-

beau into the middle of the motionless and silent assembly of sovereigns of both sexes. By the unsteady light of the flambeau we discover, opposite the door by which we enter, an altar and a crucifix of black marble upon a pedestal of porphyry. The rest corresponds to this melancholy magnificence. The cases which contain the bodies of the kings and queens are placed on each side the altar, in three stories, and in different compartments, formed by five fluted pilasters of marble; the cases are of bronze, simple, yet noble in their form. The pantheon is not yet full, but the empty cases are ready to open to receive their deposits. A salutary yet terrible lesson, which kings have not refused to receive from the bold designs of an able architect.

In the most elevated tomb of the first division, reposes Philip II. He it was who laid the foundation of the pantheon; but it was not finished till the reign of Philip IV. as we are informed by the inscription over the inner door of the stair-case. It has yet been opened but to two sovereigns of the house of Bourbon, the young king Louis I. who ascended the throne in 1721, and died the same year, and queen Amelia, wife to the present monarch; as if the ashes of two royal houses, so long divided by political interest, were still averse to uniting even in the tomb. Philp V. and his queen are interred at St. Ildefonso; Ferdinand VI. and queen Barbara his wife, at Madrid, in a convent which they had founded.

The following well-known line cannot be applied to this temple of death;

Le temps, qui detruit tout, en affermit les murs*.

The ravages of time, seconded by the damps, have not spared even the marble. Here we are at once led to reflect on the frailty of man, whatever may be his rank, and the perishable nature of his works, which in his pride he dares to consecrate to immortality.

The choir of the monks of the Escurial is above the great door of the church, and opposite the high altar. The walls are decorated with paintings in fresco, the subjects of which have relation to St. Jerome and St. Lawrence. The pulpit, notwithstanding its enormous size, turns upon a pivot with surprising facility. Behind the choir, is a master-piece of

* Time, which destroys all things, has given strength to the walls.

seulpture; a Christ in marble, of the natural size; it was executed by Benvenuto-Cellini, by whom the constable de Bourbon was killed upon the walls of Rome.

From the sides of the choir begins a gallery which runs along the two fronts of the church, and communicates by four doors to the first story of the monastery; it is intersected by several spaces, between the joints and pillars, which contain a part of the congregation during the time of divine service. Thither I frequently went, that I might be penetrated with the profound sentiments which enter the minds of persons, the least devout, at the awful aspect of a temple. That of the Escurial disposes more than any other to such meditations. Its mass, the solidity of which has already survived its founder, who sleeps within its walls, almost two centuries, and will survive him for twenty more; the memory of this imperious monarch, which for a long time past has there received no other tribute than funeral prayers, and whose shade is supposed to wander in this melancholy monument of his fear and his piety; the sound of a hundred voices which makes the roofs re-echo with the praises of the Eternal Being; all disposes the mind to serious reflection, with which it is a thousand times more satisfied than with vain and giddy dissipation. Ye who look with envy upon transient grandeur, and who wish to vanquish that restless ambition which embitters your days, and may render them culpable, visit this temple and resign yourselves to meditation; you will find your heart softened and your reason fortified; your eyes will be filled with tears, and you will return more resigned to your fate, more humane and more happy.

On leaving the gallery to go to the royal apartments, we pass a long corridor, remarkable for the paintings in fresco on the walls. It is called the hall of battles, because the paintings represent several of those of the ancient kings of Spain against the Moors. The perspective is badly observed, but the attitudes, dresses and the lively colouring excite the admiration of all connoisseurs.

I shall not describe a small chapel adjoining to the choir, in which are a large painting of St. Ferdinand, the masterpiece of Luca Giordano, and a few other middling performances, nor several other places in which paintings are to be found. The art of fatiguing is that of saying every thing.

I cannot, however, avoid mentioning the two great cloisters: one above, the other below: paved with marble,

and of vast dimensions. The paintings in freseo of the lower cloister are, perhaps, more extolled than they deserve. If the connoisseur seek the effects of perspective, and brilliant colouring, he will be deceived in his expectations; but if he admire heads full of expression, and the great and vigorous forms of the school of Michael Angelo, he will return more than once to examine the principal events of the life of our Saviour, painted in almost colossal figures by Pellegrino Tibaldi, round the cloister.

Both the cloisters are entered by narrow and obscure corridors. The chief defect in the architecture of the Escurial, is that, in general, the principal objects are not so placed as to have the best effect. The portal is seen but by accident; nothing announces the great stair-case; you arrive at the foot of it before you suppose it to be near. There is a fine inner court, ornamented with two rows of portieos, of noble architecture; the centre is occupied by a small circular temple, with four doors, of which the inner columns correspond to four stone basons, each as it were under the protection of an angel. This is, perhaps, the most regular piece of architecture in the Escurial: but it seems to be wilfully concealed from the eyes of the curious; it is seen but from the windows of the two great cloisters, to which it serves as a centre; and even then you are in doubt whether it be a court or a garden, for it is divided into four parts, laid out and planted like a parterre.

The great cloister below, which overlooks the court, has four principal doors; two of which communicate with the church and vestry. By a third you enter the capitulary hall, which contains several paintings by Titian, and one by Velasquez, representing the sons of Jacob bringing him the bloody garment of their brother Joseph. The effect of the perspective, and the correctness of the drawing, in this piece, are admirable; but more nobleness of design might be wished. A Virgin by Raphael, a St. Jerome by Guerchino, a crowning with thorns by Vandyek, three pieces by Rubens, and three by Spagnoletto are also found here. But the pieces most to be admired in the capitulary hall, are three masterly paintings by Guido; two heads full of truly celestial expression, one of St. Peter, the other of St. Paul; and a Virgin seated, before whom stands the infant Jesus, in a pensive and fine attitude.

The fourth door, which answers to the great lower cloister, is that of the old church of the monastery. This

also contains paintings worthy of attention; several by Titian, among others, the great altar-piece, which represents the martyrdom of St. Laurence; three by Spagnoletto, remarkable for beauty of colouring: and one, a wonderful piece, by Raphael, which, for its learned composition, its beauty, nobleness of design, correctness of drawing, and every excellence that characterises the inimitable talent of this great master is superior to all in the Escurial. I have seen connoisseurs view with transport, and shed tears of admiration, before this sublime masterpiece, without these delicious impressions being weakened by a reflection natural enough, on the fantastical union of persons it presents; these are the Virgin Mary, Christ, and St. Jerome in a cardinal's habit, reading to them the Bible, while the angel Raphael conducts to the feet of the divine group the young Tobit, who comes with a timid air to render the tribute of his fish. The last circumstance has given the painting the appellation of *Madonna del Pez* (our lady of the fish).

It is inconceivable how the genius of Raphael could stoop to this strange composition, which, undoubtedly, was prescribed him, and yet that the execution should bear no marks of such compulsion. If his exquisite taste was not disgusted by a dissonance which shocks the least delicate one, what becomes of the rules of art, and the precepts of reason? After such an example, how is it possible not to look upon them as so many chains, which genius in its soarings may shake off with impunity. Does not it justify all the extravagance which fantastical or ignorant artists have dared to display upon canvas, one arming Abraham with a pistol, with which he is going to shoot Isaac, another representing the Virgin with a chaplet in her hand, and a third introducing our modern artillery in the combat of satan and the angels?

We will now leave the old church of the Escurial, in which it is easy to forget at the sight of the *Madonna del Pez*, that the monastery contains other objects worthy the attention of the curious. After having admired the superb piece of Titian (the Last Supper) which takes up the whole breadth of the refectory of the monks, we will ascend to the upper cloister, the walls of which are also ornamented with paintings. There are several not above mediocrity; but some by Luca Giordano are seen with pleasure, as also may be two or three by Spagnoletto, and one by Navarette, known by the name of the dumb, and whom Philip II. called the Titian of Spain.

The stair-case which leads from the lower to the upper cloister, must not be passed over in silence. The four sides of the frieze and the cieling are painted in fresco by Giordano, and represent the battle of St. Quintin, the accomplishment of the vow of Philip II. and the arrival of that monarch at the celestial court.

On the first landing-place of the stair-case there are little cloisters, which lead to the library of the Escurial, less remarkable for the number of volumes it contains than for the choice of them, and more particularly the Arabic and Greek manuscripts. All the arts concerned in the decoration; and if there be a defect, it is perhaps that of being too much ornamented. Every vacant space is filled with paintings; the cieling, which is vaulted, is ornamented with Arabesques, and figures for the most part colossal. Tibaldi, the master of Michael Angelo, has here displayed the frequently exaggerated vigour of his pencil; his forced attitudes resemble contortions; his forms are so great as to become gigantic, and almost monstrous; these diminish the effect of the whole, by narrowing the fine dimensions of the library and destroying its other decorations. The shelves which contain the books, and which are of precious wood, beautifully carved, appear trifling beneath the colossi of Tibaldi. Above the shelves are paintings in fresco by Barthelemi Carducho, which also suffer from the cause already mentioned; the subjects are taken from sacred or profane history, or have relation to the sciences of which the shelves below present to us the elements. Thus the council of Nice is represented above the books which treats of theology; the death of Archimedes at the siege of Syracuse, indicates those which relate to mathematics; and Cicero pronouncing his oration in favour of Rabirius, the works relative to eloquence and the bar.

The middle of the library is occupied by globes and tables; upon one of the latter is a small equestrian statue of Philip IV. upon another, a little temple of solid silver, ornamented with lapis-lazuli and precious stones. Round these are ranged all the ancestors of the queen Ann of Neubourg, wife of Charles II. up to Charlemagne, who is placed in the centre of the temple.

In the intervals between the shelves are portraits of Charles V. and of the three Philips his successors to the throne of Spain. Ye philosophers who, after having read what I have written, shall visit this library, stop before the portrait of Philip II. painted with great exactness by Pantoja de la Cruz; contemplate his grave and austere physiognomy, and you will read an abridgement of the history of his reign; but communicate not the result

of your reflections to the monks who accompany you, this would be a bad return for the obliging reception you will receive from them. If you have brought with you to the Escurial prejudices against the Spaniards in general, or against the monks in particular, you will certainly lay them aside after having passed a quarter of an hour with the Jeronymites of this monastery; you will be convinced that under the Spanish mantle, or even the religious habit, more obliging manners, more complaisance and more real goodness are concealed, than are promised by the elegance of a French dress. For the truth of what I here say, I may appeal to two Danish professors, who, a few years ago, were sent to the Escurial to make learned researches, and were, perhaps, better received by the monks, notwithstanding the difference of their manners, language, and religion, than they would have been at the university of Copenhagen. They were lodged in the convent, and provided with every thing they could wish, with the most generous hospitality. All the treasures of the library were opened to them, and they passed two months in examining and making extracts from the manuscripts which excited their curiosity. They returned home with hearts deeply impressed with gratitude, and port-folios enriched with the fruits of their laborious researches. The obliging generosity they experienced on this occasion was the more remarkable, as the manuscripts entrusted to their inspection are still unknown to the public, except by a few extracts given of them by a learned monk named Cassiri. These consist of two volumes in folio, but are far from compleating the extensive plan the monk proposed to himself. After his death they were consigned to another of the fathers of the Escurial, and the learned impatiently expect the result of his labours. The library of the Escurial is open every morning and evening during the residence of the court, and the librarians refuse books to no person.

The manuscripts are not kept in the great library, which is open to every comer, but in a large hall above, always shut up, and to which all the books proscribed by Spanish orthodoxy are sent. The portraits of such natives of Spain as have distinguished themselves in the sciences, arts, or in literature, are hung round the hall, and the number of the learned in Spain is more considerable than our supercilious contempt for this nation will easily believe. This contempt may, perhaps, induce one to imagine it has found a subject for triumph in the library of the Escurial, on viewing the books placed the contrary way, so that the edges of the leaves are outwards, and contain their titles written on them. I have laid it down as a rule, particularly in travelling, never to form my judgment from mere appearances. I

asked the reason for this custom; and was told that Arias Montanus, a learned Spaniard of the sixteenth century, whose library had served as a foundation for that of the Escurial, had all his books placed and inscribed in that manner, which no doubt appeared to him to be the most commodious method of arranging them; that he had introduced his own method into the Escurial; and since his time, and for the sake of uniformity, it had been followed with respect to the books afterwards added. This explanation proves nothing but the oddity of one man, and an attachment, common to most men, to established customs, especially when in themselves they are almost indifferent.

The large and beautiful stair-case which leads to the great upper cloister communicates with the choir of the monks of which we have spoken, and has a lesser capitulary hall which you cross in descending to the king's apartment. Those whose admiration has not been exhausted by the noble paintings they have just seen, will remark as they pass by, an annunciation, by Paul Veronese; a nativity, by Tintoret; a descent from the cross, and a St. Margaret, frightened by the apparition of a dragon, by Titian; but more especially one by the same master, which is called *the glory of Titian*, either on account of its excellence, or because it represents Charles V. and Philip II. admitted to celestial glory, in presence of the principal patriarchs of the antient law, with characteristic attributes, admirably grouped on each side and in front of the painting. A small cabinet adjoining to this hall contains several relics, one of the miraculous urns at the marriage of Cana, an old manuscript of the life of St. Theresa, written by herself, &c.

We afterwards arrive at the stair-case which leads to the king's apartments, and in the way to it pass through a kind of gallery hung with paintings. The principal ones are, a descent from the cross, an exquisite production of the pencil of Spagnoletto; and a large picture representing Lot and his daughters, which a connoisseur would be tempted to attribute to Guido, but which is thought to be by the Chevalier Maxime. Whoever the painter may be, it is one of the most admirable pictures in the Escurial. In a corner of the same gallery there are several others worthy of attention; particularly a small picture by Rubens, in which several martyrs, and particularly St. Laurence and St. Sextus, are grouped in suppliant attitudes round the throne of the Virgin.

I should never finish were I to give an account of all the curiosities of this kind contained in the Escurial, I have, perhaps, already said too much, both for those who will never see it, and for others who are as well acquainted with it as myself. Those

who wish for a more complete nomenclature of the curiosities of the monastery, called by some the eighth wonder of the world, may consult the description in folio given of it by father Ximenes, one of its monks; and Travels in Spain by the abbé Pons, a man of sense and learning, and a lover of the fine arts, who has employed a whole volume on this subject. What I have said is sufficient to inform my readers that it is the rich collection of pictures which justifies the fame of the Escurial, and that if those whose devotion has embellished it, should despoil it of this part of its riches, if the court should not come to reside there every year, and bring the train of attendants and pomp which accompanies it, the Escurial would be nothing more than a great convent, awful by its mass and solidity, as is the case with nearly twenty others in different parts of Christendom.

The narrow terrace on each side, whence the eye commands, towards the east, a very extensive but little varied prospect, would not be sufficient to rank it above this class. The abbé de Veyrac and Colmenar, particularly speak of its immense park. Nevertheless I saw nothing in the environs but woods full of rocky eminences, intersected with meadows, which are seldom green, and stocked with innumerable herds of deer. There results, perhaps, from the whole a more agreeable effect, less monotonous and more pleasing than that produced by the wide walks, stars, and obelisks, so much admired in the parks of the sovereigns of France and Germany; but on the other hand, there is nothing which presents the appearance of grandeur and magnificence, which we naturally expect should accompany a royal mansion.

From the terrace of the convent you descend by steps cut in the side to a garden not very large, much decorated, nor even carefully cultivated. At the end of the terrace, to the west, is a wooden building adjoining to the grand edifice, but of a different kind of architecture. This is perhaps the only part of the Escurial where real elegance attracts our notice. It communicates with it by a gallery which leads to a new building, parallel with the principal front of the convent, and which serves as lodging apartments to the house of the infants.

This building, placed immediately at the foot of the mountains which shade the Escurial, and in the direction of the winds which force their way into the narrow passess, contributes to abate their violence. It however does not prevent their effects from being very sensible, especially in the season which the court passes at the Escurial. They are the more troublesome, as they pass along the front to the north, and impetuously sweep the oblong space which

separates it from the apartments allotted to the ministers, and some of the clerks in office, and which you are obliged to cross to go from the convent to the village. If the exaggerated accounts given to strangers may be believed, these furious winds not only stop those who pass, make them stagger, and sometimes throw them down, but they blow with such violence against the carriages stationed before the palace, that they sometimes remove them from their places to the great astonishment of their drivers.

To avoid this inconvenience, and render the communication from the convent to the village less troublesome, some years ago a subterraneous and vaulted gallery of hewn stone was constructed, which runs under the whole lengths of the oblong space called *Lonja*. Those who go to the palace may, sheltered by this impenetrable roof, worthy of royal magnificence, in all weathers, brave the fury of the elements, and disregard the winds which roar above their heads. The idea is said have been given by M. de Massones, who died soon after the gallery was finished, and whom we have seen ambassador in France, prior to the marquis of Grimaldi.

The situation of the Escurial renders the walks in the environs unpleasant; you may wander with pleasure, however, in a valley between the front to the south and a mountain, which opposes to it its high and woody top. The inequality of the ground produces every moment new points of view, and favours the rapid fall of several rivulets which meander through the cops. A soft melancholy invades us, while we listen to the distant murmurs of these rills which are heightened by the rustling of the trees, more frequently agitated by the north wind than caressed by zephyrs; to these are added the hollow lowings of the deer, which, during the seasons of their amours, restlessly wander under their shades. This valley is continued by a gentle descent from the *Cazin* of the Infant Don Gabriel to that of the prince of Asturias. These are two little houses, each a quarter of a league from the Escurial, which are the rendezvous of the two princes for their innocent parties of pleasure. They are decorated within with more elegance than is expected from their modest exterior. That especially of the prince of Asturias contains within a very small space, the richest and most highly finished sculpture, gilding, joinery, and locksmith's work; the prince has also collected a great number of paintings, some of which with respect to their size and subjects, might be better placed

than in this pleasing habitation, where an amiable luxury should exclusively reign, but which is terrified at the view of the great paintings in which Luca Giordano has displayed his fertile imagination, and especially at that of the heads of the apostles, and the melancholy productions of Spagnoletto, whose grave pencil seems to have been destined to penitentiary subjects. We are even less at our ease in the presence of several holy virgins by Murillo, notwithstanding the ingenuous sweetness of their features, and the soft and delightful colouring which characterises the productions of this amiable artist. But, undoubtedly, these great pictures are only placed there until they can be disposed of in a manner more agreeable to the dignity of their subjects. After they are taken away, there will remain a number sufficient to complete the embellishment of this palace in miniature. There are five landscapes, and other paintings, more analogous to its destination. Some copies of the masterly paintings at Madrid are also found here, as well as two sea pieces by Vernet, of which Louis XVI, some few years ago made a present to his royal highness Charles IV, then prince of Asturias. We have observed in another place that this prince, a lover and patron of the arts, conceived on that occasion the project of having a cabinet painted entirely by the hand of Vernet, and this cabinet is one of those of the lodge of which we speak. Each of the pannels is a complete painting, one represents the sea violently agitated; another a calm and a fine moon-light; a third a fire in the night. Other paintings of lesser dimensions fill the narrow spaces between the door and the window. The inimitable talent of Vernet is conspicuous in them all, and if posterity should be ignorant of their date, they will be thought to be of his best productions, although he received his orders for them no longer than four or five years ago. It is however to be regretted that the three principal pieces are placed too low, as well as too near, to be in the proper point of view, without going out of the cabinet which contains them.

The little lodge of the infant Don Gabriel, which was afterwards inherited by his brother, Don Antonio, is less than that of the prince his brother, and not so much ornamented; but the same observations may be made concerning it. There are three or four of the best pieces of Spagnoletto, especially a St. Peter, remarkable for accuracy and expression, though it might be more admired in another

place. But who shall dare to banish from the collection two heads, one by Corregio, the other by Murillo, both ravishing by their grace and softness? The infant Don Gabriel, who united the knowledge of a connoisseur and the zeal of an *amateur*, not satisfied with encouraging the arts, also cultivated them himself; he hung with drawings, by the greatest masters, one of the cabinets of his lodge.

CHAP. VI.

THE PALACES AT MADRID—BUEN RETIRO—PAINTINGS OF THE LAST THREE REIGNS—PROMENADE OF THE PRADO—BOTANICAL GARDEN—CABINET OF NATURAL HISTORY—ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS—PLAZA MAYOR, &c.

WE will now take leave of the rocks and mountains of the Escurial, and conduct the reader to Madrid by one of the finest roads, but across one of the most barren countries in Europe. There is, however, as we descend from the hill on which the monastery stands, a small forest which presents agreeable prospects. It is pleasing enough to see numerous herds of stags, paying but little attention to the noise of carriages which pass, and feeding among horses and oxen. Travellers might almost suppose that these animals were sensible of their security, and that they said to them: We are very timid, but fear you not; an Almighty power watches over our preservation. They are equally amusing, when upon a false alarm they file off, bounding on their elastic feet before the passenger whom they challenge to a race. But the measure resorted to by Charles IV. which we have already noticed, has decreased their number, and rendered them more timid. Some ponds, with their uncultivated banks, are seen through the trees, and inspire agreeable reveries. Farther on, a solitary little house offers an asylum to lost wanderers. This is the farm-house of the monks of the Escurial, who sometimes pass there the hot days of summer. It has a simplicity proper to their situation, and nothing within betrays the opulence they enjoy: for the monastery is one of the richest in Spain. According to a calculation, the exactness of which cannot be

suspected, their annual revenues amount to upwards of seven hundred thousand livres, (above 29,000l.)

On leaving this forest we meet with no more trees until we approach the Manzanares. This very small river runs at some distance under the heights upon which Madrid is situated. It is almost shallow enough for carriages to ford over. It has, however, two great bridges, that of Segovia and the bridge of Toledo. The latter, built by Philip II. who was fond of ostentation, is so disproportioned to the breadth of the Manzanares, that it was pleasantly said, *that fine bridge only wanted a river.* In passing through Spain, several others are met with, upon which the same observation might be made; but the reason is thus explained by M. Silhouette, who, before he became minister, had travelled in Spain, and having, as well as many others, been surprised at the apparent disproportion between the bridge and the river, earnestly sought to discover the cause. Spain is intersected in almost every direction by long chains of mountains, whose summits, notwithstanding the heat of the climate, are frequently covered with snow. The streams and little rivers which descend from their sides, have usually but a small stream of water, because droughts are frequent in the provinces through which they run; but when abundant rains, or the melting of the snow increase their little streams, the beds of the rivers are the more extended on account of their not being deep, and of their carrying with them a great quantity of sand; and according to these circumstances, although not common, the dimensions of the bridges were calculated. They are solidly constructed on account of the sudden risings of the rivers, and their apparently disproportionate length is to obviate the inconvenience which might arise from an overflowing. Whole ages and nations must not be accused of ignorance and stupidity, because we cannot at first discover the reason for certain customs and practices. How many things ridiculous at first sight appear highly reasonable after a proper examination?

Madrid has a good appearance when approached from the side of the Escurial. After having passed the Manzanares, we proceed along a part of the fine road, planted with trees, which leads from the capital to Pardo, a royal mansion, where the court of Charles III. resided from the 7th of January to the holy week. There is nothing remarkable in this edifice. The road runs for some time along the banks of the Manzanares; and on the opposite side we see an ancient country residence of the kings of Spain, around which the large trees cover, to a certain degree, the nakedness of the horizon. This is the *Casa del Campo,* which the last kings of the House of Austria very much fre-

quented, but which has been neglected by those of the family of Bourbon.

The gate of St. Vincent, by which we enter, is new and tolerably elegant. We then with difficulty ascend to the palace, which standing alone upon an eminence, without either terrace, park, or garden; has rather the appearance of a citadel than that of a place of residence for one of the most powerful monarchs in the world. But this impression is dissipated as we approach, and when we have entered the edifice. Its form is almost square, and there is a spacious court in the middle, around which are large piazzas. The apartments and offices of the principal persons of the court are upon the ground floor, which they wholly occupy. A fine marble stair-case, the ascent of which is perhaps too gentle, leads to the first story. The sides of the stair-case are decorated with the richest sculpture and architecture.

We afterwards pass on to the king's apartments, which are of the most magnificent dimensions. The hall, in which the throne is placed; and which is called *sallon de los reynos,* may be admired even by those who have seen the gallery of Versailles. The different dresses of the vast Spanish monarchy are painted in fresco upon the ceiling by a Venetian named Tiepolo; a species of decoration which can only have place in the palace of the sovereigns of Spain. Fine vases, like statues, and antique busts are distributed upon all the tables. The rest of the ornaments are of Spanish production. The glasses, perhaps the largest in Europe, were manufactured at St. Ildefonso, as well as what is called the Bohemian glass, of the window. The tapestry, of which the figures were copied from good paintings, was made in a manufactory near the gates of Madrid; and the inexhaustible and variegated quarries of the peninsula furnished marble for the tables.

The apartments adjoining to the gallery are not less richly furnished. The nearest is that in which the king dines. The famous Mengs, who has painted the ceiling, the subject of which is the assembly of the gods and goddesses on Olympus, has displayed such rich and brilliant colouring, and such graceful forms, as prove him equal in execution to the greatest painters of Italy. During the summer, the portraits of Philip II. Philip III. and his queen, Philip IV. and the duke d'Olivarez, all on horseback, painted by Velasquez, and those of Philip V. and the Queen Isabella Farnese his second wife, by Charles Vanloo, are substituted for the tapestry. It is not necessary to be a connoisseur to be struck with the astonishing superiority of the first of these. The fine form of the horse of Philip the Fourth, and the animation of his whole body, cannot be too much admired.

The next apartment is that where the king gives audience. The ceiling, which represents the apotheosis of Hercules, is also painted by Mengs. This charming painter, whose women and children are models of grace and delicacy, does not equally succeed in the portraits of men. To render them powerful and nervous, he exaggerates their form, and makes them appear rather heavy. His last painting, on which he was employed at Rome when the fine arts and his friends were deprived of him by death, is placed in the same apartment; it is an annunciation. The Virgin has an admirable expression of modesty and sweetness; neither Corregio nor Albano ever produced any thing more pleasing. Some of the angels about the celestial throne are equally finished. But it is to be wished the angel Gabriel had a countenance and attitude more suitable to his message. The Supreme Being has not that supernatural grandeur which Guido or Paul Veronese would have given him. However, there is in this apartment a large painting by the same master, which could not have been more highly finished by either of the two latter; this is an adoration of the shepherds, in which the men, women, and children are equally beautiful and full of expression. His works compose the principle decoration of the king's bed-chamber; it seems as if the monarch wished to mark the distinguished protection he gave to this great painter, by surrounding himself by his productions. They have all undoubtedly some merit, but are eclipsed by a descent from the cross, which, according to connoisseurs, is his greatest production. The observer is never tired with contemplating the deep and tender grief of St. John, whose eyes, wearied with weeping, seem to shew the source of tears to be exhausted; the sublime attitude of the Virgin, who expects no comfort for her sorrows, but from heaven; and the softer, but not more affecting affliction of the Magdalen, who preserves all her charms in the midst of the general grief she participates. I have frequently heard the colour of the dead body criticised. *This Christ*, said they, *seems to be of stone*. I was induced to think the same, until one day accompanying some foreigners who adopted the criticism, I heard one of them exclaim with transport in commendation of the truth of the colouring: surely, said he, in a low voice, *this painter must have seen many dead bodies, to have been able to imitate them so well.* The author of the reflection was an experienced surgeon, who, until that moment, had not opened his lips upon the subject. The critics were silent, and we recollected the ancient proverb, "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*"

I shall not attempt to enumerate all the pictures in the palace of Madrid, an account of the principal ones alone would fill a

volume; but I thought the works of Mengs, scarcely known except in Spain and at Rome, merited an exception. I shall only take notice of a cabinet entirely decorated with porcelain, a curiosity more singular than pleasing, which the *Cicerone* of Madrid wishes to have admired, but concerning which it is most prudent to be silent. We will pass on to other apartments, where admiration stands in no need of being excited.

The chamber, that from the apartment in which the throne is placed, leading to the residence of the prince and princess of Asturias, is too much filled with the admirable paintings crowded into it. Among the twelve capital pictures of Titian, is a Venus blindfolding the eyes of Love; Venus, at her toilette, whose image is half reflected in the glass; a Sisyphus; a Prometheus; a painting of Adam and Eve, which has for its companion the copy which Rubens disdained not to make from it; and several heads, all possessing that exactness of expression and colouring which Titian alone knew how to give. Two pictures by Paul Veronese, several by Bassan, and a Judith, by Tintoret, are seen with pleasure in the same chamber. The next apartment contains a few by Luca Giordano, among which are a dying Seneca; three or four of the school of the Rubens; and Isaac blessing Jacob, whom he takes for Esau, by Spagnoletto. The dining room of the prince of Asturias is in like manner hung with pictures; there are several by Murillo and Spagnoletto, a few by Titian, two by Teniers, and particularly two admirable pieces by Velasquez, one of which represents the forge of Vulcan, the other a Spanish general, to whom the keys of a city are surrendered.—In the adjoining apartments, among a great number of paintings by the first masters, are an adoration by Rubens, and a carrying of the cross by Raphael, which alone are worth a collection. In the first, Rubens has displayed all the magic of his pencil, his richness of drapery, and all the magnificence of composition. It is impossible not to be struck by the noble air and grandeur of one of the kings. His carriage, attitude, and retinue seem to announce him commissioned by the universe to congratulate its divine author upon an event of such importance to all mankind; he seems to command at once respect, admiration, and devotion.

The painting of Raphael inspires sentiments more affecting, though not less profound. The Saviour of the world sinking beneath the weight of his cross rather than that of his grief, and preserving in the midst of his persecutors, who force him along and ill treat him, a resignation and serenity which would disarm cruelty itself, appears less concerned for his own sufferings than earnest in endeavouring to console his afflicted mother, who

strives to soften his persecutors, and the supplicating women who are overwhelmed with grief. This sublime conception penetrates the coldest hearts with the august truths of religion, and preaches them in a more eloquent manner than that in which they have ever been delivered from the mouths of sacred orators. The impression which results from these two great compositions, renders the mind almost insensible to the beauties of other paintings near them, in which Titian, Vandyck, and Raphael himself have displayed less affecting ideas. A tribute of admiration must however be paid to two master-pieces of Corregio, one of which represents our Saviour in the garden of olives, and the other the Virgin dressing the child Jesus.

Paintings of a different kind in the apartments that were inhabited by the Infanta, daughter to Charles III. receive a different homage.* In the first chamber, one by Giordano, in imitation of Rubens, presents the painter himself, working at the portrait of a princess; there are also several voluptuous paintings by this master of the Flemish school; a combat of gladiators, in which the vigour of Lanfranc's pencil is easily discovered; and a capital piece by Poussin, the subject of which forms a singular contrast to the devotional paintings of which we have already spoken. This is a dance formed by a troop of nymphs about the statue of the god of gardens; the variety of their attitudes, all expressive and graceful, their easy shape and the beauty of their form, all breathe the pleasures of youth and love; some crown with garlands the statue of the lascivious god, others ——But we will draw a veil over this part of the painting, which the modesty of the painter has purposely placed in the shade.

The adjoining apartments are filled with paintings of lesser merit, if we except a grand composition by Paul Veronese, and a piece by Lanfranc, the figures of which, although a little tinctured with grimace, discover in them the vigorous and energetic touch of the painter. The dining-room of the Infanta is highly embellished by the indefatigable pencil of Luca Giordano, whose fertile imagination at first astonishes, but afterwards becomes fatiguing. In a cabinet adjoining to the dining-room are also some pieces by Rubens; for this painter, who was twice in Spain, left there, perhaps, more productions of his brilliant and easy pencil, than any where else. This cabinet contains likewise one of the best portraits Titian ever produced; a half-length of Charles V. reaching to below the knees. An engraving

* She was the princess who died towards the end of the year 1801, and whose polished and benevolent mind caused her to be generally regretted.

was made from it some years since, by a young engraver of Madrid, named Selena.

The apartments of the Infanta contain as great a number of admirable paintings as those already mentioned; some are by Murillo, and several by Rubens, which abound in fire and expression. With these I shall conclude my list, lest I should fatigue my readers with a barren catalogue; it is sufficient to remind them, that according to the opinion of those who have seen the different collections of the sovereigns of Europe, there is no one which is superior to that in the palace of Madrid, either with respect to choice or number.

It is true there are but few paintings of the French school, but the best productions of those of Italy, Flanders, and Spain, are found in abundance; those of the latter especially, less known than the two others, although of equal merit, are worthy of all the attention of connoisseurs; they perhaps may not excel in nobleness of form, or in grace, but whoever has seen the productions of Spagnoletto, Velasquez, and Murillo, both at Madrid and in the Escurial, cannot but admit that the Spanish school is not inferior to any other in correctness of design, the art of perspective, and especially in the vivid carnation of its colouring.

The chapel of the palace contains nothing remarkable of this kind, but its architectural proportions are exact and beautiful; and what more particularly contributes to its decoration, are sixteen columns of black marble, which extend to the frieze. It is to be regretted, that in order to procure this number, the eight blocks which were whole, have been perpendicularly sawn. However, as by their position they were not to stand without support, they are placed against the wall, in which they seem to be half sunk.

The palace of Madrid is entirely new. That which Philip V. inhabited, having been burned in the year 1734, the monarch wished to have it rebuilt upon the same foundation. An architect, from Piedmont, laid before him a most magnificent plan, the model of which is preserved in a neighbouring building. Philip V. was deterred by the expence necessary to carry the plan into execution, and adopted one more simple. But it is to be regretted that the palace, in its present state, cost as much as that of the Italian architect would have done, and yet it is not finished. They have already been more than twelve years in building two wings to it, which will give to the whole a more majestic form, but must hide the principal front in such a manner as to render it inaccessible, except from a great square, that can never be made regular, without an enormous expence. At the

end of the square is a large edifice, not sufficiently seen, which contains a curious collection of ancient and foreign arms, arranged with great order and carefully preserved. This is called the *Armeria*, or arsenal. The most remarkable things here are neither cimeters set with diamonds, nor complete sets of armour, not even that of St. Ferdinand; but those of ancient American warriors. A long enumeration of all these curiosities is carefully made to the traveller, when he is admitted into the arsenal, for which he must have an order from the grand equerry, and if he be a Frenchman, even the sword worn by Francis I. at the battle of Pavia, is not forgotten. Neither Philip V. nor Ferdinand VI. ever resided in the new palace of Madrid; Charles III. came not to it until some years after his arrival in Spain. These three monarchs had confined themselves to that inhabited by the Austrian family, in which Philip II. endeavoured to overturn the system of Europe—whence Philip VI. calmly saw his vast empire dismembered—where the weak Charles II. learned that the powers of Europe previously divided it as a vacant heritage—where the famous princess des Ursins played off and repelled the intrigues to which she at length became a victim, and whence Philip V. sent armies into Italy to conquer the Parmesan and the kingdom of Naples, and in which he died.—I mean the palace known to foreigners by the name of *Buen Retiro*.

This palace is situated upon an eminence, at the extremity of the city. Never had a royal mansion less the appearance of a palace. It is a very irregular building, and exhibits nothing majestic in any one point of view. It contains, however, a long suite of apartments, which, at a small expence, might be made habitable. The gardens into which they have a view are neglected. The want of water, and the nature of the soil render them little susceptible of the embellishment. There are a few statues worthy of the attention of the curious; that of Charles V. trampling upon a monster, which is supposed to be the emblem of heresy; and an equestrian statue of Philip IV. by an able sculptor of Florence. The palace of Retiro contained also many valuable pictures; but the greatest part of them have been removed to the new palace. Some very valuable pieces however still remain; a few by Rubens, several by Giordano, and portraits of princes and princesses of the two last families. The most remarkable piece is that called the *Cason*, not on account of the rich gilding with which it is overloaded, but because all the pannels of the inner balcony are painted in fresco by the fertile pencil of Luca Giordano. The ceiling is one of the noblest paintings of this artist. It represents allegorically the institution of the order of the golden-fleece.

I shall mention only two other paintings in this palace. One of Philip V. seated by the side of his wife, Isabella of Farnese, and surrounded by all his family of both sexes. The monarch is forgotten; nothing appears but the good father of a family. It is extremely affecting to see, united in the same piece, so many princes and princesses, who have had an influence on the destiny of Europe, and who, laying aside the splendour of majesty, seem to be wholly employed in enjoying the happiness of seeing themselves assembled. Charles Vanloo, perhaps, erred in displaying too much magnificence in the decoration of the hall. The figures he has painted have a paleness from the too brilliant colour of the furniture.

The other picture is less remarkable from the merit of its composition than from the scene it presents. This is a faithful representation of the solemn *Auto da fé*. which was celebrated in 1680, in the Plaza Mayor of Madrid in presence of the whole court of Charles II. It is equal to an exact description of this festival, the last of the kind which has been celebrated in Spain. The balconies appear full of spectators, excited equally by devotion and curiosity. The fatal tribunal is raised in the middle of the square. The judges there wait for their victims, who pale and disfigured, covered with melancholy emblems of the torments prepared for them, go to hear their sentence. Some receive the last exhortation of the monks, others tremble, stagger, and faint upon the steps of the tribunal, and all shew greater marks of terror than of repentance. How many reflections must naturally rush on the mind of the spectator; I pass them over in silence, because I have forbidden myself all declamation. But let us now turn our attention from these afflicting objects, and direct it to the temple of Thalia.

The theatre of Buen-Retiro is still in good preservation; the house is small but well contrived. The stage, which is spacious, opens at the bottom into the gardens of the palace, with which it is on a level, this was frequently favourable to theatrical magic, in extending the perspective and permitting the display of bodies of troops and sometimes a train of cavalry. All these illusions are vanished; the theatre is deserted, and its decorations are covered with dust. In the reign of Ferdinand VI. it resounded with the most harmonious voices; it is now condemned to silence, which for thirty years has been but once interrupted. This was at the marriage of the present queen. Thus do courts change their appearance according to the taste of the sovereign. That of Ferdinand VI. brilliant and ostentatious, naturalized in Spain the fairy scenes of the Italian theatre under the direction of Farinelli the musician, who, through his talents, obtained a

distinguished favour, at which no person murmured, because no person suffered by it, and because that he modestly enjoyed without abusing his good fortune: under Charles III. Euterpe and Terpsichore lost their influence; that monarch, more simple in his manners, more uniform in his taste, and insensible to profane pleasures, banished them from his residence, and confined himself to the protection of the silent arts, the sciences and virtue. His favour, still better placed than that of his predecessor, neither irritated the envious nor gave offence to the weak. Charles IV. less austere than his father, is not an enemy to pleasure, but he enjoys it without pomp. He also has the credit of employing scarcely any persons but Spaniards about his court.

The gardens of Buen-Retiro are at present a public walk. The monarch has established there a China manufactory, which hitherto strangers have not been permitted to examine. It is undoubtedly intended that experiments should be secretly made, and the manufacture brought to some perfection before it is exposed to the eyes of the curious. Its productions are to be seen no where except in the palace of the sovereign, or in some Italian courts, to which they have been sent as presents. Certain kinds of inlaid work not yet much known in Europe are wrought in the same edifice. I entered one day, under the protection of a foreigner of distinction, in whose favour the king had for a moment suspended the rigorous prohibition which excludes every one. I observed with what patience and address several small pieces of coloured marble were cut and joined, to form pleasing and not a little complicated figures. This art, whilst it produces nearly the same effect as painting, has the advantage of having, by its everlasting colours, overcome the ravages of time, which spare not the finest productions of the pencil. The gardens of the Retiro are in other respects little ornamented, and almost abandoned. In recompence, however, Charles III. richly embellished the environs.

This ancient palace commands a public walk, which has long been famous in Spanish comedy and romance: at first, indeed, these alone were what gave it celebrity. There was nothing remarkable in the place itself; its reputation rose from what passed in it. Measures were there concerted to deceive the vigilance of a mother, or the jealousy of a husband. The courtiers, escaped from the presence of the monarch, perhaps came thither to watch a rival, prepare a plot, or disconcert an intrigue. The proximity of the palace, the obscurity and inequality of the ground were all favourable to these purposes: the Prado was a rendezvous equally convenient to ambition and malignity, but more par-

ticularly so to love; those who appeared there had generally some sinister design, or encountered some hazard: but Charles III. by levelling it, planting it with trees, admitting more light into the alleys, ornamenting it with statues and vases, and providing water to allay the dust, made it a most elegant walk, which may be frequented in all seasons with safety and pleasure. It forms a part of the interior inclosure of the city, and is in length about the space of half a league. Several of the principal streets terminate here. That of Alcala, the widest in Europe, crosses it, runs by the side of the gardens of the Retiro, and terminates at the gate of the same name, which is one of the finest pieces of architecture in the capital, and built in the present reign, in 1778. The inhabitants from all quarters resort hither on foot, or in carriages to meet and breathe beneath the shade of the long alleys, an air freshened by waters spouted from the fountains, and embalmed by exhalations from the fragrant flowers. The concourse of people is frequently prodigious. I have sometimes seen four or five hundred carriages filing off in the greatest order, amid an innumerable crowd of spectators; a spectacle which at once is a proof of great opulence and population. But a better taste in the carriages might be wished for, and a greater diversity for the eye. Instead of that motley appearance of dresses, which in other public places of Europe afford a variety, without which there would be no pleasure, there is nothing seen in the Prado but women uniformly dressed, covered with great black and white veils, which conceal a part of their features; and men enveloped in their great mantles, mostly of a dark colour; so that the Prado, with all its beauty, seems to be the theatre of Castilian gravity.

The botanical garden adds not a little to the embellishment of the Prado. For several years it was under the direction of the learned Cavanilles, who died in 1803. It was formerly upon the road which leads from Madrid to the castle of Prado; but Charles III. some years ago removed it to the side of the Prado with a low inclosure, by which it is ornamented without being hidden. This monarch endeavoured to make it one of the most precious collections of the kind, by laying under contribution all the vegetable kingdom of his dominions, some part of which it has been long said, is perpetually warmed by the rays of the sun, and which in such different soils and climates must alone produce every kind of tree, shrub, and plant, which grows on the bosom of the earth.

While viewing the Prado I have frequently given to this idea the greatest possible latitude; I have even extended it to the animal kingdom; I have allotted in imagination all the space

which the botanical garden leaves vacant by the side of the walk to a destination certainly extraordinary in Europe, and which the monarch of Spain only could be capable of carrying into effect. I divided it into as many parts as this sovereign has principal colonies under his dominion; in these I settled, in supposition, a family of Peruvians, another of Mexicans, another from California, another from Louisiana, another from Paraguay, from Buenos Ayres, the coast of Caracas, from Porto Rico, from Cuba, from the Canaries, and the Philippines. All to preserve their peculiar dress and manner of living, to erect a simple habitation upon the model of that they had quitted; to cultivate the plants brought from their own country; so that, surrounded by these pleasing illusions, they might still suppose themselves in their native soil. Here the Mexican would be seen beneath the shade of his fig-tree, shaking it and gathering the precious spoils which colour our European garments; there the inhabitant of Guatimala would cultivate his indigo; and he of Paraguay the herb which constitutes his principal riches; the native of Soconusco would attempt to naturalize his valuable cocoa-tree in a foreign soil; the Peruvian, accompanied by the docile animal, which partakes of his labours, feeds and clothes him; would in concert with the Lucanian endeavour to introduce the same cultivation they had been accustomed to at home. Thus the exulting inhabitant of the metropolis, without going from the capital, might pass in review, as if delineated on a map, all the colonies to which his sovereign gives laws. The transported colonist would become accustomed to an exile, which every thing would concur to render agreeable; and his fellow citizens, separated from him by immense seas, informed by him of the benevolence and magnificence of their common monarch, would form a higher idea of his power, pride themselves upon being his subjects, and become more attached to his government. Who knows but these first essays would make them form a more favourable opinion in general of the mother country? That in accustoming themselves to see in the Spaniards of the old world, their countrymen, instead of their oppressors, they would not strive to approach them nearer? and that Spain formerly depopulated by her colonies would be repeopled by them, or at least in this community, acquire new securities for their love and fidelity.

Such a project may be considered as romantic, Charles III. yet entered upon one of the same kind, which proved his zeal for the advancement of the arts and sciences. In the street of the Alcala is a large building in which the king established a cabinet of natural history, which was

first committed to the direction of Don Pedro Davila, who died between the period of my first and second journey; he was succeeded by Don Eugenio Izquierdo who was one we have seen at Paris, who, and by his indefatigable zeal and knowledge did much towards its success. The cabinet now contains one of the completest collections in Europe in metals, minerals, marble, precious stones, corals, madrepores, and marine plants.

The classes of fishes, of birds, and especially of quadrupeds, are yet very incomplete; but the measures taken by government will in a little time make them equal to the others. The viceroys, governors, intendants, and other officers of the Spanish colonies received orders some years ago to enrich the cabinet with all the productions which should offer to their researches in the three kingdoms; and the intelligence and activity of the minister who then presided over the department of the Indies, gave the most flattering hopes to the lovers of these sciences that the orders would be faithfully executed. The minister, just before our revolution, received an ample contribution from Peru: this was half the rich collection made during an eight years residence in that country by M. Dombey, an able naturalist, whom the court of France, with the consent of that of Spain had sent thither, and whom the patrons of the sciences received upon his return with all that respect which talents, accompanied by modesty, must inspire. He left at Peru several Spanish naturalists, who were soon to follow him, and whose learned researches did not fail greatly to enrich the cabinet of natural history at Madrid. But Dombey made another voyage, with the same object, when, being taken by the English, he died in prison, at the little isle of Montserrat.

The same edifice that contains this cabinet, and which with the custom-house, built also by Charles III. constitutes the principal ornament of the street of the Alcala, and is the place of meeting for the academy of the fine arts; a circumstance which produced the inscription on the building, a motto equally happy and just.

Carolus III. naturam et artem sub uno tecto in publicam utilitatem consociavit. M.DCC.LXXIV.

The honour of instituting this academy is, however, due to Philip V; but it has received great encouragement from his two successors. The minister of foreign affairs is president, and every three years distributes premiums to the

young students who have produced the best pieces in sculpture or painting, and the best plans and designs in architecture. But though there are several members who have distinguished themselves in these three arts, it must be confessed that their works of real excellence are yet but very few in number. I was twice present at the distribution of these premiums and cannot but confess that they ought rather to be looked upon as encouragements than merited rewards. The Spaniards are too just to expect unlimited encomiums; their pride would indignantly refuse the degrading homages of adulation. They, however, maintain at Rome young students, who give the most flattering hopes.

It is not only by forming artists that the academy contributes to the progress of the arts in Spain, it is also the supreme tribunal to whose decision the plans of all the sacred and prophane edifices erected in the kingdom are to be submitted; an institution which, in the end, must establish fine taste upon the ruins of that barbarity which is but too visible in most of the edifices of former times, and of which traces still remain in some of the gates, in the ancient fountains, and in most of the churches in the capital; deformed efforts of art, then in its infancy, which took more pains to bring forth monstrous productions than would be necessary, at present, to produce works of transcendant merit. Modern edifices already prove the revolution that has taken place, under the Bourbon dynasty in Spain. Besides the new palace of Madrid, we may instance the gates of the Alcala and St. Vicente, the custom-house, and the post-office; and particularly a fine edifice, which extends along the Prado, and which was begun about ten years ago. It is intended for a museum, for the reception of the cabinet of natural history, and the meetings of the different scientific academies;—except these, there are but few buildings which merit attention from the traveller.

Madrid is in general well laid out; the streets, although not in a direct line, are for the most part wide, and tolerably straight. The infrequency of rain, and the vigilance of the modern police, for which it is indebted to the count d'Aranda, make it one of the cleanest cities in Europe. But except the Prado, and its avenues, the city has no elegant quarters to boast. The famous *Plaza Mayor*, which the Spaniards take so much pleasure to extol, has nothing in it which justifies their enthusiasm; it is quadrangular, but at the same time irregular, surrounded by buildings of

five and six stories, sufficiently uniform, but without decoration, under which are long arcades. It is illuminated on public occasions, and then it really has an agreeable appearance. The *auto da fés* were formerly celebrated in this square, with all their terrible apparatus. It is still the theatre of bull-fights, which are given at the royal feasts. The hotel de ville, or town-house, is in this square, in which several academies hold their assemblies. This concurrence of circumstances has made it the most remarkable public place in the capital, and has given it a reputation which, at the time it was first built, was perhaps deserved, but which must have vanished since architecture has improved in Europe, and produced forty squares preferable to the Plaza Mayor. It has, however, been much disfigured by the fire, which happened about nine years ago, and which destroyed nearly the whole of one of its sides. It is also much deteriorated by a croud of shops, which impede the general passage. Nevertheless, in other respects, this, with the adjacent streets, is the quarter which gives the most favourable idea of the population of Madrid; and if we judge of it by this specimen, we shall not find the calculation which twenty years ago made it amount to one hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants exaggerated. Doctor Moncada, who wrote at the beginning of the seventeenth century, complained of the depopulation of this city, which, according to him, contained no more than four hundred thousand inhabitants. Ustaviz, whose work was written at the beginning of the last century, and which is quoted by the Spaniards, for the exactness of its calculations, assigns to Madrid only a hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants. A late estimate, by Don Thomas Lopez, only stated it at 130,980, exclusive, however, of the garrisons and the different hospitals. According to the same writer, Madrid contains 7,100 houses, 77 churches, 44 convents of monks, and 31 nunneries. A circumstantial account of this capital appeared in the year 1797, and a new table of the population, down to the end of 1797, was published two or three years ago, by order of the government. It was drawn up under the inspection of Count Florida Blanca, and the result we shall give in the following chapter.

CHAP. VII.

POPULATION OF SPAIN.—PRINCIPAL CHURCHES IN MADRID.—PAINTERS.—ENGRAVERS.—PRINTING-OFFICE.—PIOUS AND CHARITABLE FOUNDATIONS, &c.—ACADEMIES.—STATE OF SPANISH LITERATURE.—EDUCATION—MANUFACTURES.—ROADS.—CANALS.—PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES, &c.

THE Spanish government having, in 1768, caused a survey of the population to be made, had reason to believe it incorrect, the people having kept back, from the idea that it was intended to levy some new tax upon them. The tables on that occasion only gave 9,159,999 souls, while a new estimate, which took place in 1787, which was made with more rigour, gave 10,268,150, making a difference of 1,108,151. The severity of the government also produced effects still more extraordinary. In 1787, there were found to be 11,044 religious persons of both sexes less than in 1768; 17,213 ecclesiastics, or persons belonging to the clergy; 6829 individuals attached to the monastical orders, or the crusade; and 242,205 hidalgos, or nobles, making a total of 277,291 persons; who, by usurping titles, and making false declarations, were placed amongst the privileged classes, and were thereby exempt from personal service.

In 1768, the enumeration was made by dioceses; but in 1787, it was made by intendancies, or provinces. The difference between the two statements will be evident, from the following tables:

	Result of the Enumeration of 1768.	Result of that of 1787.
No. of batchelors and widows .	2,809,069	3,162,007
of girls and widows . .	2,911,858	3,215,482
of married persons . .	3,439,072	3,891,661
Total .	9,159,999	10,269,150

	Result of the Enumeration of 1768.	Result of that of 1787.
No. of towns, boroughs, and villages	16,427	18,716
of parishes	18,106	18,972
of vicars and others, holding benefices	51,048	42,707
of convents of monks	2,004	2,019
of convents of nuns	1,026	1,048
of monks	55,453	57,515
of nuns	27,665	24,559
of persons connected with the clergy	26,248	16,396
of sundries of the religious orders	8,552	4,127
of members of the military tribunal	89,393	77,884
of persons receiving pensions, or salaries, from the king	27,577	36,465
of dependants upon the crusade	4,248	1,844
of dependants upon the inquisition	2,645	2,705
of hidalgos or nobles	722,794	480,589

It will be seen by this table what a great disproportion the numbers of the different professions bore to each other, at the respective periods.

There were found to be 145 towns, having titles of *crusades*.

4,572 towns which only bore the name of *villas*.
12,732 villages.
907,197 husbandmen.
964,571 journeymen, or day labourers,
270,989 artisans.
280,092 domestics.
50,994 students.
39,750 manufacturers.

By this investigation the respective population of each of the provinces are ascertained; and it was discovered that the resources afforded by a vicinity to the sea, owing, perhaps, to the nature of the food which it supplied, were, when accompanied by a fertile soil, sufficient to counterbalance the inconveniences of a bad administration: for Galicia, of which more than one half is possessed by the clergy,—Galicia, without canals or navigable rivers, and almost without roads, having no industry but the manu-

facture of her cloths, but possessing a soil capable of every sort of cultivation, and having the sea on two sides, and not being afflicted with the plague called the mesta, is beyond comparison the most populous province in Spain. In 1787, there were reckoned 1,345,803 men; and in Catalonia, the people of which are much more industrious, with nearly twice as great a surface of land, only contained 814,412; Arragon, only 623,308, and Estramadura, the surface of which is one-fourth greater than that of Galicia, had no more than 417,000 inhabitants.

"But let us return to Madrid, and merely add, that with respect to its population, this capital in general has a garrison of from six to ten thousand men, it being the resort of persons from all parts of Spain and South America, who have favours to ask of the government; so that it may not be an exaggeration to state its present regular population at 180,000 souls.

"The sacred edifices of this city have nothing remarkable in their architecture; those of St. Pasqual, St. Isabella, and the Carmelites contain highly valuable collections of pictures which may be seen with admiration, even after the paintings of the Escurial, and the new palace!—The first-mentioned contains two, by Titian, and several by Spagnoletti.

"The church of St. Isidro, which heretofore belonged to the Jesuits, has a portal which has escaped the contagion of the age in which it was built. There is another church much more modern, which, on account of its mass, has a venerable appearance, but which true taste may justly disavow: it is that of St. *Salefas*, or the visitation, founded by Ferdinand VI. and the queen Barbara his wife. The ashes of this royal pair repose here, under a pompous mausoleum, the inscription of which appeared to me a model of the lapidary style; the Spaniards themselves have expressed their disapprobation of the whole edifice by these words: *Barbara reyna, barbaro gasto; barbara obra;* a play upon words that can have no meaning but in the Spanish language, in which the expression *barbara* is equally applied to the name of the foundress, to the bad taste of the edifice, and to the enormous sum it cost in building." It has, however, one laudable object which should intitle it to more indulgence. "A certain number of young ladies are there educated, at the king's expence.

"The convent of St. Francis has already been some years building, and there are hopes that it will become one of the

finest productions of architecture in the capital. What already appears of it seems to promise a solid, rather than an elegant edifice. The church, in the form of a rotunda, was finished when I left Spain, for the first time: it was already decorated with many large pictures, several of which could not but increase the reputation of the Spanish school. The principal supporters of that school was then M. Maella and M. Bayeux, whose colouring and taste in drawing resemble the stile of Mengs, and in some manner recompence the Spaniards for the loss of that great painter. The painters who have since contributed their efforts, are Don Antonio Velasquez, Don Celleja, Don Joseph Castello, and Don Francisco de Goya, who merits, by his talents, an honourable mention; he pourtrays in a pleasing stile, the manners, customs, and games of his country. There are also several excellent engravers.

Don Salvador Carmona, married to the daughter of Mengs, who has in part inherited the fine pencil of her father, is deservedly to be placed at their head. M. Carmona is advantageously known in France, by several prizes gained in the academy of painting, but he is now the principal engraver in Spain. Were we to judge his works critically, it might be observed, that his talents too little, or at least too late, encouraged, have not produced what they at first promised. Several other engravers, Messieurs Ferro, Muntaner, Fabregat, Ballester, and especially M. Selma, have, by happy efforts, proved that their art still makes some progress in Spain.

The academy of the Spanish language, which in the year 1780, gave an elegant edition of Don Quixote, enriched it with the embellishments of the graver. But the engravings, for the most part not above mediocrity, do not answer to the merit of the edition, equally admirable for the quality of the ink, the beauty of the paper, the clearness of the character, and to be compared with the finest productions of the kind in any other nation. This is not the first proof the Spaniards have given of their ability in the art of printing. Every connoisseur is acquainted with, and prefers to the editions of Baskerville and Barbon, the Sallust, which the Infant Don Gabriel has translated into his own language, and some other works from the presses of Ibarra at Madrid, and from those of Benedict Montfort at Valencia, which are master-pieces of the typo-

graphical art, and will one day be sought after by posterity, as we now search for those of the Elzevirs.

But if the pleasing arts be cultivated at Madrid, the most useful of all, that of beneficence and charity is not neglected. Charitable foundations worthy to be models to every nation, are found in that city. There are three hospitals, which in the course of the year 1785, received 19,437 sick persons. Besides two hospitals, which relieve the unfortunate, there is the mount of piety, which relieves the indigent with money, and which, between 1724 and 1794 has disbursed eleven millions of reals; there is also a foundling hospital, called the *Inclusa*, which in 1803 contained 1300 individuals. The principal hospital near to, but on the outside of the gate Alcala, has been lately rebuilt. It is a large edifice, which by no means disgraces the walk leading from this gate to the canal of Aranjuez, and which the Spaniards have estimated rather too highly in honouring it with the name of *Delicias*.

There are also other academies besides that of the fine arts. We can say but little of those of law and physic; but every one has heard of that of the Spanish language, founded by Philip V. and which our French academy has considered, ever since its establishment, as its sister. The dictionary it has given to the public, is, according to the ablest grammarians, the completest that ever appeared in any language. The present academicians, more learned than their predecessors, and not less laborious, are preparing a new edition of it, which by the augmentations to be made, will give an idea of the richness of their language, and of the great extent of their researches.

The Spanish academy is composed but of twenty-four ordinary members; but the number of supernumeraries is not limited; the president is a grandee of Spain. Its late president was the marquis de Santa Cruz, whose learning was no less an honour to the society than his rank. He was tutor to the present king. At his death, he was succeeded by Don Pedro de Pilva, his brother, who was even more learned, and who has obtained the rank of perpetual director. It contains several poets, painters, and men of letters, for whom the chair has not that soporific virtue attributed to it elsewhere; and I know not one member who has been admitted from the vain motive of conferring an honour in a manner foreign to the end of its institution.

The academy of history had for its director the count de Campomanes, who, by the rank he held in the magistracy, as well as by his great erudition and virtues, was one of the most distinguished noblemen of modern Spain. The functions of his eminent station left him but little leisure to dedicate to the different academies of which he was a member, and he terminated his useful life in 1802.

This academy has, within these few years, published editions of several authors; among others, those of Mariana and Sepulveda. It has undertaken, and executed in part, an arduous task, that of publishing all the ancient chronicles relative to the history of Castile. Several of these works had never been printed; all are enriched with notes and commentaries, which at once prove the sound criticism and the erudition of their authors, the Abbé de Guevara, Don Francisco de Cerda, Don Miquel Florez, and Don Eugenio de Laguno, who, in the midst of the occupations of his place of first clerk in the office of foreign affairs, still finds some moments to dedicate to literature. The academy contains one of the most valuable collections of which a literary society can boast. This is all the diplomas, charters, and other documents given since the earliest period of the monarchy, to all the cities, boroughs, communities, churches, chapels, &c. in Spain, the whole collected with the greatest care, arranged in chronological order, and consequently adapted to furnish every branch of the Spanish history with the most abundant source of authentic materials. The collection greatly facilitates and encourages the learned researches of the academicians. It is in this immense repertory that they collect the elements of a work which for several years they have been preparing, I mean a geographical dictionary of Spain, which, by its correctness will be a worthy companion to the new dictionary of the language. One of the most learned among them, Don Juan Iriarte, who died in 1776, leaving behind him three nephews of distinguished abilities, published a first volume of the Greek manuscripts, in the library of Madrid; a continuation is expected from the librarians who are appointed to complete the work. To a member of the same academy, Father Florez, Spain is also indebted for several volumes of the ecclesiastical history of the nation, which in his hands was, in truth, only an irregular compilation of documents, become very scarce, or entirely unknown, but it has acquired a more pleasing form by the care of his continuator, Father Risco, an Augustin monk.

Several other writers, well acquainted with what relates to their country, are employed in giving a clear history of it, and instructing their fellow citizens in matters of policy, and the science of government. They have naturalized in their language such French and English works as the Spanish orthodoxy would permit; those, for instance, which treat of trades and arts. They are at present translating two of the works of Linnæus, and the Natural History of M. de Buffon. When I was for the first time in Spain the French *Dictionaire Encyclopédique,* was undertaken to be translated by subscription; and those who believe that in that kingdom every person is subjected to the yoke of bigotry and fanaticism were not a little surprized to see the name of the grand inquisitor at the head of the list of subscribers; for it is to be remembered there was a very numerous list of subscribers for the new *Encyclopédie, in numbers.* But the writer of the article Spain, under the head of *Geography,* heated with national prejudices, without having any knowledge of the country otherwise than by vain declamations, or unfaithful relations, wantonly vilified a whole nation, which from its weight in the balance of Europe, its virtues, and intimate connexion with our own, he ought to have respected. The Spanish government however, highly resented so unmerited an insult, and the French court determined to redress its complaints with all the warmth of friendship and the rigour of justice. The author, censor, and printer were severely reprimanded; and the publication of the new Encyclopédie was suspended by order of the court. The Spanish minister, however, though offended, was not implacable, he resented the affront, but would not exclude knowledge, and soon afterward revoked the suspension, at the same time taking measures to erase the errors and invectives from a work of which he knew the merit. Before the numbers are distributed to the subscribers, they are examined by the council of Castile. At the same time the court of Spain took offence at the article abovementioned, a Spanish ecclesiastic at Paris undertook the apology of his country against the indiscreet author; but even his countrymen think that, led astray by his zeal, he carried the matter to another extreme. He is more prodigal of eulogiums than his adversary had been of contempt and reproaches. One had refused every merit; and the other bestowed every possible excellence. According to the latter, the Spaniards excel in every art and science. Thus passion, by exaggerating, sometimes injures the cause it means to defend. In this discussion, as in all

others, reason seeks and finds the truth only in the just medium.

There are undoubtedly in Spain more learned men who modestly cultivate the sciences; more men of erudition who are thoroughly acquainted with the history and jurisprudence of their country; more distinguished men of letters and a great number of poets, who have energy and a fertile and brilliant imagination than is generally imagined. But according to the Spaniards themselves, the present state of letters and the sciences is far from what it was in the times of Mariana, Solis, Mendoza, Ambroise, Morales, Herrera, Saavedra, Sepulveda, Cervantes, Quevedo, Garcilaso, Calderon, Lopes de Vega, &c. &c.

The Spanish universities can no longer boast the reputation they formerly possessed; industry and population are much inferior to what they were under Ferdinand the Catholic, and his two successors. But the late government zealously and successfully employed itself in endeavouring to revive those happier times; nor has learning diminished under the reign of Charles IV. An establishment founded in 1796, sufficiently proves the effects of the government to establish useful knowledge. It is the society of *Cosmographical Engineers,* which is under the superintendance of the learned Don Ximenes Salvada. This body has already published several new maps of the coast and interior of Spain. Besides the academies of which I have spoken, there is one at Madrid for the laws of Spain, another for the canon law, and a third for medicine. A taste for the arts and sciences has extended even to the provinces.

At Seville is an academy of Belles-lettres, and a medical society; at Saragossa and Valencia an academy of arts; at Valladolid, one of geography; at Granada, one of mathematics and drawing; and at Barcelona, an academy of Belles-lettres.

There were for a long time in Spain six great colleges, (*collegios mayores*) into which none were admitted but young men of family, and from among whom persons qualified for every office of government were almost exclusively taken. The privileges they enjoyed became a source of abuse. They supported idleness and arrogance in the colleges, and discouraged other seminaries of education. Government struck at the root of the evil. In 1777, the colleges received a new form, from which the most happy effects are expected.

Education is nevertheless still imperfect in Spain, and the expulsion of the Jesuits has made it perhaps yet more so. At that period the inconvenience of confiding youth to the care of religious orders was, perhaps, too much magnified. That of the Piaristes, known in Spain by the name of *Escolapios*, is the only

one which is still in the possession of some schools. Every where else, the place of the Jesuits has been supplied by professors, who may either be ecclesiastics or lay persons, but who form no collective body, nor reside under the same roof. The Jesuits, besides the property of the society, had foundations for different professorships. These were the only funds appropriated to the support of the new professors. They were sufficient for monks living in a community, but are very inadequate in the present state of things. Professorships so little lucrative cannot be sought after by persons eminent for learning and talents. The education of youth suffers therefore by the change, and this is a circumstance of sufficient importance to deserve the attention of government. Much, however, has already been done for military education. The late king established a school for artillery at Segovia, a riding school at Ocanna, one of engineers at Carthagena, and another for tactics at Avila, whence it has since been removed to Port Santa Maria.

At the beginning of the last century, manufactures were greatly on the decline. The four sovereigns of the House of Bourbon have made efforts to revive them. There are manufactures of common cloths at Escaray in Biscay, at Bocairente, at Ontemente, and at Alcoy in the kingdom of Valencia, and at Grazalema in Andalusia; and we have already seen the encouragement given by the late sovereign Charles III. to the manufacture of fine cloths at Guadalaxara and Segovia. In the course of this work we shall have occasion to speak of several others, and it will be seen that those of silk in particular have engaged the attention of government. There is one for hats at Madrid, as also at Badajoz and Seville, and foreign manufactures already feel the competition: for there is this fatality in the present constitution of Europe, that no nation can prosper in any branch of commerce without being prejudicial to its neighbours. But in this struggle of jarring interests, murmurs are improper, and complaints useless. Nothing is just or efficacious but the efforts of industry, activity, and economy.

Spain also owes to the sovereigns of the House of Bourbon the few roads and canals she possesses. The government is well convinced how much the want of these is felt, and is taking every means to supply the deficiency. There are already fine roads in Biscay and Navarre; those which terminate in the capital announce the residence of a great monarch. Fine ones have been made between Aranjuez and Valencia; in Galicia, from the Corogne to Pontevedra; to the north of Castile, from Reynosa to the sea, and in some other parts of the peninsula. But the able minister who presided over this department caused them to be carried on with that prudent slowness, which alone

insures the success of expensive undertakings. His plans were however somewhat deranged by the war of that period, which, even when it is successful, causes an exchange of real and solid advantages for a little glory. This minister was more particularly attentive to improve and complete the principal road which entirely crosses Spain from Bayonne to Cadiz, passing by Madrid. The advantage, unknown until within the last twenty-two years, of travelling in a post-chaise, the hundred leagues which separate the two last cities, is to be ascribed to him.

We have seen what has been done for the canal of Arragon. There is one now brought to Madrid, and which is intended to join the Mancanores to the Tagus, thus opening a communication between the capital and Aranjuez. The canal projected in Murcia has been found impracticable; the subscribers, instead of the profits which their avidity grasped at, must content themselves with the interest the king pays them, and have, in the unimpeachable probity of the monarch, a sufficient security for their money.

In 1784, the government adopted a project much more brilliant and useful than that it was obliged to abandon; that of a canal, which beginning at the foot of the mountains of Guadarrama, near the Escurial, proceeds to join the Tagus, afterwards the Guadina, and terminates at the Guadalquivir above Andujar, and which consequently will give new life and activity to the centre of Spain, the least populous, and most barren part of the kingdom. A Frenchman of abilities, named le Maur, gave in the plan, and was preparing to carry it into execution, but died soon afterwards. The impulse, however, was given, the money subscribed, and the estimate made. The undertaking is continued by the sons of le Maur, who inherit from their father all his plans, and a portion of his talents.

But that which more particularly contributes to the prosperity of Spain, is the modern institution of patriotic societies, known by the name of *friends to the country*. The example was given in Biscay; as was natural to expect in a province where industry and patriotism reign in every mind. It was soon followed by the other provinces, and by the capital, in which a patriotic society was established in 1775. At the end of the last year there were already forty-four. The name of these institutions indicates their aim. The members of which they are composed, encourage the progress of the arts and the agriculture and industry of their provinces. They propose questions relative to these objects, and give premiums to those who discuss them best. They awaken the industry of their fellow-citizens, animate their zeal, solicit their information, give encouragement to artisans,

assistance and advice to the peasants, and cause the patriotic ardour, with which they are animated, to circulate through every class of citizens. Never did a laudable institution make more rapid progress, or produce more general effect. Those who never see the advancement of good but with an envious eye, or whose methodical supineness is disgusted with novelty, and those whose self-love is mortified by success to which they do not contribute, have endeavoured to throw ridicule upon these societies; they have pretended that the members talked much, but performed little; that they exaggerated their importance, and discussed trifles with pompous gravity. Undoubtedly they have not yet done every thing which may be done; their slender funds circumscribe their progress; but the great point was to rouze their country from its stupor, and to offer a stimulus to the talents of artists, and the labour of husbandmen; to excite their emulation by the prospect of fame, and their interest by the hope of gain. This is what the societies have already effected. The leisure and savings of peace enable government to furnish the means of increasing their beneficence. At the representations made by the principals of these societies, their funds, which consist in a great measure of voluntary contributions, were increased to a stock which may be compared to that of *Economats* in France, the funds arising from the revenues of vacant benefices. The government, between the peace of 1783 and the war of 1793, devoted a part of its surplus revenue to this beneficial object; and also thought proper to dedicate to the encouragement of these societies a part of the revenues of the church, the vacant benefices of which the king enjoys for a certain time; Charles III. made the sacrifice without repugnance. In a less enlightened age such an employment of this property would have been called a profanation; the Spanish government, on the contrary, think that making it contribute to the prosperity of the state is to sanctify its use. The object of pious foundations was much less to bestow on ecclesiastics an opulence hurtful to the true interests of religion, than to provide for the wants of the poor, to banish poverty, and employ that idleness which necessarily increases indigence. These were the intentions of the founders, and this is the reasoning of a country which prejudice supposes to be still enslaved by the superstitious bigotry of the fourteenth century.

The patriotic societies have received other encouragements from government. Enlightened by them it has revived laws which had fallen into disuse. It has excluded such foreign merchandise as might be prejudicial to the national manufactures, and has procured to these such workmen as may improve and

perfect them. These measures have already been prejudicial, and will become still more so, to other manufacturing and commercial nations; they may excite in them murmurs and alarm, they will undoubtedly reanimate their activity and vigilance, and cannot but be applauded by real patriots.

The patriotic society of Madrid is distinguished from the others only by the more immediate protection of government, and by its situation, which gives it a greater facility of acquiring information and assistance. It has, perhaps, fewer objects, on which to exercise its zeal, because that the productions of New Castile, in the centre of which it is placed, are less various than those of the other provinces, and because that its industry is more confined. But it is attentive to the improvement of agriculture in the environs of Madrid, and to furnish the children of both sexes and the poor of that capital with employment. A perfect equality is the most sacred law of all these societies; rank is unknown in them; the archbishop of Toledo and the duke of Medina Celi may there be placed by the side of an artisan, and information is collected from whatever source it may come.

CHAP. VIII.

COUNCIL OF CASTILE.—CORREGIDOR AND ALCALDES.—LEGISLATION.—INFLUENCE OF THE MONKS, PARTICULARLY THE KING'S CONFESSORS.—AUTHORITY OF THE COURT OF ROME REPRESSED.—CONCORDAT OF 1753.—RICHES OF THE CLERGY.—PROGRESS OF PHILOSOPHY AMONGST THE PRIESTS.

AS Madrid is the chief centre of arts and sciences, so is it that of government. Although the monarch resides there but a few weeks in the year, and his ministers are always near his person, this city is the seat of government, and of the supreme tribunals. We shall take a view of them all; and this will naturally lead us to speak of the laws, religion, finances, and military force of Spain.

The council of Castile holds the first rank among the councils and tribunals of the kingdom; there is nothing in France which can be compared to it: it is at once a council of administration

which has the inspection of all the interior operations of government, and a sovereign tribunal that has an exclusive cognizance of certain causes, and in certain cases receives appeals from the other tribunals.

The council of Castile is composed of five chambers. The first, the *sala de Govierno*, which is confined to the affairs of administration; it also receives references accompanied with necessary forms, brought to the council in extraordinary cases, but it is only to send them to the second *sala de Govierno*, or to the *sala de Justicia*, according to circumstances.

The second *sala de Govierno* judges some of the causes brought before the council of Castile by extraordinary references; but its chief occupation is in matters relative to the manufactures, bridges, banks, and causeways of the kingdom.

The chamber of *Mil y quinientos*, or of one thousand five hundred, thus called because those who appeal to it from the sentences and judgments of the sovereign tribunals are obliged to deposit fifteen hundred ducats, which they forfeit in case of losing the appeal.

The *sala de Justicia* has an exclusive cognizance of certain causes, the particulars of which would be uninteresting, and perhaps unintelligible, to most of our readers; and for the judgment of capital causes of a certain description this chamber is united to the others.

The *sala de Provincia* judges the appeals in all important cases, and receives those from the judgments of the two lieutenants civil of Madrid *(Tenientes de Villa)* and from those of the *Alcaldes de Corte* in civil affairs.

These form a sixth chamber. The city of Madrid is divided into a certain number of quarters, and the police of each is superintended by an *Alcalde de Corte:* who judges in the first instance, in concurrence with the lieutenants civil, all the causes brought by the citizens of his quarter. Their decisions may be appealed from to the whole chamber assembled, which alone can finally pronounce upon criminal causes within its jurisdiction. It is in extraordinary cases only that they are carried before the council of Castile.

The chamber of the *Alcaldes de Casa y Corte* was formerly the tribunal which always accompanied the court of Spain. Since this is understood to be fixed at Madrid, the tribunal has been fixed there also; and as it formerly had a provincial jurisdiction near the residence of the sovereign, it has still preserved such a jurisdiction to a certain distance from the capital. The council of Castile is the only one acknowledged by the grandees

of Spain, and all its members have the right of *committimus*, like those of the old French parliaments.

Spain is divided into two chanceries, those of Granada and Valladolid, which have an exclusive cognizance of certain causes. Their decisions are not appealed from to the council of Castile, except in two cases, when the appellants address themselves to the chamber of *Mil y quinientos*, or upon a denial of justice, called *Recursos de Fuerza*. Each chancery has a particular chamber, called *Sala de Hijosdalgo*, or chamber of nobles. Its office is to authenticate nobility, and to hear causes relative thereto. It has also an exclusive cognizance of criminal causes of the *Hidalgos*.

Besides these there are eight audiences, without reckoning the particular tribunal of Navarre, which has the title of *Royal Council*, as some of the provinces of France had, instead of a parliament, a sovereign council. The four audiences of the crown of Arragon are those of Saragossa, Barcelona, Valencia, and Majorca; and of the crown of Castile those of Seville, Corogne, Oviedo, and the Canaries.

Each chancery and each audience has a criminal court, *sala de Crimen*, which definitively pronounces criminal sentences, and causes them to be executed.

Except a few restrictions, these tribunals are equally sovereign. The principal difference between the chanceries and the audiences is, that the first act in the king's name like the council of Castile. There are also some cases in which appeals lie from the audiences of Corogne and Oviedo to the chancery of Valladolid, and from the audience of Seville to the chancery of Granada. But from the four audiences of the crown of Arragon the appeal (in certain cases) is immediately made to the council of Castile, where the causes in question must be determined according to the laws of Arragon.

The limits of these different jurisdictions are not clearly enough defined to prevent frequent contests between the courts. Whilst the council of Castile loses no opportunity of extending its jurisdictions, the chanceries and audiences incessantly struggle against it to support their supreme authority. The council of Navarre alone had preserved its authority unimpaired, until lately, when some of the causes brought before it were carried by appeal to the council of Castile. Unless in cases of appeal, which are rare exceptions to the general rule, there is no resource against the decisions of all the sovereign tribunals, but revision, which in Spain is called *Supplica*. Appeals, in that case, are made to the tribunal itself, praying it to begin the process anew.

The heads of the chanceries are called *Presidents*, and those of the audiences *Regents*.

The head of the council of Castile has the title of president or governor; these two dignities differ but little, except in honorary distinctions. The president of the council of Castile must always be a grandee of Spain. When he appears in public he has particular privileges. The count d'Aranda was the last person who filled this place, and as he held that of captain-general of all Castile, and possessed firmness and talents, he exercised it with an authority which yielded only to that of the sovereign. Various reasons induced him to resign this place to become ambassador in France, where he was preceded by his great reputation, and where he enjoyed, during sixteen years, from 1773, that respect to which on so many accounts he was entitled.

The office of president of the council of Castile had been revived, after a long interruption, in the person of the count, in one of those critical moments when men of genius become necessary. He discharged the duties of it during seven years, with all the energy and wisdom by which he was characterised. Madrid will for a long time exhibit proofs of what he effected for its embellishment, security, and convenience, even during his short administration. It was to his care and prudence that Spain owes the expulsion of the Jesuits, prepared with the greatest secrecy, and executed without tumult.

The dissipated and frequently licentious lives of the monks were reformed, and their manners rendered more suitable to their profession. The abuses of the asylum which the greatest criminals found in the churches were suppressed. The sovereign authority was placed above the reach of the pretensions of the holy see; bounds were set to the exterior practices of religion, more favourable to idleness than devotion; and in some respects, as we shall hereafter find, the power of fanaticism was subjected to controul. The functions of the place of president of the council of Castile were never so actively discharged as during his administration. Since his resignation that title has been conferred on no one; he was succeeded by a sensible and moderate ecclesiastic, M. de Figueroa, who had only the title of governor of the council of Castile, and who died whilst I was first in Spain. He was succeeded by the count de Campomanes, as oldest member of the council, who discharged the functions of governor without having the title, and by his long services, knowledge, and integrity, was in every respect worthy to be at the head of the magistracy of his country. But when I returned in 1792, I found the place in the possession of the count de Cifuentes, who died

in that year, and who, up to the present epoch, has had four successors, each of whom bore the title of governor.

The oldest members of this council, form what is called in Spain the *Camara.* It is properly the privy council of the monarch, and at the same time a sovereign tribunal for certain causes, such as all which have relation to the right of patronage, the successions of persons of the royal family, and all contests relative to the rights of cities (*Ciudades*) which differ from *Villas*, the former having a particular jurisdiction, and being represented in the Cortes of the kingdom.*

The *Camara* is also the council which issues all acts or patents of royal favour. All places in the magistracy, and all consistorial benefices are conferred by its means. It recommends tohis majesty, through the medium of his minister of favour and justice, three persons to fill them, and the king chuses one of the three.

No place in the magistracy is venal in Spain. This, like all human institutions, has its advantage and inconvenience. If it leaves a greater opening to caprice, favour, and intrigue, it prevents the tribunals from being dishonoured by incapacity and ignorance, and diminishes the temptation to sell that justice of which the right of dispensing is bought. It is true that the integrity of magistrates frequently without fortune must appear suspicious, and that their moderate fees seem but a weak rampart against corruption. However, notwithstanding the declamations of dissatisfied clients, iniquitous and partial judges are not more common in Spain than in other countries, whether it be that they are better watched, or that the generosity natural to the Spanish nation secures them from all temptation.

There is a kind of gradation in the Spanish magistracy of which the degrees are easily traced. All the members of the *Camara* are ancient counsellors of Castile; these seldom obtain their places without having been presidents of a chancery or an audience, or at least ancient counsellors of one of the tribunals, or Alcade de Corte. In the same manner it is from among the advocates, *Corregidors*, or *Alcaldes Mayores*, that the latter are chosen. It is here necessary to give some account of these magistrates, of whose offices foreigners in general have but a very confused idea.

First there are two classes of simple Alcaldes,† who are estab-

* Madrid is only a *Villa*, yet is represented in the Cortes like the *Ciudades*. But this is the only exception.

† These different species of Alcaldes are usually confounded by foreigners. Not to distinguish an *Alcalde Pedaneo* from an *Alcalde de Corte* is the same as supposing a sheriff's officer and a magistrate upon the bench to be equal in rank and authority.

lished in the cities, boroughs, and villages. The *Alcalde ordinario* judges in the first instance, when there is no Corregidor, but in places where there is one, has cognizance of civil causes in concurrence with him, whilst the latter acts alone in matters of police and administration. The *Alcalde pedaneo*, who is commonly taken from among the common people, has no functions but those of arresting delinquents, and executing the orders of the Corregidor, or the Alcalde Mayor. The simple *Alcaldes* are differently appointed, according to the privileges of the cities, boroughs, and villages in which they reside. In some places chance decides, in others they are named by the council of Castile, the tribunal of the province, or the lord of the manor, who chuses one from three persons proposed to him. They are changed every year.

The *Alcaldes Mayores*, or *Corregidors*, which differ in title only, are all named by the king upon the presentation of the Camara. This inferior degree of magistracy was formerly under very improper regulations, which government has lately reformed. The place of Corregidor was bestowed on persons of small fortune, who frequently expended their whole property in soliciting the promotion. After having succeeded, they held their places three years, when their office expired, and they were again obliged to have recourse to new solicitations. How could it be hoped, that men scarcely escaped from want, and upon the brink of relapsing into their former indigence, would not be violently tempted to insure to themselves resources at the expence of those over whom they possessed a transient authority? It was necessary to preserve the subjects of the king from their rapacity, and these magistrates themselves from temptation. Men virtuous from a love of virtue, and who firmly refuse to commit evil, even when they can perpetrate it with advantage and impunity, are rare in every country; and the Corregidors but too frequently confirmed this melancholy truth. The count of Florida Blanca, when minister of favour and justice, had the almost unexampled courage to adopt the measures projected by his predecessor and the count de Campomanes; measures which might excite the emulation of the Corregidors, and enable and encourage them to be honest. He procured that for the future they should continue in office six years instead of three; that there should be three classes of *Corregimientos*; that they should pass from one class to another, after having well discharged the duties of their first place: that their emoluments should be increased at every removal; and that having thus gone through the three classes to the satisfaction of his majesty, they should have what in Spain is called the honours of *Togado*, that is, the title

and prerogatives annexed to the place of counsellor of the superior tribunals, whether their acknowledged merit was rewarded by one of these places, or that they continued to occupy the *Corregimientos* of the first class. This plan was conceived by M. de Campomanes, and put in execution by M. Florida-Blanca when he was appointed minister of favour and justice.

Besides the three classes of Corregidors, there is one of another kind; those of Madrid and Seville, two cities in which the magistracy is peculiar and distinct. The Corregidors are for life, and must not be taken from the profession of the law; they are no more than chiefs of the police who preside at city meetings, bull-fights, and the public acts of the city. The lieutenants civil, *Tenientes de Villa*, have a jurisdiction independant of their authority, and supply them in their presidencies. Besides these, Madrid and Seville have *Regidores*, a kind of inspectors, who maintain the police in concurrence with the Corregidor. This is the municipal constitution of Madrid. The *Alcaldes de Cortes* make no part of it, and are, as we have observed, dependant upon the court; this however, prevents not their jurisdiction from extending to the interior of the capital, which is divided into a certain number of quarters, distributed to the different Alcaldes de Corte; each of whom has under him an *Alcalde de Barrio*,* a kind of local magistrate, who watches over the preservation of public order, within the extent of his jurisdiction. Lastly, there is a magistrate with the title of Superintendant, who is particularly charged with the police and preservation of public order, in concurrence with the *Alcaldes de Corte*, the *Regidores*, the *Corregidor*, and the *Tenientes de Villa*. From this constitution, which is certainly somewhat complicated, results frequent clashings of jurisdiction among the magistrates; but on the other hand, there are few cities in Europe in which the police is better regulated than at Madrid, where there is more safety, or where fewer crimes are committed which escape the vigilance of justice.

It now remains to consider, by what code of laws justice is administered in Madrid, as well as in the rest of the kingdom. It may be said, strictly speaking, that the Roman or civil law has there no force. This, by some old ordinances of the kings of Castile, is forbidden, under severe penalties, to be so much as quoted. These laws, however, for so long a time the object

* There are therefore five kinds of Alcaldes, *Alcalde Pedaneo*, *Alcalde Ordinario*, *Alcalde de Barrio*, *Alcalde Mayor*, and *Alcalde de Corte*.

of a blind admiration, and against which it is now become the custom to declaim with virulence, are frequently consulted in practice. The Spaniards seem to observe a just medium between the two extremes. They do not adopt the civil law implicitly; they look not upon all its decisions as infallible; but their lawyers derive from it knowledge and authorities, because they are convinced, that in the midst of a number of laws contradictory to each other, sometimes absurd, and frequently foreign to our manners and political constitution, many are to be found which cannot be denied to be dictated by reason and applicable to every legislation. The forms of process in Spain, are conformable to the Roman law, except some difference in terms and the use of documents. They are reported, not as in France by members of the tribunal, but by particular magistrates, called *Relatores,* whose places are very lucrative, and consequently much sought after.

The only authentic laws, according to which justice is administered, are registered in the codes published by the ancient kings; such are the *Ley de las siete Partidas,* the *Ordenamiento-Real,* the *Fuero-Juzgo,* and *Fuero-Real.* The principal code, that which is in constant use, is called *Recopilacion.* It is a collection of various and distinct edicts of the monarchs of Spain from the earliest ages to the present reign. A new edition is given from time to time, in which all the laws published since the last are inserted; for it is not until after they are thus registered that certain edicts acquire the force of law. Such are those which are issued from the council of Castile under the title of *Autos-Accordatos,* and which may sometimes, from intervening circumstances, be revoked by the council itself.

It has been pretended in certain foreign prints, that Charles III. intended to give to Spain a new criminal code, and that the council of Castile had been ordered to digest it. The assertion was at least exaggerated. The council, which too well knows how much men are led by words, would have feared to dishonour the memory of Charles III. by placing his name at the head of a criminal code. The title alone awakens an idea of severity and even of cruelty, which would have formed too great a contrast to the clemency and goodness which were the characteristic virtues of that sovereign. The following facts are what gave rise to the error: The council of Castile, by the agency of the count de Campomanes, who was then one of its *fiscales,* had proposed the revision and reform of the old criminal laws, some of which were absurd, disgusting or impossible to be enforced; such were those

which condemned certain criminals to be pierced with arrows; false witnesses to have their teeth pulled out, &c. The proposition being approved by the king, the council appointed some members of the different tribunals to make a revision of the penal laws, and to substitute others more conformable to modern manners. From the report of this committee, of which the count de Campomanes was president, the chamber of the *Alcaldes de Corte* was directed to draw up a plan which should serve as a basis to the projected reform. Whatever may be the ultimate benefit derived from this measure, which I believe, is not even yet completed, it produced a tract on the penal laws, the work of a young lawyer named Lardizabal, which appeared in 1784, and may be read with pleasure and advantage, even after the celebrated essays of the marquis of Beccaria.

It is here proper to speak of the torture, that barbarous institution against which modern philosophy has so forcibly exclaimed. It is not yet formally abolished in Spain, and still finds some defenders. About twenty years ago an ecclesiastic named Castro, undertook a formal apology for it; but his work, which inspired almost general indignation, was completely refuted by a gentleman of the profession of the law, who in fact only expressed the moderate sentiments of the first tribunal of the kingdom, and of the reasonable part of the nation. His system has infinitely more partisans than that of his antagonist.

The canon law is the received code in Spain in all ecclesiastical affairs. It must not however be imagined that the court of Madrid pays implicit obedience to the orders of the holy see. There is no catholic kingdom in which more successful efforts have been made to lighten this yoke.

The religion of Rome and its ministers are without doubt still held in the greatest veneration, and the priests and monks, under pretext of directing consciences, sometimes take part in temporal concerns, and abuse the confidence placed in them by excessive credulity. But these abuses even under the reign of pious monarchs, were in many respects suppressed; though during a great part of the present century, they infected the very avenues to the throne.

The dangerous influence which father D'Aubenton, and his successors of the same order enjoyed at the court of Philip V. is remembered with indignation; as likewise that of father Rabago, the last jesuit who sat in the

confessional chair of the Spanish monarchs, with Ferdinand VI. The confessor of Charles III. was a Franciscan. But although this monk was very frequently admitted to the presence of his august penitent, he did not extend his jurisdiction beyond the limits of the duties of real religion; nay, notwithstanding what has been said in Europe, he had few connexions at court, and concerned himself very little with the affairs of government and political intrigue. The monarch, though he continually treated him with that deference which he thought due from him to the director of his conscience, had more than once repressed the fervency of his zeal. It is true his majesty generally consulted him concerning filling the vacant bishoprics, and other ecclesiastical dignities, which are at the disposal of the king, and in this point of view his confessor may be considered as possessing the nomination to benefices, although this properly belongs to the Camara and to the minister of favour and justice. But even in this respect, his influence was at length circumscribed, and the appointment to vacant sees vested, in exclusion of him, in the count de Florida Blanca, the then minister of favour and justice.

This incontestible right of the kings of Spain to nominate to the great benefices of their dominions has been allowed by the popes only since the year 1753, the date of the compact between the Spanish court and the holy see. Until then the collation to benefices had been the objects of frequent contests between the two courts. The kings of Spain claimed by virtue of their right of patronage, as having founded and endowed all the churches in their dominions. That moderate pontiff, Benedict XIV. who perceived that the real means of preserving the remaining rights of the holy see in an age when the eyes of every European sovereign were more open to discover abuses, was to compound for some of them, proposed, that in the first place the subject should be discussed by the cardinals Aquaviva and Belluga; but their interposition having produced a correspondence in which both parties were only inflamed against each other, without making much progress towards a conclusion, it was agreed to abandon the discussion and negociate in an amicable manner. For this purpose Spain deputed the abbé de Figueroa, a man of a mild and conciliating character, and who has since been at the head of the council of Castile. The result was the compact which has finally settled this dispute between the crown of Spain and the court of Rome.

The holy see did not refuse the kings of Spain the right of nomination to all consistorial benefices, which has been granted to them by different bulls. The compact confirms them in the possession of this right, regulating however that titularies should be obliged to provide themselves with bulls.

The principal contest turned upon regular and simple benefices. The kings of Spain demanded to nominate to all; the popes claimed a right to confer those at least which became vacant in the apostolical months. The compact enumerated fifty-two benefices which should be at the nomination of the holy see, with obligation to confer them upon none but Spaniards; and it was also stipulated that the pope should not delegate this power of collation; that the benefices should be exempt from pensions, and that the titularies should pay no *cedulas bancarias*.

These were contracts made with the apostolical chamber, by virtue of which the candidate to whom the benefices was promised engaged himself to pay a certain sum. This sum he frequently did not possess; in which case the apostolical chamber advanced it to him at an enormous interest, and kept agents in Spain who took care to have these engagements fulfilled. These ruinous abuses sent to Rome one year with another, a fifth of the revenues of all the benefices. One of the inconveniences, which were the consequence, was the emigration of the candidates who went to intrigue at Rome and there dishonour their country. This was not the only impropriety abolished by the compact. Previous to it the pope had always disposed of the *spolios y vacantes*, that is of the spoil of deceased prelates and the revenues of vacant benefices. The administration of these funds was confided to an office, composed of Italians, so expert in this business that a fourth of the produce of the benefices of Spain disappeared under their rapacious management. By the compact the holy see renounced these revenues under the single condition that the administration of the *spolios y vacantes*, should be granted to none but an ecclesiastic. This trifling restriction does not prevent the kings of Spain from disposing of them according to their pleasure. The minister they name employs a part of them in making advances to the new prelates who want money for their establishment. It has been remarked, to the praise of the dignified Spanish clergy, that the repayment of these advances has never been neglected; and it must also be

allowed. that though there are still some fanatics among the Spanish prelates, they are highly worthy of commendation for their piety, charity, and unimpeachable moral conduct.

Though it is stipulated by the compact that the produce of the *spolios y vacantes*, shall be wholly consecrated to pious uses, the king, as we have observed, makes no scruple of employing a part of them in the encouragement of industry, and even in rewards for military services.- But this source of beneficence is much less considerable than it might be. The chapters commonly chosen to liquidate the property of deceased prelates, and to administer the revenues of great vacant benefices, sometimes reduce them both to one-fourth of their real value.

As the concordat deprived the holy see of the *spolios y vacantes*, and of some other revenues, and as that see seldom makes voluntary sacrifices, it was necessary that a sort of equivalent should be found. On account of the pensions, payable for the benefices of Spain, and the produce of the *cedulas bancarias*. the court of Madrid engaged to pay it on one part, six hundred thousand Roman crowns, at an interest of three per cent. and on the other a sum of three hundred and ten thousand crowns upon the same condition, as an indemnification for the produce of the sale of bulls, and that of the annates. Lastly, the king of Spain, by the same compact, engages that for the subsistance of the nuncio at his court, an annual sum of fifty thousand crowns shall be paid for the revenue of the bull of the crusade, which on this occasion was rendered perpetual. It is manifest that the compact of 1753 has greatly diminished the contributions which Spain pays to the holy see. The produce however of marriage dispensations still remains in the possession of the latter, and may be estimated at fifteen hundred thousand livres (62,500l.) a year.

Since that period, the court of Madrid has continued warmly to defend the rights of sovereign authority against the pretensions of the holy see. It is not forgotten in what manner it received the admonition of Clement XIII. to the infant of Parma. The council of Castile collected all the copies and commanded the same to be done by all the letters, bulls and briefs which should be found contrary to the royal rights or to the measures taken by government, renewing the ancient law, which denounced pain of death and confiscation against any notary or other persons who should dare to notify them.

On this occasion the council of Castile, of which the count d'Aranda was then president, collected every public act by which the king of Spain, from the time of Charles V. had endeavoured to prevent the admission of the bull *in Cœna Domini*, so far as it was prejudicial to the sovereignty and jurisdiction of the temporal tribunals, and commanded all archbishops and bishops of the kingdom to prevent its publication and enforcement in their several dioceses.

To these proofs of the vigilance of the catholic kings to maintain the independance of royal authority, I shall add that Spain, like France, has the resource of its appeals from abuses. In 1784, a Spanish work appeared, written professedly on this subject, and intitled, *Maximas sobre recursos de fuerza y proteccion*. The clergy, and especially the holy office, the ancient and now almost forgotten constitutions of which the author had printed at the end of his work, endeavoured to prevent its publication; but the council of Castile and the minister openly protected the author, and enabled him to triumph over every opposition. It was at the same period also that the powers and privileges of the nuncio in Spain were confined within narrow limits. In the reign of Charles V. they had already received some diminution. The council of 1528 began by establishing that the auditor of the nunciature should be a Spaniard.

In 1564 the council of Castile restrained the power of the nuncio, and sent him back his credentials that he might get them altered conformable to the restriction. In 1640, the office of nuncio experienced new vicissitudes. A regulation appeared which established its form and proceedings, and to which was added, a list of all the favours which might be conferred by his authority.

The nuncios, however, frequently abused the pious veneration of the Spaniards to extend their power. They sometimes arrived with bulls which authorised them to be the collectors of the produce of the *spolios y vacantes*, and to oppose the intervention of the secular tribunals in the *recursos pro fuerza* or appeals as from abuses. In 1641, a nuncio appeared in Spain furnished with such a bull; but the council of Castile, which, has ever zealously supported royal authority, examined and annulled it.

Under the present dynasty, the nuncios have made other attempts in which they have failed. Sometimes,

when absent, they have made by their own authority sub-delegates to supply their places. In 1739, the nuncio being dangerously ill, appointed the inquisitor general to exercise his functions; Philip V. was offended at the nomination, annulled it, and obliged the sovereign pontiff to create the bishop of Avila nuncio *per interim*. In 1771, the Court of Madrid obtained from pope Clement XIV. a brief which gave a new form to the nunciature, and substituted to the auditor of the nuncio, who is the only judge of this tribunal, a rota, modelled by that of Rome, and composed of six ecclesiastics named by the sovereign pontiff, but upon the presentation of the king of Spain; which was exclusively insuring these places to the subjects of the monarchy. This brief stated also, that the audience of the nuncio should always be in Spain, but that for the future they should have no jurisdiction.

It must besides be observed that Spain has long since adopted, with respect to the independance of the sovereign power, maxims very similar to the four famous articles which were sanctioned by the assembly of the clergy of France in 1682, and which every subject the moment a public employment is conferred upon him is obliged to swear he will observe and maintain.

There still exists in Spain, however, a very great abuse arising from religion ill understood; this is the extreme riches of the monks and clergy. Next to the ecclesiastical principalities of Germany, the richest catholic prelacies are found in Spain. The archbishopries of Toledo, Seville, St. Jago, Valencia, and Saragossa, have larger revenues than any in France. There are monasteries, and particularly some of the Carthusians, the property of which extends to the greatest part of the district in which they are situated; and these religious foundations, while they depopulate and impoverish the neighbouring country, increase poverty and idleness by indiscriminate charity. Of this Galicia in particular is an example. Two-thirds of the province are in the hands of the monks and the clergy. The consequence is that Galicia, although singularly formed by nature, which has abundantly provided it with every necessary of life, is perhaps the part of Spain in which knowledge and industry have made the least progress.

The government, however, which becomes more and more enlightened, is endeavouring to lessen the consequences of such a situation. In the first place the wise choice of

prelates prevents in them that display of offensive luxury which, by irritating indigence, diminishes the respect due to religion. Their constant residence in their dioceses produces at least the advantage of making them expend their revenues in the country by which they are paid. All the prelates employ a great part of their income in alms. Several of them, particularly the archbishops of Toledo and Valencia, consecrate a portion to the encouragement of industry, and this is not the only manner in which the riches of the clergy contribute to the good of the state. It will be seen, when we come to treat of the taxes, that they pay considerable contributions. Besides these, the court of Madrid has obtained from the holy see, the power of charging all the great benefices with the payment of pensions even to a third of their produe; and by a brief in 1783, this power was extended to all the simple benefices, which produce upwards of two hundred ducas, or about (23l.) sterling.

The Spaniards saw, perhaps, more clearly than other states, which pretend to more philosophy, the absurdity of having religious orders, and suffering the heaas of them to reside out of the kingdom. In consequence of this, the Carthusian monasteries in Spain were, in 1784, delivered from their dependance upon the grand Chartreuse; and when I left Madrid there was but two monastic orders, which had their principals or generals at Rome; and the death of these two was only waited for to detach them entirely from this dangerous connexion.

The severity with which the court of Madrid treated the society of Jesus, the continued vigour with which it pursued the Jesuits, even to their extinction, in the court of Rome and the tranquillity of the nation, whilst these measures were carrying into execution, prove that Spain crouches not so much as it is commonly believed beneath the yoke of superstition, and the absolute empire of monks. It is not by groundless assertion, but by recent and incontestible facts, that we have endeavoured to combat the favourite prejudice of modern Europe, which surely can no longer exist, if such plain and convincing arguments are properly weighed.

CHAP. IX.

ARGUMENTS FOR AND AGAINST INQUISITION.—PARTICULARS OF THE MOST RECENT AUTO DE FES.—ADVENTURES OF M. OLAVIDE.—PRESENT STATE OF THE INQUISITION.—OF THE SANTA HERMANDAD.

THERE is still in Spain a religious institution which philosophy mourns to see that nation subjected to, an institution of which I am far from undertaking the apology, though I shall refrain from all violent declamations against it, as the greater part of my readers would learn nothing from them, and the remainder would be offended at their asperity. It is not by invectives that a nation can be cured of its prejudices. This species of intolerance, perhaps more intractable than that which is now almost every where vanquished by reason and humanity, only increases the evil, and irritates those who unhappily labour under its influence. I shall therefore more particularly refrain from all appearance of prejudice whilst speaking of religious intolerance, and of one of its most dreadful institutions. It may easily be perceived that I allude to the holy office, that tribunal to which every odious epithet has for so long a time been given, and which has still, in Spain, two powerful supporters, policy and religion.

Its defenders alleged that the authority of the sovereign finds in the holy office a means of making itself respected, since by chaining the consciences of the subjects it provides another security for their obedience, and prevents, in religious worship and opinion, those variations and incertitudes which have but too frequently disturbed the peace of society. They assert that religion gains by it the preservation of its unity and purity, and attribute to the inquisition the tranquillity Spain has in this respect constantly enjoyed, whilst the other Christian states of Europe have been a prey to all the bitterness of religious quarrels, and the turbulent zeal of innovators.

The antagonists of the inquisition maintain on the contrary, that it has constantly excluded light and information from the kingdom, that it has fed superstition and fanaticism, and kept the mind in a servile subjection fit only to repress those vigorous effects of genius by which great works of every kind are produced; that while it contracts the heart by fear, it prevents the sweet effusions of confidence and friendship, destroys the most intimate connexions which constitute their charms, and for two whole centuries has condemned Spain to ignorance and barbarism. These are undoubtedly very serious accusations.

An account of the present state of this tribunal will prove how far they are well founded.

I shall not here repeat what is every where to be found in the history of the establishment of the holy office. It was cotemporary with our religious wars, with all the outrages which fanaticism has produced in most of the states of Christendom; and under this point of view no nation can reproach the Spaniards.

But, since that period, manners are happily become more civilized, and if by the revolution the primitive constitution of the Spanish inquisition has not been changed, the rigours of it have at least been softened, and are become less frequent. *Auto de fés* are not, the same pompous solemnities as formerly, when by their apparatus, under the pretence of honouring religion, they insulted humanity; when the whole nation ran to them, as to a triumph, when the sovereign and all his court were present, believing they thus performed the most meritorious act in the eyes of the Deity, and enjoyed the torments of the victims delivered up to the executioner, and the maledictions of the people; when all the particulars of these barbarous rejoicings were related in books written expressly to describe the part taken in them, and the pleasure received from them by the spectator. After the *auto de fé* in 1680, a work was published, giving a most circumstancial relation of that terrible solemnity. The author seems to have taken as much pleasure in his narration as he could have done in describing a public festivity. "He is about," he says, "to relate, with an interesting exactness, all the circumstances of that triumph so glorious to the faith, with a list of the nobility present, and a summary of the sentences passed upon the criminals."

In his dedication he stiles Charles II. "the protector of the church; the pillar of the faith; the captain-general of

the militia of God; the Christian Jupiter: who chastises heretics, as Jupiter formerly did the Titans."

The censors afterwards approve in the most distinguished manner, a work, which say they, "for the majesty of its subject, ought not only to be read in Spain, but by the whole world."

The examiner surpasses the censors. "The author," according to him, "has answered the public expectation in a moment when curiosity made the spectacle the object of every wish, and when the pious impatience of all true believers complained of delay." He is above all eulogium, by having given, with a scrupulous attention, all the particulars of this wonderful ceremony, thereby proving, "that in all that regards so solemn a tribunal, the most trifling circumstances are of the greatest importance." Had not he succeeded so well, he would have been excusable; "for such sublime and heroic actions are not to be described by words; he was therefore permitted to print this work for the consolation of pious persons, the satisfaction of the absent, and the example of posterity."

In the course of this truly singular narrative, the author frequently celebrates the pious zeal of the monarch who was himself present at the ceremony. "This prince," says he, "having given it to be understood, that he should be *very glad* to be present at the celebration of an auto-general, the council (the inquisition) thought it would be shewing him a mark of respect to afford him an opportunity to imitate the example of his august father Philip IV." Madrid therefore was made the place of exhibition, instead of Toledo, as at first intended. The great inquisitor went in consequence to kiss his majesty's hand, "assuring him that he would take the most speedy measures for the accomplishment of a work which was *so agreeable to him*."

The author, at the conclusion, thus magnifies the merit which Charles II. acquired by honouring with his presence the whole ceremony, except the last torments of the criminals. "It was a great consolation," says he, "to the zealous, a subject of confusion to the indifferent, and of astonishment for all the spectators, to be witness of a constancy worthy of being admired for ages to come. From eight o'clock in the morning his majesty remained in his balcony, without manifesting the least uneasiness from the heat, or the prodigious concourse of people, or appearing wearied by so long a ceremony. His zeal and devotion were so superior to the fatigue, that he did not even withdraw for a quarter

of an hour to taste refreshment; and at the end of the ceremony he asked, if there were any thing else to be done, and if he might retire."

The Spaniards of the present age are far from that cool cruelty which shuts the heart against pity; and are at liberty to compassionate the unhappy victims which suffer the severities of the holy office. These have, however, been very rare in the present century, in which there has not been one general auto de fé similar to that in 1680.

In 1714, some monks, whose monastery (of Corella in Arragon) was in the neighbourhood of a convent of nuns, were convicted of having abused the ascendancy they had gained over their minds, by making them guilty of disorders which they concealed under the veil of religion. This double crime of sacrilege and seduction would any where else have been punished in an exemplary manner, by temporal tribunals. It excited the animadversion of the holy office, which condemned to death those who were most culpable, and, according to custom, delivered them over to the secular power.

Eleven years after, the inquisition exercised another act of severity, which I will not undertake equally to justify. A family of Moors was discovered at Granada, peaceably employed in the manufacture of silks, in which they excelled. The ancient laws, supposed to have become obsolete, were for this time renewed with all their rigour, and the unhappy Moors were burnt alive.

In 1756, seven persons from among the lower class of people were taken from the prisons of Madrid to hear their sentences pronounced, according to custom, in the church of the Dominican nuns of that capital. One of them, a schoolmaster, who had been falsely accused, was acquitted. The three false witnesses who had deposed against him, one of whom was his wife, were banished for eight years, and condemned to receive two hundred lashes, which were never inflicted. Another really received the lashes, and was the only person then corporally punished, because, as the sentence declared he was *heretic, apostate,* inclined to *Judaism, was unsettled in his faith, and attached to every sect.* The only crime of one of the seven, who was from Tolouse, consisted the name of *Free-Mason*; his sentence was perpetual banishment, and confiscation of his property. Unhappily for him and the judges of the holy office, he had no property. Were the free-masons every where treated with

the same severity, their innocent and peaceable society might in its turn become a dangerous sect. The experience of eighteen centuries has sufficiently taught the Christian world that the most efficacious mode of propagating and inflaming the zeal of sectaries, is to persecute them.

In 1763, a particular auto de fé was celebrated at Llerena, when some hereties were delivered to the flames. The obscurity of these victims prevented their punishment from becoming generally public; and the universal terror which the name alone of the inquisition inspired, seemed to be less prevalent. The king, the year before, had restrained the powers of this tribunal. The grand inquisitor having, against the express will of his majesty, published a bull which proscribed a French book, was exiled to a convent thirteen leagues from Madrid. Whilst in exile he endeavoured to excuse himself by alleging the immemorial usage, which gave to the holy office the exclusive right of prohibiting dangerous books. At the end of a few weeks he obtain his pardon; but the king, after having taken the advice of his ministers and the council of Castile, in January 1762, issued an ordinance, which established a new regulation relative to the admission of bulls, and stated:

That for the future the grand inquisitor should not be allowed to publish edicts, except when they were sent to him from his majesty. That when he should receive briefs, by which books were to be prohibited, he should conform to the laws of the country, and publish the prohibition, not supporting himself by the brief, but by his own authority. That none of these edicts should be published without first being seen and approved by the king. Finally, that the holy office should, before it condemned a book, summon the author before the tribunal, to hear what he might have to say in his defence.

This little triumph of reason and sovereign authority was indeed but short. The year following, the influence of the king's confessor produced a revocation of the edict; but the count d' Aranda, having gained over a mixed council, composed of magistrates and bishops, and which had been established upon the occasion of the expulsion of the Jesuits, revived the order of 1762. This was not the only effort of that wise minister, to circumscribe the power of the holy office; he had long meditated the depriving it of the right to seize the property of the criminals it condemned; a dreadful power, against which it is allowable boldly to

declaim, even in Spain, because to manifest indignation at the avidity that dares to conceal itself under the sacred veil of religion, and which directs and sharpens the sword of justice, is at once to serve the cause of God and man; besides, that in all places where reason and charity can be heard, the accused ought to be spared the anticipated suffering of seeing their heirs in their judges. The count d'Aranda was again upon the point of triumphing over this odious practice; but it was objected, that it furnished a part of the salaries of the officers of the tribunal; and that to supply the failure of this property, it would be necessary to create a fund of upwards of six hundred thousand livres (25000l.) This consideration suspended the revocation which was ready to be pronounced. It is thus that in all governments the best intentions are counteracted by circumstances, and that abuses are perpetuated, because they are connected with something which either means or courage are wanting to attack.

The count succeeded better in another attempt. Being president of the council of Castile, which, as well by its functions as inclinations, has always been the zealous defender of the rights of sovereignty, and gaining over, by the ascendency given him by his character and talents, some powerful prelates, whose secret dislike to a tribunal, enriched by episcopal spoils, he took every means to increase, he obtained in 1770 a royal mandate, which confined the jurisdiction of the inquisition to the cognizance of the crimes of heresy and apostacy, and forbade it to imprison the subjects of his Majesty, unless these crimes were clearly proved.

This was greatly to contract its limits, and to reduce it to the only object which perhaps might have been the motive of its institution in an age when the innovators in matter of doctrine, insulted by their turbulent zeal both religon and morality; and though the edict gave offence to a few weak and fanatical people, it was celebrated and even magnified in foreign countries. The moment was supposed to be at hand when the hydra, which philosophy had long before condemned, was to be destroyed.

The resignation of the count d'Aranda, which happened soon after, did not prevent similar measures from being pursued, because distinguished and enlightened persons were still at the head of administration, who, notwithstanding their zeal for religion, had imbibed the same principles. Security was re-established in the minds of men without

banishing the respect due to religion and its ministers. This was principally caused by the goodness and moderation of the monarch, and the tolerating maxims of those in whom he principally confided. The time of rigour and cruelty seemed to have passed away and the holy office appeared to slumber, when in 1777 it suddenly shook off its supineness at the expence of an illustrious victim, and terror and false zeal were again roused through all Spain; while throughout the rest of Europe the indignation of every rational friend to the blessings of a wise toleration was again excited.

Don Pablo Olavidé, born in Peru, had been raised by his distinguished abilities to one of the first employments in the state, that of intendant of the four kingdoms of Andalusia, and assistant of Seville. His wise measures in this important post had excited admiration and gratitude, but envy was at the same time more active than either of these sentiments; when new opportunities presented to signalize his zeal. The king had conceived a project worthy of his beneficence, which was to clear and people that part of Sierra Morena which is crossed by the road from Madrid to Cadiz, a district formerly inhabited and cultivated, but then overgrown with wood, and become a retreat for robbers and wild beasts. M. Olavidé was appointed to carry this plan into effect, and acquitted himself of his commission in the most distinguished manner; he however could not avoid the ordinary rock of all great enterprises. He made himself enemies; and drew upon him the hatred of father Romuald, a German capuchin, who had brought into the Sierra Morena a patent from the general of his order, by which he was declared prefect of all new missions, and from which he wished to arrogate to himself an unlimited authority in every thing which could be made to have the least connexion with religion. He met with opposition from the grand vicar, to whom the bishop of the diocese had delegated his powers in the Sierra Morena. He was still more opposed by M. Olavidé, who otherwise gave him a good reception, and received him with intimacy. The disappointed ambition of the monk became furious. Some indiscreet expressions from M. Olavidé in an unguarded moment, because he was without suspicion, supplied him with an opportunity to gratify his revenge, which perhaps he disguised, even to himself, under the name of zeal for religion. He fomented the discontents of some of the settlers who were his own countrymen, and made use of

them to discredit the new establishment and its principal conductor. The memoirs he presented to the council of Castile, were full of the most serious charges against M. Olavidé. The council caused them to be examined by an impartial judge, and traced them back to their corrupted source. M. Olavidé, however, who far from suspicion, still continued his operations with zeal, was suddenly ordered to court in the month of November, 1775, there to confer concerning different objects relative to his mission.

Whilst he resided at Madrid, in the most perfect security, he discovered by accident the treacherous conspiracy which was labouring to effect his destruction. He learned from intercepted letters, that father Romuald had planned his ruin to enrich himself with his spoils, and that he was not without a hope that the court itself would favour his detestable plot. The contents of these letters were communicated to the monarch, who ordered them to be examined by one of his tribunals.

But these were not the only weapons employed by the vindictive and ambitious monk. M. Olavidé was informed by some friends whom he still had in the Sierra Morena, that the preceding year father Romuald had accused him to the minister of foreign affairs, of being wanting in respect to divine worship, and ecclesiastical discipline, in the new colonies, and of having in his possession prohibited books: and also that he had but a short time before accused him to the holy office.

However alarming this information might be, M. Olavidé confided in the rectitude of his own conscience. He still remained at Madrid, and solicited the ministers to convey to the foot of the throne the proofs of his innocence, or at least to plead his long services, and the important offices he had held, which seemed to recommend him to the indulgence of the monarch. He went several times to the grand inquisitor with offers to prove his submission to the holy office; he protested the purity of his faith and offered to retract the expressions which might have escaped him to the prejudice of religion. His offers and protestations were coldly received. He thence concluded that legal but secret measures were taking for his justification; and the mysterious silence of the holy office appeared to him no bad omen. During his stay of almost a year at Madrid, he was particularly circumspect in his whole conduct, hoping thus

to avert the storm which however soon after broke over his head.

The 14th of November, 1776, a grandee of Spain in quality of *Alguasil Mayor* of the inquisition, accompanied by some officers of justice, arrested him in his house, and conveyed him to the prison of the holy office. From that moment he was lost to his wife, children, relations, and friends. Until the day his sentence was pronounced they were ignorant of the part of the world he was in, whether he were dead or alive, and had given over all hopes of ever seeing him more. At the same time his wife, who was at Carolina, where she had remained during the absence of her husband, saw the officers of the inquisition arrive and seize all his property, books, and papers; whilst another detachment did the same at his house in Seville.

These proceedings produced different sensations in the minds of different men. The rivals of M. Olavidé, the enemies which envy and ambition had excited against him and some devotees, constant in their zeal for the cause of religion, considered it as a triumph. Several of his more rigid countrymen thought it a just chastisement for the imprudencies attributed to him; for in fact, said they, he might have had other judges, and not have escaped unpunished. Consternation was however the most general sentiment. Each began to tremble for himself, fearing lest he should find in his most intimate connexions both spies and accusers. How might it afterwards be possible to enjoy the sweet communications of confidence and friendship? What man was prudent enough and sufficiently sure of himself to concert all his actions, weigh his expressions, and never to furnish matter of accusation for a secret enemy, a corrupted servant, a friend, or even a son led astray by his scruples? The holy office is perhaps more just than severe; but its proceeding is dreadful. How can an accused person disculpate himself when he neither knows his crime nor accusers? And how is it possible to avert the thunder-bolt which is prepared in silence, and in the obscurity of its inaccessible labyrinth?

Such were the reasonings dictated by terror, during the imprisonment of M. Olavidé. After passing from a profound calm to the agitations of a tempest, dangers will ever appear greater. The most intrepid minds are shaken by unexpected strokes; the apparent supineness of the inquisition, had re-established security, but its sudden revival

terrified every one. The first impression was besides rendered more lasting by other circumstances. The monks thought the time of regaining their lost power was arrived. Scarcely was M. Olavidé arrested, before it was known that a mission of capuchins at Seville had abandoned themselves to the excess of their zeal, and loudly exclaimed against the profane theatres to which he had given encouragement in that city. At the same time the inquisitions of the provinces partook of the triumph of that capital, and made an essay of their returning power. The inquisition of Cadiz renewed a ceremony which had been neglected for half a century, and which is annually repeated at Madrid, that of solemnly reading all the decrees of the holy office, the bulls upon which its power is founded, and all the anathemas fulminated against heresy and irreligion. This ceremony was accompanied with every thing that could strike awe into the multitude. An edict was published, which enjoined all the faithful of above ten years of age to be present at it, under pain of excommunication. It seemed as if the holy office wished to make a mockery of the alarm of the public.

The prosecution however of M. Olavidé was carried on with the utmost secresy. His fate was decided after a rigorous imprisonment of a year and seven days, during which he had not the consolation of having even one of his servants suffered to approach him.

On the 21st of November, 1778, an assembly was held in the hall of the inquisition, to which forty persons of different orders were invited, among whom were several grandees of Spain, general officers, priests, and monks.

The sitting lasted three hours and a half. The criminal appeared clothed in yellow, carrying in his hand a green taper, and accompanied by two ministers of the holy office. All the proceedings were read. The most interesting part was the circumstantial relation he himself had given in of his whole life. In this he confessed that in his travels he had frequented the society of atheists, namely, Voltaire and Rousseau, with whom he had discussed questions concerning religion, though without suffering himself to be seduced by their arguments; that notwithstanding, he had returned to Spain with many prejudices against the clergy, and persuaded that the privileges and opinions of the church of Rome were repugnant to the prosperity of states; that since he had been placed over the colonies of the Sierra Morena, he had openly and without reflection, avowed his opinion

concerning the obstacles which retarded their progress, the infallibility of the pope, and the tribunal of the inquisition; but that none of his expressions had the meaning attributed to them by those who heard him.

Afterward were produced the depositions of seventy-eight witnesses, who accused him of having frequently spoken the language of deists, uttered blasphemy, and ridiculed the priests. To several of these charges he pleaded guilty, and denied others, asserting that in all these cases his words had never expressed his true sentiments; that his object had sometimes only been to animate the industry of the settlers confided to his care, among whom the exterior practices of religion were frequently nothing more than pretexts for idleness; and that when he declaimed against the ill consequences of celibacy his view had merely been to encourage population, so necessary to the prosperity of his country.

This defence appeared neither respectful nor satisfactory. It was alleged against him as a crime, that he had used every means of eluding the justice of the holy office, had intercepted letters to engage the witnesses brought against him to retract; and these circumstances were all proved by writings under his own hand.

In short, the tribunal adjudged him attainted and convicted of every charge made against him; and in consequence pronounced his sentence, which declared him heretic in form. He interrupted the reading by denying that he deserved so harsh an appellation. This was, during the final and terrible sitting, the last effort of his firmness. He fainted on the bench on which he sat, and as soon as he recovered himself, the reading of the sentence was continued. It confiscated all his property, declared him incapable of holding any employment, exiled him to twenty leagues from Madrid, from every place of royal residence, from Seville, the theatre of his fallen authority, and from Lima his country; it condemned him to be shut up eight years in a monastery, where he was to peruse such works of piety as should be put into his hands, to do penance, and to go to confession once a month. He afterwards made his solemn adjuration, and with all the ceremony prescribed by the canons was absolved from the censures he had incurred. All who were present declare that he shewed the most unequivocal marks of resignation and repentance, and that it was impossible to refuse him their compassion.

It has been asserted that the personal clemency of the monarch, and (who will believe it?) that of the grand inquisitor, mitigated the rigour of his sentence; that some of his judges were of opinion he ought to suffer death, and several of them that a public punishment should be inflicted upon him; it is even said, that one of these rigorous sentences was supported by a person near the monarch, whose fanatical zeal for the cause of God, made him believe the scandal ought to be repaired by a public example. It was however difficult to learn the rest of the secret particulars of this affair. Curiosity and indiscretion were restrained by fear. A conjecture, an expression, might be misinterpreted and imbitter the life of the author. The greatest security seemed to be in silence. People were in a situation something like that described by Tacitus in the life of Agricola: *Adempto per inquisitiones et loquendi audiendique commercio.*

It must however be observed in favour of the Spanish government, that this crisis did not continue long. The mind became more easy by reflecting upon the benevolence and equity of Charles III. and the wisdom of his ministers, particularly of one who at that time was called near his person. Even the peculiar circumstances of the victim who had just been sacrificed contributed to dissipate public terror. His talents and success had excited envy before he had drawn upon himself the animadversion of the holy office; and the people, become more calm, hoped to make their obscurity a rampart against the rigours of the tribunal. What followed proved that they were but momentary, and that milder principles reigned in the privy council of the king.

It is true the sentence of M. Olavidé was begun to be carried into execution. He was confined in a convent of la Mancha. But soon afterwards, complaining of the ill state of his health, he obtained permission to go and drink the mineral waters in the neighbourhood; finding but little benefit from them, liberty was given him to go to others in Catalonia, which he hoped would prove more efficacious. Had his sentence been intended to be executed in all the severity with which it had been pronounced, means would not have been wanting to have hindered him from taking advantage of the proximity of the frontiers. He easily deceived the vigilance of his keepers, and bidding a final adieu to his country, which still was dear to him, he under the title of the Count de Pilos, escaped to France,

where he was preceded by his reputation, and received as a martyr to intolerance. The court of Spain, some months afterwards, reclaimed him, but that of France, without pretending that the latter kingdom may with impunity become the asylum of those who are proscribed by a nation in alliance with it, amicably represented to the cabinet of Madrid, that the crimes of M. Olavidé were not of a nature like to those of which polished states had mutually agreed to give up the perpetrators. The court of Madrid, whose severity had yielded only to the impulse of a persecuting sentiment not its own, forbore to insist farther on its demand.

This gentleman afterwards found an asylum at Toulouse, whence a false alarm drove him to Switzerland; but at length he came to Paris, where, in the events of the French Revolution he witnessed terrors more dreadful than those of the Inquisition. As late as the year 1797, he was living in peace and comfort at a village on the banks of the Loire, and had written an interesting book, entitled, "An Apology for Christianity." It is, however, remarkable, that in 1798, he obtained permission to return to Spain, and again visited that capital, which twenty years before had witnessed his condemnation. He afterwards retired to Andalusia, to be near a dying relative, who had survived his misfortunes; and here, in 1803, his own career was terminated, after he had experienced all the attractions, as well as the dangers of success.

Since the event above described, the inquisition has, in one case, justified the apprehensions it had excited. Toleration, or which is the same thing, humanity, shuddered at the torments inflicted upon a poor woman, who, having been convicted of *sorcery* and *witchcraft*, was burned at Seville, in 1780, in consequence of the sentence of that tribunal.

Except in these instances its authority has been exercised only at long intervals upon some individuals, who, having used irreligious expressions, were pardoned upon retraction, after having been enjoined a trifling penance.

I was at Madrid in 1784, when a circumstance happened which proves that this tribunal, notwithstanding the terror its forms have ever inspired, is sometimes less severe than many secular courts of justice.

A beggar who generally took his stand at the door of a church, had employed his leisure in inventing and selling a species of powder to which he attributed miraculous

effects. It was composed of ingredients, the particulars of which would make the reader blush. The beggar had drawn up some singular formularies to be repeated at the time of taking the powder; and he required, to give it its effect, that those who took it should put themselves into certain postures, more easily imagined than described. His composition was one of those amorous philtres in which our ignorant ancestors had so much faith; he pretended, it had the power of restoring a disgusted lover, and of softening the heart of a cruel fair one. Whatever flatters our passions has some claim to our credulity. The impostor wanted not for customers in that class over which the marvellous has so much empire; and a few accidental successes gave reputation to his nostrum. He associated himself with some common women, who distributed it. His powders, however, as will easily be believed, were often employed without effect. Most of the persons whom he deceived, less irritated than ashamed, kept profound silence; but at length others made complaints which were soon carried to the holy office. The beggar was arrested and led with his accomplices to the inquisition, where they were prosecuted in form. The impudent empiric avowed every thing; he explained the composition of his powder, and gave up his recipe and formularies. The result was one of the most singular proceedings which ever came before a tribunal. The day of vengeance arrived. The judges, criminals, and a crowd of spectators of both sexes assembled in the church of the dominican nuns at Madrid. Divine service was begun, but afterwards interrupted to read the strange proceedings. The temple of the Most High was not supposed to be profaned by a recital of the obscenities contained in the summary. Such were the laws of the holy office, and these were not dispensed with in favour of some women of quality, who hid their confusion behind their fans. Even the nuns, less attached to their scruples than to the privileges of their church, lost no part of the ceremony, and their modest ears were insulted with the shameful relation. The sentence was pronounced and executed after mass was over.

The beggar was declared attainted and convicted of sorcery, profanation and imposture, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment after having been whipped in the principal quarters of the city. Two women, his accomplices, were treated with more indulgence.

The three criminals soon left the church; they were

mounted upon asses, and each clothed in a *sambenito* covered with painted devils and other symbolical figures. They wore on their heads the fatal pyramidical bonnet called *coraza,* which resembles, perhaps, too much the pontifical mitre of our prelates. The man was naked down to his waist, and exposed to the eyes of the public a plumpness which could be attributed to nothing but the sale of his powders. The procession was headed by the marquis of Cogolludo, the eldest son of the duke of Medina Celi, who in quality of Alguasil Mayor presided at the ceremony. He was followed by several grandees of Spain, associates of the holy office, and other officers of the tribunal. The windows were filled, and the streets thronged with curious spectators. The triumphant entry of a hero, returning to his country after having saved it, could not have been more pompous than the ceremony of which a vile criminal was the object; and this spectacle, by which curiosity was so much excited, unlike to others of the same kind, offered nothing which might wound sensibility. Never was a sentence so well deserved executed with greater mildness. The criminal stopped from time to time, and scarcely did the executioner touch his shoulders with the whip, when some charitable hand presented him with a glass of Spanish wine to enable him to finish his career. It were to be wished that the holy office had never exercised greater severity.

In the year 1804, the Spanish capital witnessed an *auto da fé,* very much like the one lately described. A female of the common class, who for twenty years had made a noise by her accounts of visions, and the sale of amorous philtres, was condemned to seclusion for eight years, and to recite her rosary every day. Before undergoing her sentence, she was forced to expose herself, during a solemn mass, celebrated on the first Sunday in Lent, with a rope round her neck.

In fact, this tribunal is at present far from being so dreadful as in other countries it is generally believed.* Its forms are, however, terrifying even to those who are persuaded of its equity. Prosecutions are carried on with the greatest secrecy; the advocate granted to criminals to make their defence, cannot speak to or see them but in the presence of the inquisitors. But the most odious proceeding of all is, that when the depositions received against any person accused are communicated to him, the names of the accusers are carefully concealed. It is to be regretted, that a country in which the laws are daily improved, and where

* I made the same declaration in 1789, and I repeat it in 1806.

every department of government becomes more and more enlightened, should still continue, in one of its tribunals, a mode of proceeding, the inconveniencies of which have been perceived by every modern system of jurisprudence, and which besides is not essential to the end of its institution. When the holy office shall publicly prosecute criminals, and name and confront their accusers, when it shall allow them every means of proving their innocence, will its laws be less observed, or will the sacred interests committed to its care be less attended to? The apologists for its present constitution will undoubtedly object, that the certainty accusers have of the secrecy of their depositions encourages others to give farther information, which without such a precaution might never be obtained; that most informers would be restrained by a false shame, the fear of exposing themselves to the indignation of the public and the resentment of the accused, or by some other motives. But would its zeal for the cause of God make it apprehend a diminution of the number of its justifiers? I will not do it so much injury as to believe this. Purity of faith and respect for true religion ought certainly to be vigilantly maintained; and an enemy to either ought to be punished. But can we imagine that gratitude to benefactors, filial affection, domestic fidelity, and the charitable indulgence we owe to our fellow-creatures are less estimable virtues in the sight of the Supreme Being? And would his cause be betrayed, if less praiseworthy motives should prevent some accusations. Besides, have not other tribunals different means of discovering the guilty? Are not those which are charged with the prosecution of offenders sufficient to take cognizance of offences, and legally to inflict punishment on those whose crimes materially affect the interest of religion and society? And do criminals of this description often escape the hands of justice? With respect to such as would remain undiscovered, without the evidence of witnesses, whose indignation their actions might have excited, what can religion gain by their discovery? Their public punishment only makes a whole nation acquainted with the scandal which otherwise might have been confined to a few individuals. May not those whose crimes have, if I may use the expression, none but God for witness, be without any ill consequence left to his vengeance, certainly much more just and less easy to elude than that of men?

In whatever light these reflections may be considered, I repeat that, the forms of procedure excepted, the inquisition may at present be esteemed as a model of equity and mildness. It takes every possible means of verifying the depositions it receives.

Let it not be said that the resentment of a secret enemy is sufficient to provoke its rigours. It condemns not upon the evidence of one accuser, nor without discussing the proofs of the accusations. Serious and repeated crimes are necessary to incur its censures; which, with a little circumspection in words and conduct relative to religion, are easily to be escaped, and men may live as little molested in Spain as in any other country in Europe. The indiscreet zeal of some of the commissaries of the inquisition disturbs, indeed, in some places, the quiet of the inhabitants, by entering their houses to confiscate pictures esteemed too licentious, or prohibited books; but this zeal is mostly repressed, either by the court or the grand inquisitor, who, in the late reign, was a learned and prudent prelate. I must, however, declare, that of all foreigners, Frenchmen have been the principal objects of the vigilance of this institution.

About twenty years ago, some French merchants at Cadiz having received a consignment of leather from one of our manufactories, were much alarmed at seeing the officers of the inquisition enter their houses. They desired to see the leather newly arrived, and having observed that it bore the image of the holy virgin, which was the mark of the manufactory, exclaimed against the profanation. They remarked that the leather being intended to make shoes, the image of the Mother of Christ ran the hazard of being trodden under foot, and therefore confiscated it. The affair was referred to the supreme tribunal at Madrid. The merchants, much alarmed, had recourse to the court, by means of their ambassador. The court and the tribunal received the complaint in the manner it merited. The officers of the inquisition were enjoined not to molest strangers under such trifling pretexts, and the merchants recovered their leather without farther trouble.

On other occasions, still more recent, the minister and the grand inquisitor himself, have protected the inhabitants against the cavils of the subalterns of the holy office. In a city of Andalusia they attempted to persecute a French house, because they were Protestants; and when it was observed to them that the English and other northern nations were tolerated in Spain, notwithstanding they were heretics, they answered, that the Catholic religion was the only one in France. The cause, however, of this persecuted house was no sooner brought before the court than it was gained. In short, though we should admit that bigotry is

more prevalent in the provinces than in the capital, no great inconveniencies can ever arise from it; because the sentences of the provincial tribunals have no force until they have obtained the sanction of that of Madrid, which, on that account, bears the name of *Suprema*. Besides, the court scrutinizes more strictly than ever the proceedings of the holy office, and certainly not with an intention of increasing its severity. It was enacted, in 1784, that when the office should have finished the prosecution of any grandee of Spain, any of his majesty's ministers, any officers in the army, member of a tribunal, or any person in place, the whole proceedings should be laid before the king to be revised and examined. By this law the principal persons in the kingdom have obtained an additional security against the arbitrary rigours of the holy office. It is to be regretted, that it was calculated to defend those who cannot want protection rather than those whose obscurity frequently renders their complaints ineffectual, and who consequently are unjustly exposed to be treated with more impunity. But the people are almost every where oppressed, or forgotten, by the laws, because they have no part in framing them.

The holy office to this day receives a certain tax from each vessel that arrives in any of the ports of Spain, in consequence of the examination it is authorized to make, in order to see that the vessel contains nothing that may be offensive to religion. The search has for a long time been neglected, but the duty is still paid to the office. Were this the only complaint against the inquisition, we should easily be reconciled to it.

In 1789, I concluded what I had to say concerning this tribunal, with a very sincere wish, unaccompanied by any sentiment of asperity, that the kings of Spain may believe themselves sufficiently assured of the obedience of their subjects, the vigilance of their temporal courts of judicature, and the pious zeal of Spanish prelates, to be convinced the holy office is entirely unnecessary. From what has since happened in Europe, however, I am afraid that my hopes are as distant as ever from being accomplished.

Before I quit this subject, I shall take notice of a political body, which many strangers confound with the inquisition, but which has no other relation with it than their common epithet.

This is the holy Hermandad, much spoken of in Spanish novels; it is no more than a confraternity, in different parts

of the kingdom of Castile, whose only object is to watch over the safety of the country by pursuing and apprehending those who disturb the public peace. It is subordinate to the council of Castile, from which it receives its regulations. One of the strictest is that which prevents its jurisdiction from extending to cities. The principal detachments from it are at Toledo, Ciudad, Rodrigo and Talavera.

I shall now resume what I have farther to say on the internal administration of Spain. According to the plan I had laid down for myself, I began with the interior administration of Spain, and the council of Castile, which naturally leads to the administration of justice, to legislation, and by these to the tribunal of the holy office. I shall next take a view of the different councils of the monarchy: which will enable the reader to form a proper idea of the constitution of the kingdom.

CHAP. X.*

COUNCIL OF THE FINANCES OF SPAIN.—TAXES, &c.

ON commencing this subject, I must promise that I shall be as brief as accuracy will admit of.

The finances of Spain are under the direction of a sovereign and permanent council, called *Consejo Real de Hacienda,* a name which inspires respect, and a sort of religious terror.

The council of finances, which is the head of the *Real Hacienda,* like the council of Castile, is divided into several chambers, called *Salas.*

The *Sala,* or chamber *de Govierno,* charged with the administration of finances.

The chamber *de Justicia,* which judges processes, and has cognizance of every thing relating to the farmers of the revenue, contractors and smugglers. It is also the tribunal for those whose causes are referred to the council of finance.

* That our readers may be aware of the great quantity of matter contained in our own Edition, we think it necessary to inform them, that this Chapter forms *the first* of the *Second Volume* of the original work.—Ed.

The *Sala de Millones,* for every thing that relates to taxes and imposts.

The *Sala de la Unica contribucion,* of which I shall speak more fully hereafter, the business of which is to compile a universal register of Spain.

Lastly, the *Contaduria Mayor,* or chamber of accounts, which examines the accounts of the treasurers of the army and navy, all leases and contracts between the king and his subjects, and the accounts of state creditors; but its decisions must receive the sanction of the justice chamber of the council of finance.

This must not be confounded with the *Contaduria de Valores,* a particular office, the functions of which are to keep an account of all the rents in the kingdom, and the favours and privileges granted by the king to cities and communities.

The royal treasure was kept by two general treasurers, members of the council of finances, who are alternately in office for a year, under the inspection of the council; three general directors of rents who attend to their receipts, and have under them the collectors, and commissioners of duties, and their numerous fiscal agents. But of late there has been but one treasurer.

In 1714, Philip V. substituted the immediate receipt instead of the farm for all interior as well as custom-house revenues. But at the end of two years, the old method was again adopted; the council of finances left the collection of duties upon merchandize to commissioners, but again farmed out the interior taxes. This form existed until 1742. The people suffered by it with the impatience excited by evils, which proceed not immediately from the power to which they are obliged to be subject. The farmers were oppressive, in order to extort from them exact accounts of their property, and tax it accordingly.

Representations were made to Philip V. which stated all the irregularities in the mode of collection. The representation of 1734, may be found in the *Economica politica de Zabala;* and in the institute of Don Martin de Loynaz, 1747. It is necessary to read these to be convinced, that wherever there are men there are abuses also, and to be less sensible of those to which we are witnesses or victims.

Campillo, however, who had passed through all the offices of administration, and who possessed firmness and extensive knowledge, had frequently asked the Spanish farmers-general what they gained by their farms; accord-

ing to their own accounts, they were constantly losers. Campillo, determined to learn the truth, suddenly put six of the twenty-two provinces, of which Castile is composed, into commission. The marquis de la Enserada extended this measure to fourteen others, in 1747, and since that time all the finances of Spain, with a few exceptions, have been managed by commissioners.

Two years afterwards Ferdinand VI. adopted a project which had often been agitated in Spain, that of reducing all the imposts to one, or at least of converting into one contribution those which form what are called provincial rents, and produce about thirty-five millions of livres (or about a million and a half sterling). In 1749, an order appeared, which established a particular commission for this purpose, and provided that all researches, declarations, and verifications should be made at the king's expence. The commission took the name of *Sala de la Unica Contribucion.* It employs thirty thousand persons, and its annual expence is upwards of three millions of livres (125,000l.)

The finances of Spain are divided into two classes, which compose almost all the revenues of the king: *General Rents* and *Provincial Rents.*

The first arise from duties paid at the frontiers upon merchandize entering or going out of the kingdom. The duties are different with respect to name and rate in different provinces. In those where the Moors longest resided, they have preserved the Arabian name *Almojarifazgo,* first given to a custom-house duty that has been successively increased, and upon which the Spaniards have speculated more or less advantageously with commercial nations. It is still known by the same name in the Canary islands, where it produces to the king six per cent. upon all merchandize.

In most of the other provinces it has been increased by degrees to fifteen per cent. upon every article of importation or exportation.

In Catalonia, the duties of exportation and importation, received by the king, are not four per cent. *ad valorem.*

Although the frontier of Navarre, on the side of France, be free, a duty is nevertheless paid there of five per cent. upon every commodity which has passed it to enter, and three and a half for whatever is to go beyond it.

Besides these general laws which extend to the greatest part of merchandize, there are several articles, such as cocoa, chocolate, sugar and paper, which pay particular duties.

The whole produce of the general rents when they were

farmed, did not amount to six millions and a half of livres (about 270,000l.) A few years after they were put into commission they produced ten millions (above 400,000l.) and have since increased in a considerable degree.

There are some other duties which may be included in the general rents, although differently collected, and their produce enters not the same chest; such are

The duties of the *office of health*, first established at Cadiz, and since extended to the other sea-ports of the kingdom.

The duties of the *grand admiral*, which were appropriated to the treasury by Ferdinand V. in 1748.

Two other duties, one under the name of *Lanzas*, the other of *Medias Annatas*. Demi annates or half first fruits. The first is an annual contribution paid by all the grandees of Spain, and every citizen honoured with a title of Castile. For these it was fixed at nine hundred livres (37l. 10s.) The duty of *Medias Annatas* is paid at each descent of the dignity of grandee or title of Castile, and may be estimated at five thousand five hundred livres (230l.) once paid.

The *rent of wools*, which is the duty paid upon their going out of the kingdom in proportion to their quality and the nature of the district in which they are produced; and which since the year 1558, when it was first levied, has been at various times augmented. The farmers did not give three millions of livres for it; but at present it produces almost six; or about twenty-eight millions of reals.

The produce from the sale of salt, which is exclusively sold for the king's account, in the provinces of the crown of Arragon, as well as in those of Castile at twenty-two rials a *fanegue*, taken at the salt-pits, about five sols and a half (2¾d.) a measure, which weighs from sixty to eighty pounds, makes a separate article in the finances of Spain. The price of salt is uniform throughout the kingdom, some drawback however is granted in the sea-ports in favour of salting provisions. The dry salt-pits, and those of Andalusia, are not sufficient for the national consumption, on which account great quantities of salt are brought from Portugal. This is distributed to the people every six months, and the first quantity is not paid for until the delivery of the second. Seizures and executions are rare in Spain with respect to salt; and the unpitying avidity of the treasury does not there oppose the design of nature, which has given to the inhabitants of the earth this article of first necessity in abundance, and intended not that they should find in it one of the first sources of oppression under which

they groan. For these reasons, the revenue from salt is not considerable; it scarcely exceeded in 1789 four millions.

The tax on tobacco is one of the isolated branches of the Spanish revenues: it being exclusively sold on account of the sovereign. All this tobacco is furnished by the Portuguese, who procure it from Brasil, and the Spaniards prefer it to every other. By virtue of the last lease from the court of Spain, the Portuguese give it at less than ten sols (five pence) a pound, and the king sells it at six livres (five shillings) but after deducting the salaries of those who make it into snuff, it must stand him in half a crown. All the tobacco made into snuff, which is legally consumed in Spain, comes from the island of Cuba. The king pays rather dearer for it than for that from Brasil, and sells it at six livres a pound also.

For a long time all snuff not sold on the king's account, particularly that called rappee, in opposition to the Spanish snuff, was severely prohibited; but it will scarcely be imagined that the prohibitory law, the publication of which is from time to time repeated, makes the punishment for selling it, in certain cases, *death*. The law is as seldom executed as all others which are too severe, and were there is frequent temptation to violate them. Great quantities of tobacco are smuggled into Spain: and the sellers of it, by taking a guinea a pound for the risks they run to gratify the inclination which men always have for whatever is forbidden them, are considerable gainers by its prohibition. There is besides a particular tribunal, which under the name of *Junta del tobaco*, determines all the causes relative to the duty upon that article, and enforces the law which prohibits the *rasped* (rapé) *tobacco*. This is reduced to a very fine powder, and afterwards mixed with a species of fine earth of a reddish hue, which gives it its colour and oiliness.

The Spanish government was at length convinced that the only means of stopping the smuggling was to permit the Spaniards the use of rasped tobacco. It was calculated that the treasury would be a gainer by this measure, and that it would be a considerable saving to the snuff-takers. By this project Spain would have no need of recurring to other nations to carry it into execution. She is perhaps the richest of any in the article of tobacco, as well as in several other respects. The cultivation of this plant has perfectly succeeded in most of her colonies, as in Mexico, upon the coast of Caracas, and more especially in Louisiana and Trinidad, two colonies of which the to-

bacco will perhaps one day be preferred to that of every other country. The cultivation of it in Mexico was not begun before the year 1765. In 1778, the sale of it on the king's account in that colony alone produced four millions of dollars, about twenty millions of livres (above 800,000l.) In 1784, it produced upwards of six millions of dollars; whence, however, must be deducted the expences of cultivation and those of collecting the duty. But the then minister of the Indies, Galvez, proposed to supply Mexico with the tobacco of Louisiana, which is better and less dear, and to extend to the rest of Spanish America.

Besides salt and tobacco there are also other articles in *estanco*, that is exclusively sold for the king's account. These are, brandy, lead, gunpowder, cards, Spanish wax and stamped paper. Brandy and other spirituous liquors are not properly in *estanco*. The sale of them has been free throughout the kingdom since 1746; but the following year the council proposed to establish a magazine for the king's account, and most people prefer purchasing there, because the liquors are better and cheaper. I omit other little local duties, the particulars of which would carry me beyond the limits I have prescribed myself.

But the most reprehensible part of the taxes of Spain is the second of the classes, into which we at first divided them, the *provincial rents:* a species of impost which chiefly falling upon the consumption of the most necessary articles, burthens the people, and is one of the greatest obstacles to industry. Government is indeed convinced of the impropriety; but it proceeds from circumstances which it would be necessary to change at the same time that it was removed; the continual urgency of state necessities has never permitted government to risk the safety of its revenues by experiments, which might create confusion, or be of doubtful success.

The subjects of the Spanish monarchy are exposed to a most destructive system of taxation. The provincial rents are, first, the produce of a duty upon wine, oil, meat, vinegar, candles, &c. The first time this was levied was in the year 1590. Philip II. overwhelmed by the weight of the ruinous enterprises to which he was impelled by his ambition, proposed it to the Cortes, who consented upon conditions, most of which have been violated. This grant, which has since been renewed every six years, has had different augmentations, called *the services of the Millones,*

because it was for a certain number of millions of ducats that they were made. This impost is collected in two modes, either immediately by the commissioners of finance, or by way of subscription, *encabezamientos*.

The second method has only the advantage of diminishing the number of persons employed by the treasury; but it is in reality more oppressive to the people. The distribution of the sum for which many cities, boroughs and communities have subscribed is arbitrarily made by the magistracy of each, who established a public magazine or warehouse *(abasto)* where individuals are obliged to purchase by retail the articles subject to the duty. The lower classes of people, who cannot like persons in easy circumstances, lay in a stock, feel all the weight of this odious policy. Their houses are searched to see that they consume nothing but what they purchase from the abasto; hence arise oppressive prosecutions, which sometimes double to those least able to afford it their proportion of the sum the city or community to which they belong has subscribed; so true it is, that the powerful are every where favoured at the expence of the weak, whilst the state gains nothing by the oppression of the latter.

Secondly. The *provincial rents* also consist of the *alcabale*, a duty paid upon the sale of all moveables and immoveables.

This was first granted by the Cortes in 1342. It was then but a twentieth of the thing sold. In 1349, it was increased to a tenth, and rendered perpetual. In the sixteenth century it received four additions, each an hundredth part; whence they received the name of *Cientos*.

These two duties united, and collected together under the common denominations of *alcabale y cientos*, ought therefore, strictly speaking, to amount to fourteen per cent. but they vary in different cities and provinces according to the privileges granted by the sovereign, which in some places have entirely superseded them; and they are no where levied to their utmost extent, which however does not prevent their being burthensome to commerce and industry.

Thirdly. The *tercias reals* are another impost jointly collected with the provincial rents; they are the two-ninths which the court of Rome, in 1274, permitted the kings of Spain to receive upon all the tenths of their kingdom. They are received in kind from the produce of the earth, and afterwards sold for the king's account. This impost

scarcely produces fifteen hundred thousand livres, (62,500l.) and would be susceptible of a considerable augmentation, did not government, in collecting it, trust to the unfaithful statements of the ecclesiastical offices.

Fourthly. The *ordinary and extraordinary service, and its fifteenth in the thousand,* is a species of tax paid by the ignoble only, who in Spain are known by the denomination of *estado general.* It is collected with the *alcabale y cientos,* according to an assessment made by the tribunals, in proportion to the known property of each of the contributors.

Fifthly. There is an impost upon the sale of soda and barilla, with some other particular taxes, which cannot be enumerated in this general account.

Lastly. The duties of entry into Madrid from another source of revenue for the king; they are at present farmed out to the community of *Gremios,* at seven millions and a half of reals. All the interior contributions of the provinces of the crown of Castile produce from about 120 to 140 millions of reals, or somewhat above one million four hundred thousand pounds sterling. The provinces of the crown of Arragon have another form of taxation, and have no provincial rents, such as those of which we have spoken.

They are happily exempt from the *alcabale,* the place of which is there supplied by equivalent duties; they pay one general contribution, which each city, borough, and community assesses proportionately on its inhabitants. As some of these provinces were the last to acknowledge the authority of Philip V. that monarch, to punish their obstinacy, deprived them of a part of their privilcges, and established a form of taxation different from that of the crown of Castile. But his intention was evaded; and, in fact, they are better treated in this respect than the rest of the kingdom.

Catalonia, which more than any other province, had provoked the monarch's resentment, was subjected to a register, in which all the lands were undervalued and taxed at eight per cent. upon the rents arising from them; but they scarcely pay more than one per cent. upon the real amount. To this register was added, a tax upon industry, which not being arbitrarily assessed, is not burthensome, and this double taxation is not prejudicial either to agriculture or industry in Catalonia.

The provinces of the crown of Arragon are besides sub-

ject, like those of Castile, to the impost called *tercias reales*, and obliged to take, at a fixed price, the articles salt, tobacco, lead, &c. which are sold for the king's account. They are also equally subject to the bull of the crusade.

The primitive object of this bull was to grant indulgences to those Spaniards who should contribute, either by personal service or subscription, to support the war against the infidels. The produce of the bull is still employed in the same manner, since the Spanish monarchs who receive it are obliged to apply it to the support of their fortresses and garrisons upon the coast of Africa. Until the reign of Ferdinand VI. this grant of the court of Rome was to be renewed every five years; a subjection of the inconvenience of which Philip V. was sufficiently sensible, on three different occasions, when his quarrels with the holy see prevented him from obtaining a renewal of the bull. It was not until the compact of 1753, that it was made perpetual: since that time it has become a constant source of revenue to the treasury; and if Spain, influenced by motives of policy and humanity, should become reconciled to every infidel nation, as she has been under the reign of Charles III. to the Ottoman Porte, the emperor of Morocco, and more recently to the regency of Algiers, this tax, though incapable of being applied to the purpose for which it was originally established, would not the less continue to be levied.

The price of the bull is fixed at twenty-one quartos, about fourteen or fifteen sols 7d. or 7½d. No Catholic in Spain can dispense with buying it without having his orthodoxy suspected. Provided with this bull, besides the indulgences annexed to it, *he has the liberty of eating meat with the consent of his physician and confessor, as also to eat eggs and milk on fast days, and during Lent!*

This species of voluntary taxation is received by a magistrate who bears the title of *Commissary-general of the Cruzada*; it produces to the king something more than from 18 to 20 millions of reals (about 187,500l.)

The clergy are not exempt from it, nor is this the only tax they pay.

In the first place, they are in part subject to that of *millones;* but to this it is necessary the pope should consent every six years by a brief. As there are many places where separate accounts are not kept for ecclesiastics, they pay the whole tax in common with the laity; but the consump-

tion which each ecclesiastic makes in wine, oil and other articles subject to the *millones*, is carefully estimated and always in their favour. In this manner a calculation is made of what they ought to pay of the tax, and they are reimbursed whatever they have paid above this estimation.

But as, in most cases, fact always differs a little from right, the clergy pay next to nothing of the *millones*, in the smaller districts where they easily acquire a pre-eminence, and the weight of the tax naturally falls upon the body of the people.

There is another impost called *Subsidio*, to which ecclesiastics are also subject.

But the greatest contribution levied upon them is the *escusado*, which is also denominated *casa dezmera*, that is, *tenthed house*, because it consists in the right granted by the holy see to the kings of Spain, to appropriate to themselves the most advantageous tenth of each parish, as well of the crown of Castile as that of Arragon. This contribution, were it exactly levied and collected, would bring a very considerable sum to the Spanish treasury, but it has been made an object of speculation and subscription, which has considerably diminished its produce. Under the reign of Ferdinand VI. a resolution was taken to discover what it really would produce, and for this purpose it was for some years managed by commissioners. But before sufficient information was obtained, the marquis of Squilace, coming to the administration of finances almost at the same time that Charles III. ascended the throne, was too much in haste to farm it. The *Junto* charged with the plan of one only impost, had proved in a memoir presented in 1756, that for the crown of Castile it might be stated at four millions of livres Tournois; nevertheless the minister of finances farmed out, at three millions, the whole of the *escusado*, to the corporation of merchants at Madrid, commonly called the *gremois*; and since then a part of the clergy have obtained a power of managing it on their own account, with which privilege they were allowed an abatement of one-third.

Notwithstanding these restrictions, if we observe that the *tercias reales* are still an impost, and at the same time recollect, that the kings of Spain have the power of granting pensions upon all benefices, even to a third of their produce, we shall find there is little foundation for the assertion,

that the Spanish clergy do not contribute to the expences of government. Nay, they do still more.

In the war which was terminated by the peace of Basle, they were by the permission of the holy see, more heavily taxed than the rest of the people, and the extraordinary sum that was levied upon them amounted to 36 millions of reals. Perhaps Frenchmen may think that they had a right to this *preference*; as they made some successful efforts to persuade the people that the cause of God was inseparable from the war that Spain was then engaged in against France. I can state from authority, that in 1793, an offer was seriously made to the king, by one of the principals of the religious order, to raise a corps of 40,000 monks, and to place himself at their head.*

The offer was not accepted; but the Spanish clergy not being allowed the honour to serve personally in the sacred cause, it was thought proper that they should contribute enormous sums to carry on a war of religion!

It may be imagined, that Spanish America is one great source of revenue to the royal treasury, but hitherto its produce has been but trifling.

For a long time the expences of the administration of these immense colonies were not defrayed by the revenues they produced; and it is only since the administration of M. de Galvez, that Mexico has yielded a surplus by the establishment of the farm of tobacco.

All the duties and contributions, of which I have given a summary account, produced in 1776, no more than 440 millions of reals, or 110 millions of livres, (upwards of four millions and a half sterling) and not even that sum the following years; and it is said, the national expence constantly exceeds the receipt. In 1784, for example, the receipts were only 685,068,068; and in 1787, 616,295,657 reals. The minister, M. Larona, in 1789, endeavoured to find the most sure and least burthensome means of supplying the deficiency, and of creating a sinking fund for the debts of Spain. For although the debt of this kingdom were not so great as those of France or England, it yet amounted, at that time, to a very considerable sum. He had recourse to *billets royaux*, a sort of Exchequer Bills.

In the first place, the sovereigns of the Bourbon family inherited from those of the house of Austria, the debts called

* He was Father Joachim Company, the present archbishop of Valencia.

Juros, which, however, bear but a moderate interest. This is a charge to the state of above five millions of livres (208,000*l.*) the payment of which is made from different branches of the revenue.

CHAP. XI.

ANCIENT AND MODERN DEBTS OF SPAIN.—GREMIOS.—BILLETS ROYAUX.—PROJECTS FOR BETTERING THE FINANCES.

PHILIP V. left, as we have observed, debts to the amount of forty-five millions of piastres, or upwards of a hundred and sixty millions of livres tournois (above six millions and a half sterling).

At his death, Ferdinand VI. his son and successor, an equitable and a pious prince, terrified at so enormous a burden, and hesitating between the fear of making the state support it, and the scruple of depriving the creditors of their right, assembled a junto, composed of bishops, ministers, and lawyers, and proposed to them the following question: *Is a king obliged to discharge the debts of his predecessor?* Will it be believed, that it was decided in the negative, under the pretence that the state was a patrimony of which the sovereign had but the temporary use, and that he was answerable for no engagements but his own. This decision, equally contrary to reason, justice and policy, quieted the conscience of the monarch, and legalized in his eyes that which was a real bankruptcy. The payments of the debts of Spain were entirely suspended.

Ferdinand VI. carried his inconsiderate economy still further. His determination had given a mortal blow to the credit of the nation. Wholly employed in making savings, he sufferd every branch of administration to languish; the army, fortresses and colonies were neglected. When Charles III. ascended the throne in 1759, he found in the royal coffers upwards of a hundred and sixty-five millions of livres tournois. The new sovereign, more delicate in his scruples than his predecessor, thought it incumbent on him to repair the fatal omission of Ferdinand VI. In 1761, he

paid six per cent. of the capital due from Philip V. but beginning with his own subjects, who were creditors, he put off foreigners until all the Spanish debts should be discharged. This was treating his subjects as a good father of a family would his children; but it was, perhaps, at the same time destroying all the sources of foreign credit in future. In modern times, when war costs more money than men, when great enterprizes frequently require prodigious sums, what can supply its own wants? Spain continued for five years to pay six per cent. in diminution of her capital debt.

In 1767, the dividend was reduced to four per cent. The following year fifteen millions of livres were distributed among the home creditors; and in 1769, the expences of the state were so increased as to necessitate a suspension of further dividends; an interruption which gave the finishing stroke to the credit of government. Whilst I was for the first time in Spain, people were glad to sell their claims at a loss of eighty per cent. However, there are some opportunities of disposing of them to greater advantage. Foreigners or subjects, treating with government upon any enterprize it meaned to favour, have passed a certain portion of them at par. They are, moreover, received in payment of the *medias annatas;* but, except in these particular cases, the claims upon Philip V. are almost of no value, they bear no interest, and the entire liquidation of them, if ever it should take place, can only be considered as very distant. This is a truth, of which those of my countrymen who have or may have concern with them, cannot be too much convinced. During my abode in Spain, I had sufficient proof of this by several unsuccessful attempts, and was witness to the unfavourable issue of those made by others. A circumstance related to me by persons worthy of credit, will be sufficient to prove what I have asserted. One of the valets de chambre of Louis XV. was a holder of one of these securities, and imagined he might profit by the favour shewn him by the king to obtain an exception. Louis XV. wrote with his own hands to Charles III. requesting he would grant it; but the Spanish monarch answered the king his cousin, whom he had always professed to love with particular tenderness, that he was obliged to refuse his request, least he should give an example which might produce too many similar demands and importunities.

Charles IV. on his accession to the throne was anxious to discharge the debts of Philip V. and Ferdinand VI. with a

view to pay them off entirely. The plan was drawn out, and the arrangements made, but the necessities of the state, considerably increased by the enormous expences of the late war, did not permit him to adopt proper measures.

In 1783, government endeavoured with this view to open a loan of a hundred and eighty millions of reals, (about two hundred thousand pounds). One of the conditions of which loan was, that the claims upon Philip V. should be received to the amount of a third of the subscription. This, however, did not raise the value of the claims so much as was expected. At the beginning of the year 1785, it had scarcely produced three millions of livres; and it was soon afterwards closed. Foreigners, who would have been glad to make advantage of their claims, were deterred by the consideration that they must risk a capital double the sum of that they wished to recover.

The Spanish nation itself is, in general, suspicious, and does not resemble those which the spirit of stock-jobbing keeps in a continual fermentation. It prefers a moderate gain to the hazardous speculations so eagerly adopted in some other countries; and is more than any other nation attached to its ancient habits and customs. For a long time past, far from being tempted by foreign speculations, it had confined its confidence to the company of merchants at Madrid, known by the name of *Gremios*,* of which we have already had occasion to speak. The treasure of the Gremios is a kind of public bank, in which individuals may place their money at the moderate interest of two and a half and three per cent.

The foundation of the confidence it inspires, is the constant support which government has given the Gremios, and the regularity with which they have always paid the interest of the capital in their hands; and although they may have hazarded speculations beyond their ability, and government is continually in advance to them, nothing hitherto has shaken their credit. They hold, as we have observed, the farm of the entering duties at Madrid, and that of the *escusado:* they are concerned in the principal manufactories in the kingdom, and formerly had the victualling the army by commission. The government, which has frequently had

* This word in the Spanish signifies an incorporated company, of merchants or others.

recourse to them in cases of necessity, has long considered their bank as the chief pillar of the state.

Administration, however, has lately perceived that it could do without them. Necessity even made this a law.

At the beginning of the American war, the state, already fatigued by the efforts it had made in the expedition to South America, no longer having at hand the extraordinary resources required for the maintenance of its forces by sea and land in both the hemispheres, and deprived of the periodical treasures brought from Spanish America, to enliven the commerce and industry of Europe, which it was unwilling to expose to be seized by the English privateers that already infested all the seas, thought it necessary to make use of a resource, until then unthought of in Spain, to support the expensive war it was about to undertake. Government made application to some French merchants established at Madrid, negociated by their means a loan of nine millions of single piastres (about thirty-four millions of livres), and issued paper to the amount of the same sum.

This was divided into sixteen thousand five hundred bills of six hundred piastres each, at an interest of four per cent. Those who with imaginary infallibility decide peremptorily on the operations of government, blamed the court of Madrid, because it had not taken the method, simple in their opinion, of supporting the value of its paper, by establishing a bank, to which the holders of the bills should have gone and discounted them at par. They did not consider, that for this a deposit of money was necessary, and that the creation of paper was a proof government had none.

The court was blamed, perhaps with more apparent reason, for having negociated the loan upon disadvantageous terms, which betraying its embarrassment could not but diminish public confidence. In fact, the bankers who by their credit realized the loan, asked ten per cent. commission, and obtained it. But in such negociations the lender calculates his risks, and the borrower his necessities; hence arises the law which one imposes and the other receives; and high demands on one side and facility of compliance on the other are equally excusable.

However this may be, as soon as the negociation, of the motives and securities of which the public were really or feignedly ignorant, was made known, the alarm became

general as well in Spain as in foreign nations. All exclaimed against a measure which, said they, the most extreme distress could scarcely excuse; a measure sometimes taken to discharge pressing debts, but never to contract new ones. Foreign bankers, who had advanced their money, said they were taken by surprize, and intimated deception; as if the Spanish government, whose probity and wisdom is equally undeniable, could have conceived the rash and foolish project of reimbursing them in paper, or the ridiculous hope of giving this paper a value out of Spain. It lost not a moment in removing their fears, and proving to them by real reimbursements, how little foundation there had been for alarm.

Nevertheless the bills circulated in Spain. At first the temptation of a greater interest than that commonly paid for ordinary subscriptions was not sufficient to give them credit. The law which obliged them to be taken in payment in all dealings as ready money, admitted them on the other hand into all the royal treasuries at their real value: but law has no power over opinion. The bills were a long time received with repugnance. Every person took as few of them as possible, and was careful not to miss the first opportunity of passing them again. Sometimes they were passed at a loss of twenty per cent. This critical situation of government was a new triumph for the *gremios*. The credit they enjoyed was increased by the diffidence with which the bills were received. Their bank seemed an asylum to which people resorted to lodge in security the money they thought exposed to danger in the hands of government.

The Spanish ministry braved the storm with that serenity which a measure innocent in itself, but opposed by circumstances, inspires; and as state necessities increased with the progress of the war, new bills to the amount of five millions of piastres were issued in the month of February, 1781; in short, the following year others were issued to the amount of fourteen millions seven hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred piastres. The administration was therefore burthened with a debt of nearly a hundred and eighty millions of livres, (four millions and a half sterling) without reckoning other less ostensible obligations, which might make the whole debt about two hundred millions, (eight millions and one-third sterling).

At the time the first bills were issued, Charles III. engaged to withdraw a part of them annually from circulation. But a matter of greater urgency required the attention of

the Spanish sovereign. At the beginning of the war, he had overburdened his people by an augmentation of a tax on some of the principal necessaries of life, and which could not but fall still more immediately upon the lower ranks. At the return of peace, one of his first cares was to alleviate this burden.

And it was not until the month of June, 1785, that Spain withdrew bills to the amount of a million two hundred thousand piastres; leaving a debt of about one hundred and three millions of livres, which at four per cent. interest makes a diminution of almost four millions in her revenues.

A few weeks afterwards other paper was issued; but this must not be confounded with that which the war had made necessary. The last bills had no other object than the continuation of the canal of Arragon. They were circulated in Spain to the amount of twelve millions of livres (five hundred thousand pounds) bearing the same interest as the royal bills. A part of this species of loan was to serve to reimburse that of six millions of florins, which the undertakers of the canal had made in Holland at three and a half per cent. A mortgage was given upon the profits of the canal, which succeeds too well to leave the lenders the least uneasiness about their subscriptions; nor can it be considered as a charge to the state.

With respect to the real paper money, its stability has at length been sufficiently evinced. The apprehensions occasioned by it subsided by degrees, and at the end of the year 1786, the royal bills were at par, and were sought after and negotiated to advantage.

The war which broke out in 1793, made a new circulation of paper money necessary. The royal bills at the times of the greatest exigency, never lost above 25 or 30 per cent: and at the return of peace in 1796, these bills lost only from ten to twelve per cent. in the frontiers, and from six to eight in the capitol. But afterwards when war with England was expected, they lost in value, eighteen per cent., and it was easily forseen that in such a case their loss would be great indeed, and in fact in the year 1801 these bills decreased in value as much as 75 per cent. But after the signature of the preliminaries with England, they rapidly got up again, and in the month of March 1802, they lost at Cadiz only 20 per cent.; and the following month they were bought at Amsterdam at only 15 per cent. loss.

There is in Spain an immense quantity of funded property, known under the name of memorias y lofradias; the first are such endowments as are made in the churches by the oblation of saying masses for the salvation of the founder. The lofradias are such as the religious have dedicated to the particular worship of the images of the holy Virgin, and the saints. For too long a time the application of these two species of property had been considered as sacred. Under a less enlightened and less enterprising government they would have remained untouched; and if the Spanish nation had been as generally and as blindly superstitious as it has been thought, it would not have been attempted with impunity. Such was however the measure taken about four years ago, and of which since the month of November 1800, the happy effects have been experienced.

In 1781, a national bank was established, which has scarcely any thing in common, except its name, with the banks of other states of Europe.

At the commencement of the year 1805, it was decided that the lands and effects of the monasteries should be put up to sale.

CHAP. XII.

BANK OF SAINT CHARLES.—NUMERARY COINS.

THE idea of the national bank was given by a young French banker, M. Cabanus, established at Madrid, who had begun to insinuate himself into the favour of government at the time the first bills were issued. M. Cabanus has a vigorous and firm mind, united with talents which he had cultivated in secret until the time when he made them known. The favour of the minister would not have been sufficient to enable him successfully to struggle against the numerous obstacles he had to encounter. The manner in which he triumphed over them is a greater eulogium on him than any thing I can say in his praise, and has sufficiently revenged him for all the slanders of his enemies. Embarked in a dangerous project, in which a thousand prejudices concurred to prevent his succeeding, he has at once acquired an immense fortune and great honour. Without pretending to

appreciate either the merit, utility, or stability of his operations, it must be allowed that nothing but partiality can attribute to chance alone such brilliant and continued success, in despite of such powerful opposition.

1781, after having profoundly considered the resources of Spain, the causes by which they had been obstructed, and the means of giving them activity, he digested the plan of a national bank, and presented it to the minister.

His principal object was to employ a large sum of money, either in the bank or placed at a very moderate interest. The first means he proposed was to establish a capital, which should discount at four per cent. per annum, all bills of exchange drawn upon Madrid, as well from the other parts of Spain as from the rest of Europe. This resource was moderate; Madrid is not properly a commercial city. The wool Spain sends abroad is the principal article paid for in that metropolis, and this alone would not have furnished a very advantageous employment for the capital of the new bank.

He required that the profits of the *realgiro*, a particular species of bank, from which the court takes the money it has occasion to send abroad, either for the payment of ambassadors, envoys, consuls, &c. or for other purposes, should be given to the national bank. This was but a weak resource for the public bank; the *realgiro* pays not more than two or three millions of livres annually.

But the chief source of profits which M. Cabanus proposed to open to the national bank, was the victualling and furnishing of the navy and army. Contracts for the first had been given to different persons. The second was held by the *Gremios*, and the several leases and contracts with these and the government were upon the point of expiring. The bank therefore might replace the former without giving reason for complaint.

Government was easily induced to favour a plan, which was to distribute among a great number of citizens profits until then confined to a few. The capital of the proposed bank amounted to the sum of three hundred millions of reals, or about seventy-five millions of livres tournois (2,125,000l.) divided into one hundred and fifty thousand shares of two thousand reals each.

Those who had property to purchase shares were not excluded from the profits they might produce. Besides the idle money to which an advantageous opening was about to be given, it was hoped that a great part of that

in the hands of the Gremios at a moderate interest would naturally be removed from their coffers to those of the national bank. The surplus of the grants from cities and communities were also counted upon. These were in the administration of the council of Castile, whence the national bank was to take them, and make such use of them as should be most advantageous to the persons they concerned. In Spain there are magazines of grain in most of the cities, boroughs, and villages.* Their surplus is converted into money. This also was an useless capital, which the bank might employ.

Hence it appears, that great advantages were promised to every class of citizens. It is not therefore astonishing that the minister adopted the project.

In an assembly of members from the chief branches of government in 1781, it was debated, when the bank should have a contract for furnishing the army and navy with stores, &c. would it be proper that government should confide this to its management as a contract, or at a certain commission? The authors of the plan and the ministry were of different opinions on the subject; and it was determined to allow a certain commission, with a clause to convert this into a farm or contract, when the experience of some years should have proved that it would be advantageous to the finances of the king.

It was therefore determined that the national bank, or bank of St. Charles, should be charged with victualling and cloathing the army, and furnishing the navy with the articles above-mentioned, that it should be allowed an interest of four per cent. on account of the advances to be made to government, and a commission of ten per cent.

It was difficult to make a more advantageous bargain for future subscribers, and it was expected that in a little time their number would be considerably increased. The king and royal family first gave the example; this was followed by several rich individuals, who, more from condescension than conviction, were eager to deposit their capitals in the coffers of the bank. There were other monies of which the directors had previously assured themselves. Such were the accumulations of the grants from cities, &c. the surplus of magazines of corn, and certain capitals which, waiting for appropriation, were deposited under the safeguard of public authority.

* There are upwards of five thousand of these in Spain.

This was the first state of the bank. The event answered not to the most probable conjectures. Most people were unmoved by a prospect which seemed of a nature to tempt every one. But few withdrew their money from the bank of the Gremios; who were only obliged to raise the interest they paid to three and a half per cent. The new establishment had some partizans, but these appeared suspicious. Its antagonists, armed with the pretence of public good, forcibly declaimed against it; they kept up a mistrust which anterior events had prepared, and gained many over to their opinion.

The enemies to the new bank were, in the first place, all those who without previous examination are equally so to every novelty; others whose calculations were deranged by it, and those especially who from jealousy or natural prejudices looked with an evil eye upon a young foreigner, well received and supported by the ministry, and taking the advantage of a transient credit to overturn a nation which, said they, might find amongst its citizens men who understand its interests much better. The parallel already drawn between the creation of paper credit and the system of the famous law was then recollected.

The project in France was that of an ambitious stranger, who had given a mortal blow to the credit of the kingdom, by endeavouring to render it flourishing. In Spain it was that of a stranger also, who pretended to animate public credit and commerce, and aspired to seduce the nation, by tempting it with a chimerical profit. Each had given the idea of a bank; therefore the resemblance was perfect. Thus the greater part of men judge, deceived by the most trifling similarity between two objects.

The assertion which personal interest, or sentiments still more odious, had advanced, was adopted, propagated, and commented upon by credulity and ignorance. It was repeatedly said that the bank of St. Charles had presented to the public a plan of operation illusive in its nature, or at least totally incompatible with the true interests of the nation, and which, instead of favouring the liberty of commerce, as had been artfully pretended, must be prejudicial to that, as well as to agriculture and industry, by swallowing up the money which might have been more usefully employed in their encouragement, than in naturalizing, in Spain, an evil until then unknown; the class of useless annuitants who should live in opulence and idleness on the labours of their fellow-citizens; and that after

having held up to public hatred all exclusive privileges, it had solicited for itself the most odious of monopolies.

What furnished a pretext for the last accusation, was a grant which the bank of St. Charles obtained soon after its establishment, for the exclusive exportation of piastres. This Spanish money is employed in a great measure to pay the balance of accounts due from Spain to the other nations of Europe. About thirty millions of them are annually struck in Spanish America. Part of these remain in the country; some are carried out of it in the smuggling trade; two or three millions are shipped on board the *Nao*, or galleon, from Acapulco; and the rest come to Europe, to pay for merchandize sent thence to America. During a long time the mother country had not shipped commodities to her colonies to the amount of even ten millions of piastres, and the balance then owing to foreigners was calculated at fifteen millions.

It was absolutely necessary to pay this balance on account of the necessity of discharging debts to preserve credit. In less enlightened times, the Spanish ministry had conceived the idea of turning the unavoidable exportation of piastres to advantage: to increase the revenue of the state, such exportation was subjected to a duty of three per cent. which, in 1768, was augmented to four per cent. and although the ministers are now convinced that it is only an additional tax on their own traders, to whom foreigners sell their goods four per cent. dearer, the state of Spanish finances, and, perhaps, the remains of an attachment to old prejudices, have not yet permitted them to take it off. The consequence is, that the duty is sufficiently high to give temptation to evade it: and even those who are appointed to collect it, favour the clandestine conveyance of piastres out of the kingdom. The whole surplus quits the colonies, but the royal treasure is deprived of a part of its revenues.

In this state of affairs, the bank wished for the exclusive privilege of exporting all the piastres necessary to discharge the balance due from Spain, and represented, that should this be granted, two advantages would result from it to the state; that of preventing the value of money from being increased, which must be the necessary consequence of multiplied negociations; and that of diminishing the fraudulent exportation of piastres, by an extraordinary diligence, which could not be expected from the agents of government.

It was therefore ordered, that in future the bank should possess the exclusive right of exporting piastres; that to prevent them from being fraudulently withdrawn out of the country, they should all pass by the way of Bayonne, except in a few particular cases, in which government should reserve to itself a conveyance through other channels; and also that those who should have money to send into foreign countries, should be obliged to take bills for it from the bank.

This grant, which had the form of an exclusive privilege, excited new clamours, among those whose personal interest was concerned.

Ministry were deaf to all suspicions and objections, and the bank was put in possession of its privilege in the month of November 1783. The first use made of it proved very advantageous to the subscribers. The war, as we have observed, had retarded the arrival of the treasures from America, and the return of peace brought with it a prodigious quantity of piastres. The bank, which had taken the strictest precautions to prevent their being fraudulently conveyed out of the kingdom, exported upwards of twenty millions in 1784.

The year following the sums exported amounted to nearly twenty-two millions, and as Europe impatiently waited the arrival of these periodical succours, the bank could not but sell to advantage a merchandize which is the price of those which Europe furnishes to Spanish America, which the latter country only produces, and which so many were anxious to possess, so that all concerned seemed to gain by the change. The bank, to which the most advantageous preceding years had not produced six millions and a half of reals for the duty of four per cent. upon the exportation of piastres, received from it in 1784 upwards of fifteen millions, and from sixteen to seventeen millions in 1785, and this one article produced a profit of twelve millions of reals to be divided among the subscribers.

In the mean time the expiration of the contracts with government for the victualling of the army and navy had put the bank in possession of these principal sources of its revenue. Its dividends were therefore increased. That of 1784, the first it made, was nine and a half, also a profit of forty-seven livres ten sols (3s. 7d.) upon each share which had been bought at its primitive value of five hundred livres (12l. 16s.) or two thousand reals. The triumph of the bank was then complete, and its enemies, at least those in Spain,

suffered their spleen to evaporate in silence. As men in all countries ever pass from one extreme to another, invective was soon changed into enthusiastic panegyric.

The bank took advantage of this revolution, to increase, at different times, the shares which it had yet to dispose of*, and thus to enable itself to increase future dividends. The fermentation reached such foreign kingdoms as were then habitually addicted to stock-jobbing. In a little time the shares of the bank rose in France, Geneva and other places to eight thousand reals, or two thousand livres; and the Spaniards having less faith or more foresight than foreigners, were not wanting to encourage and gratify this inconsiderate ardor.

It was, however, but momentary, although it lasted long enough to produce pernicious revolutions in several fortunes. Some persons, influenced by a patriotic zeal, took upon them to abate its violence. In France, a writer, known by his eloquence, but still more so by a strength of mind which induces him to speak, without reserve, such truths as he believes useful, undertook to instruct his countrymen.

The motive was laudable, but not so the execution of the work. With the energy natural to him, this author repeated and commented upon all the detractors of the bank had said, at the time of its establishment, not forgetting the abuse that had been thrown on him by whom the plan had been projected. He asserted that the bank of St. Charles could not under any point of view be considered as proper for Spain; and that it had departed from the simple and useful operations to which its founder had declared it was to be confined: that it must sooner or later lose the favour of government; that it became more and more odious to the commercial world by the monopoly it exercised; and that the subscribers could have no real confidence either in its duration or stability.

Hence he concluded, that great commercial nations had reason to fear least their subjects, who had great capitals, should embark too much of their property in the bank of St. Charles, because they had need of all their aid to lighten

* They were first raised fifteen per cent. upon their primitive value of two thousands reals, and six thousand two hundred and eighty were sold at two thousand three hundred reals. Soon afterwards the eagerness of foreigners increased them to two thousand five hundred reals, or six hundred and twenty-five livres, and upwards of fifteen thousand shares were sold at this price. These two augmentations produced to the subscribers a profit of twenty-two millions of reals.

the burden of their own debts; that they were not in a situation to lend great sums to foreigners, especially when it appeared that the loan must be perpetual; and finally, that individuals who exposed their fortunes in so harzardous an enterprize, acted like bad citizens as members of society, and like madmen as fathers of families.

The court of Madrid, leaving time and reason to contradict these assertions, which tended greatly to diminish the public confidence in an institution to which it had given its sanction, took the founder's part, and the council of Castile in June 1785, passed a decree, which proscribed the publication, and thereby proved that the period announced by its author was yet at a distance.

But this proscription prevented not the work from having its effect. The enthusiasm of stock-jobbers was abated, and since that time has not recovered its former ardour. It is not the interest even of the bank that it should again return. A great part of the shares of the bank first sold in foreign countries have returned to Spain. The bank itself took advantage of their reduced price, which fell to two thousand two hundred and forty reals, or five hundred and sixty livres, to buy in about twenty-five thousand, which it proposes to keep, the deduction of which will increase the future dividends in the same sum for the rest of the co-proprietors.

The part the bank has taken in the operations of the new Philippine company, is another circumstance which must have an influence upon the produce of its shares. M. Cabanus induced it, in 1785, to add to the funds of the company the sum of twenty-one millions of reals, deducted from the dividend of 1784: this gave to each share an interest of one hundred and forty reals, or thirty-five livres, in the property of the Philippine company. Whatever may be the issue of this new institution, the association cannot be prejudicial to the bank.

The public opinion seemed at length to be decided on the subject, and the bank of St. Charles (as it is called), after withstanding every kind of opposition, appeared now to be permanently established.

The Spanish government is far from that versatility which might cause it to abandon an institution, the plan of which it had brought to maturity, and which has some incontestible advantages, both for itself and a great part of its subjects. But let us suppose the worst to happen, that yielding to the representations of commercial people and renouncing the

surplus of the profit which the treasury receives from the exportation of piastres since it is confined to one company, it should determine to leave the exportation free as it was before: let us suppose also, that for the love of public good, it should accept the offers made to furnish the army and navy upon better terms than those of the bank; what would be the result? The bank reduced to the slender profits of discount, and the *realgiro*, would indeed be obliged to cease its operations; but as according to its constitution it cannot change the course of its funds; as the sum which it has placed in the hands of the Philippine company was not taken from the bank capital, but from its profits, there is every reason to presume that the capital would remain untouched and be employed to reimburse all the proprietors of shares. Therefore these are only exposed to one risk, that of government's seizing the capital in a moment of distress. But were this apprehension well-founded, there would be nothing sacred on earth; policy in defect of virtue must serve the proprietors as a safe-guard; and it is not from the Spanish government that they ought to fear a measure which would be equally treacherous and imprudent, especially at a time when it is seriously engaged in repairing the wounds given to its credit in preceding reigns, and in taking advantage of it to second the general inclination of the kingdom to engage in useful enterprizes.

It will here be proper to speak of its capital in money, not as a banker, that is not in my power, but as a traveller, who wishes to give some idea to his readers of every thing relative to a country in which he has resided for a considerable time.

It seems, at first sight, that it must be easy to know what money circulates in Spain. She possesses all the metals which she uses in her mint. These, when converted into coin, cannot be brought from America without paying a duty. On entering Spain the money pays another, and a third is required upon sending it thence to a foreign kingdom. It should therefore seem, that the custom-house books would give a clear idea of the coin in Spain. But a great part of the money struck in the Indies passes clandestinely from America to Europe; foreign merchants also fraudulently receive a part of the value of the merchandize they have sent, although the whole be found on board Spanish vessels returning from America; and as frequent revisions of coin are neglected to be made, there are not data sufficient to arrive at certainty with respect to the quantity of money which

usually circulates in the kingdom. It is therefore from loose calculation only, and upon the evidence of some well-informed merchants, that I have estimated it at eighty millions of double piastres, about four hundred millions of livres tournois (above sixteen millions and a half sterling). It will, perhaps, be thought extraordinary that Spain, which is in possession of most of the gold and silver mines in the world, and annually coins thirty millions of piastres, should be reduced to so moderate a sum of circulating money, especially when it is recollected that in the reign of Charles V. it contained almost all the gold and silver in Europe; and, what is still more valuable, possessed in the productions of its soil and industry, the means of subsisting without the aid of any other nation.

In less than a century that kingdom has fallen from this state of splendor. To what is so rapid and total a revolution to be attributed? To the abundance of the precious metals which have increased the price of commodities, and the wages of workmen; to the decline of manufactures, which was the consequence; to the depopulation, caused by the numerous emigrations to America; the great destruction of men, occasioned by long wars at a distance from the frontiers; and the expulsion of the Moors and Jews. It may also be more particularly attributed to the ruinous wars undertaken by Philip II. against the Low Countries, and which from the year 1567, to the truce in 1612, cost upwards of two hundred millions of piastres. If however Spain could be at peace for some years, and if the government would but second the marked disposition of the modern Spaniards, to encourage and support every undertaking of general utility, it would no longer see great part of its coin transported all over Europe, to pay the industrious foreigner, and to receive the stamp of other nations.

The first coin, as well gold as silver, which was struck in Spanish America, was irregular in its shape as much as in its impression, which on one side was a cross, and on the other the arms of Spain. Some of it is still in circulation.

The impression varied until the year 1772, when a new coinage took place, in which the head of the sovereign was struck on one side, and on the other the arms of Spain round an escutcheon.

The quadruple or ounce of gold, called in Spain the *doblon de a ocho*, which when exchange is at par, is worth eighty livres French (3l. 6s. 8d.)

The half *doblon de a ocho*, value forty livres.

The doblon of gold, worth half the preceding piece.

The half doblon of gold.

The little gold crown or *durito*, which in 1779 was the value of half the demi-doblon, but at present is worth one twentieth more, and consequently about five livres five sols (4s. 4½d.)

The silver coin consists of the great piastre, worth about twenty reals, a quarter of the doblon of gold, that is a hundred sols, (4s. 2d.) when exchange is at par.

The half piastre worth about ten reals.

The *pezeta colunaria* or little piece of five reals, which is coined in America only, and bears on one side two pillars and on the other two globes crowned.

The common *pezeta* of four reals, worth about twenty sols (10d).

Since the year 1785 almost all these assemblies have been in a state of disorder. Lerena, who became at that epoch minister of finance, began by shewing his prejudice against its author, M. Cabanus, maliciously created difficulties to the old directors and removed them from their situations, placing their enemies in their room. He took from them the contracts for supplying the troops and the navy, of the terms of which there were still three years unexpired, while the profits should have remunerated them for the unavoidable losses they had suffered in the preceding years; he farther gave the direction of those departments to the Gremios, who had waited impatiently for such an event; so much apparent mismanagement threw such a discredit on the transactions of the bank, that towards the end of the year 1791 its prosperity rapidly declined.

The animosity of Lerena did not stop here, jealous of the credit and success of M. Cabanus, whom he looked upon as a dangerous rival, he perplexed him with so many malicious contrivances, as compelled him in 1790 to give up his place of perpetual director of the bank. This was not all, for a short time afterward he made a pretext of an insignificant letter written by Cabanus to one of his correspondents to have him arrested. This detention continued above five years; and the minister Lerena, as capable of nourishing hatred, as of inspiring it, carried with him to the grave the malignant satisfaction of leaving his enemy in a prison.

The successor of Lerena, M. de Gardoqui, had the justice to repair the injury, but whether from want of interest, or from delay, which however gave rise to many misinterpretations of his conduct, he was not very expeditious in fulfilling the

duty imposed on him, the cause of M. Cabanus was protracted by all those irksome forms too common in Spain, and which secret malevolence finds means to make still more tedious. At length, however, in the course of the year 1795, he obtained justice and complete triumph over his enemies. He was most honourably acquitted of every thing laid to his charge, restored to all the places which he had before held, and authorized to prosecute his claim for the losses he had sustained in his property by his long confinement, at the expence of the successors to the property of his persecutor.

Notwithstanding this appearance of prosperity, M. Cabanus, after the year 1796 had still to suffer great vicissitude. He had been honoured with the title of compte: and in a short time he regained almost the same influence as formerly in the direction of the bank. In connecting himself with the Prince of Peace, he recovered part of his interest: and this minister was in some measure influenced by his advice in taking into the ministry Don Francisco Saavedra, and Don Gaspar Jovellanos.

The compte de Cabanus was then employed in some confidential missions abroad. On his return to Spain, he was thought a proper person to send as ambassador to France, and was ready to appear in this new character, when it was suggested to the executive power, that being born a Frenchman he could not be the representative of a foreign power in his native country, and accordingly his appointment was withdrawn.

Such was the affront Cabanus experienced, and the misfortune was imputed to him as a fault: for from that time his favour declined, and was succeeded by a sort of disgrace.

After travelling sometime Cabanus returned to Spain; his enemies had profited by his absence, and he soon found that a philosophic retirement was his only resource. He therefore settled a few leagues from Madrid in the country, where for some years he employed himself in agriculture, and other similar pursuits; but even here his tranquillity was disturbed, and he was again obliged to cross the Pyrenées; at the end of the year 1804, he had a temporary residence at Toulouse.

The bank, which Cabanus had established, experienced many vicissitudes: at first it was entirely independent of the government, fifteen years afterwards it was totally under the direction of the state, the prosperity of it suffered from

the change, and during the war with France its credit rapidly declined. Nevertheless, with the exception of one of the last years, it constantly paid a dividend of six, five and a half, five, or at least four and a half per cent. which is almost incredible, considering the vast diminution of its profits, which at last only proceeded from the privilege of issuing out dollars.

Thus the celebrated bank of St. Charles justified neither the pompous promises of the founders, nor the sinister predictions of its enemies; and it must be allowed, that all circumstances considered, it has been more productive of advantage than inconvenience to the country.

This subject leads us to say something of the quantity of circulating specie, and coins of Spain.

It is not easy to calculate the quantity of specie which circulates in Spain. That country has under its controul the mines of every metal that is converted into money; these metal coins are not suffered to go out of America without paying a duty, and they pay a second one on their entrance into Spain. But of all this money coined in the Spanish colonies, a considerable quantity goes from thence contraband into the different countries of Europe.

A new coinage is seldom made in Spain, which encreases the difficulty of ascertaining the quantity of coin in circulation.

Musquiz, who had had the direction of the finances, acknowledged, a short time before his death, in my presence, before several Spaniards who were better informed on the subject than himself, that he could not even guess at the quantity, and it was after the discussion which took place on the occasion, that I learnt that the circulation was about eighty millions of double piastres, (above sixteen millions and a half sterling).

The half *pezeta* of two reals and a half.

The quarter *pezeta*, coined also in the Indies, exclusively.

The *realito* or real of vellon, worth about five sols (2½d.)

The copper coins are, the *double quarto*, four of which make a real. The double quarto is worth about one sol three deniers (1¼d.)

The *quarto*, which is half the preceding piece.

The *ochavo*, half of the *quarto*.

The *maravedi*, which is the smallest money that exists. Thirty-four maravedis make a real. Few of them are found

even in Spain, and I imagine none have lately been coined.

Most of the gold coins are struck in America. The silver coin from the mints there bears for its distinguishing marks, on one side the crown of Spain between the two pillars, and on the other the head of the sovereign crowned with a wreath of laurel, to signify that the kings of Spain were the conquerors of America.

There are mints at Peru, Santa Fé and Mexico. The greater number of the piastres which come to Europe are coined in the latter. There are but three mints in Spain, those of Madrid, Seville and Segovia: the latter coins copper money only. Besides these, there are as in France and England ideal monies, or monies of exchange, which are,

The *simple pistole* or the *doblon*, worth about four simple piastres or fifteen livres (12s. 6d.) exchange at par. It is according to this ideal money that exchange is regulated between France and Spain.

The simple piastre or *peso*, which is called *peso sencillo* to distinguish it from the *peso fuerte*, great piastre, is worth 15 reals or about 3 livres 15 sols (3s. 1½d.)

The ducat, worth eleven reals. This is the money in which the salaries of places under government are paid.

I shall not mention other kinds of ideal money, which are not known except in the provinces.

For three centuries past the court of Spain has been careful not to change the standard of its money. It was no doubt aware that infidelities or even variations of this kind must create uncertainty and distrust in the operations of commerce, which draws from the Spanish possessions the greatest part of the money necessary to settle its balances.

Nevertheless in 1737, the court of Madrid having observed that the great piastre had only a value proportioned to the difference which then existed between the gold and silver coin increased it to twenty reals; the equilibrium intended to be established between these two metals being again destroyed, the value of gold was no longer in proportion to its abundance. There was two great an advantage in exporting it in preference to silver. If Spain had not applied a remedy she would in the end have been wholly deprived of that metal.

Government therefore thought proper in 1779 to add a sixteenth to the imaginary value of the gold coin, without

changing the weight or standard. By this operation, the the *quadruple* or *doblon de a ocho,* which before was worth but fifteen great piastres was increased to sixteen, and all the other gold pieces in proportion. Nations which possess precious metals give laws to others, with respect to the standard of their money, and those who do not follow them must sooner or later be the victims of their obstinacy. This just observation, constantly confirmed by experience, has recently determined our ministry to increase the value of gold.

There is in Spain a sovereign court which regulates and decides affairs relative to the coin, under the title of *real junta de commercio, moneda, minas,* &c. because its jurisdiction extends to whatever relates to commerce, the mines, and some other objects.

This junta is composed of several members of the council of finances, one from that of Castile, and two from that of the Indies.

This court or junto is as independent in other respects as the other sovereign councils of the monarchy.

CHAP. XIII.

COUNCIL OF WAR.—MILITARY RANK.—DUC DE CRILLON.—INFANTRY, METHODS OF RECRUITING.—MILITIAS.—CAVALRY.—SCARCITY OF GOOD HORSES.—ARTILLERY.—MILITARY EDUCATION.—COMPTE O'REILLY.—MILITARY REWARDS.

THE council of war is at once a tribunal and a permanent administration; the king, commonly consults it relative to the regulations of his troops. Until the reign of Philip V. this council appointed to the superior military offices. Under the present family, the throne inherited the prerogative of conferring military rank from the council of war. The king names to all military employments, upon the presentation of the inspector. The inspectors elude on many occasions the interposition of the council of war; but for the sake of form, military measures taken without its concurrence, receive its sanction.

The chief functions of the council of war are to adminis-

ter justice to those, who in a civil or military capacity, bring their causes before that tribunal. It is divided into two chambers, or *salas*, the *Sala de Govierno* and the *Sala de Justicia*. The former is especially employed in matters of administration. It is for the most part composed of military men, and has for counsellors the most antient captains of the body guards, and the oldest of the two colonels of the guards.

The *Sala de Justicia* is confined to litigations, but judges not finally. If the parties be dissatisfied with its decision, they may require the other chamber to be joined to it to examine the cause anew.

All the causes of strangers are carried by appeal to the council of war; and foreign nations who have intercourse and connexions with Spain derive great advantages from this tribunal, the equity of which is rarely prevented by national prejudices.

The highest military rank in Spain is that of *captain general*; which is equal to that of marshal of France, and not incompatible with it; since these honours were united in the person of marshal Berwick. This preferment is not easily obtained in Spain; it was confined in 1785 to two persons in the army, the count de Aranda and the duke de Crillon.

At the end of the year 1795, there were as many as ten who held this rank, three of whom had been recently created; they were soon after reduced to nine, by the death of the brave conqueror of Mahon.

Posterity has already began to sound his praise, his family will long remember the goodness of his heart, his friends will still speak of the many amiable qualities which endeared him to society, and history will celebrate him in such as the following terms: Crillon deserved the epithet which ever preceded his name; he was not only brave, on such and such a day, but always, he had great experience, more perhaps of the real dangers of war, than of the military art; he was active and indefatigable; by his humanity and prepossessing manners he was at times more than affable, and he well knew the art of conciliating the affection of the soldiers; his example dictated to them at once both courage and cheerfulness. He was eminently successful in the taking of one fortress which had been always thought to be impregnable, and proved another to be really so by failing in the most resolute and well planned attempts. If he was sometimes the sport of the passions of those about him, and

perhaps of his own also, he nevertheless possessed that constancy of mind, that tenacity, which removed difficulties and often triumphed over every obstacle.

Next to the captains general, rank the lieutenants general,* field marshals,† and brigadiers,‡ and three classes of general officers.

The Spanish infantry was composed of forty-four regiments of two battalions each, without including those of the Spanish and Walloon guards, each containing four thousand two hundred men in six battalions. Of these forty-four regiments thirty-five are Spanish, two Italian, three Flemish, and four Swiss, but several changes have taken place.

These eighty-eight battalions, each of which should contain six hundred and eighty-four men, would make the Spanish infantry amount to about sixty thousand men were they complete, but this is far from being the case; and I have frequently heard it asserted, though that perhaps is exaggeration, that Spain would find a difficulty to bring into the field thirty thousand effective men, in Europe.

The means of recruiting are very confined. The Spanish nation, brave as it is, has for some time had a dislike to the foot service. Each regiment finds a difficulty in procuring men; the colours are raised in places in which it is supposed most dupes and libertines are assembled, and thus, as in France, the regiment is increased by the disorders of society; and by a happy metamorphosis, those who disturb its repose, are appointed to its defence. The soldiers of our regiments, impelled by their inconstancy, to pass the frontiers, take advantage of the neck of the Pyrenées to go and engage themselves to Spanish recruiters. Foreign regiments in the service of Spain are recruited at the expence of ours in particular; and as the Spaniards are far from that unsatisfied restlessness, which characterises their neighbours, and induces them to wander to every part of the globe; and as besides, the French army is much more considerable than that of Spain, all the inconvenience of the proximity of the respective garrisons is on the side of the French, and the court of Madrid is by no means desirous of concluding with that of Versailles a cartel for reciprocally giving up deserters: it is thought sufficient that each

* These are forty-seven in number at present.
† Of these there are sixty-seven.
‡ Of these there are a hundred and fifty-six.

should agree to restore the arms, horses and baggage of the soldiers which should pass from one service to the other.

Another mode of recruiting the Spanish army is that of the *quintas*, a kind of drawing of militia, which however must be distinguished from that of France, though they are there both in use, one for recruiting the regular troops, the other for the provincial regiments. The ordinance of 1705 enacts, that for the first, lots shall be drawn in each village to chuse one person in five; but then the drawing of the militia shall be suspended. This undoubtedly is the etymology of the word *quintas*. As it always happens, the thing is changed and the word remains. The *quintas* do not at present require so great a number; and as the people have on some recent occasions shewn how odious it was to them, government has recourse to this expedient only in the last extremity*.

Spain has also forty-two regiments of militia distributed in the provinces of the crown of Castile. The regiments are assembled only during one month in the year, in the principal place of which they bear the name; and then the officers and soldiers are paid; the same regulation is observed in time of war, when they replace the regular troops in garrisons. At all other times they are dispersed in their villages and follow their respective occupations. The regiments, which all consist of one single battalion of seven hundred and twenty men, must always be complete. As soon as a soldier of the militia dies, deserts, or is discharged, lots are drawn in the village whence he was taken, to replace him.

The regiments of militia have a particular inspector. Their colonels are chosen from among the most distinguished gentry of the district; and their authority is very extensive over the men. They have the power of inflicting punishments, and there is no appeal from their sentences, but to the king, through the medium of the council of war. Few states in Europe have a better regulated body of militia.

The Spanish soldiers in general have long been justly renowned throughout Europe, for their firm and persevering courage, and the resolution with which they support labour, fatigue, and hunger. Those of our countrymen who saw

* It was dispensed with during the American war, and was only had recourse to twice during that with France.

them at Minorca and before Gibraltar, can determine whether or not they have degenerated.

I have, however, frequently heard the Spaniards say their troops were not so well commanded as they ought to be. I know not how far the censure is well founded. I have been honoured with the acqaintance of many Spanish officers of rank, as well as subalterns; and they generally appeared to me to be actuated by the true spirit of their profession. Those who derogate from it seem at least to do themselves justice by concealing the defect.

During the last war Spain proved that she was capable of making great augmentation in the army establishment.

A short time before this war broke out, a new form had been given to the Spanish infantry, each regiment was to consist of three battalions one of which were garrison troops, and from which the deficiencies of the other two were to be supplied; the recruits also were to be drilled by these garrison troops.

The two first battalions ought to consist of five companies of 77 men, one of grenadiers, and one of chasseurs, their complement was 700 men in each, on the peace establishment, and 800 in the war. At the time I was in Spain in 1792, this new regulation was but in its infancy, and then there were but two regiments of three battalions; most of these regiments on the breaking of the war had not more than from 1000 to 1100 men. In many they could hardly muster 800 in the first battalion, without almost entirely reducing the two others. The battalions which were successively sent to the frontiers were therefore composed of four companies of fuzileers of 160 men each, and one of grenadiers of 120. Total 760.

Each company in the Spanish regiments had in the peace establishments, a captain, whose pay was 700 reals per month; a first lieutenant who had 400 reals; a second lieutenant 320, and a sub-lieutenant 250. In regiments of foreigners there were two sub-lieutenants.

Each soldier had eleven quartos per diem (about 6s. 10½d.) out of which there were stoppages of two quartos for linen, shoes and stockings, seven for victuals, and two to supply the other necessaries. These soldiers are new clothed once in thirty months, and have a pair of shoes once in fifteen months, with two pair of stockings and two shirts.

It is well known that all these supplies were encreased in times of war.

If the two first battalions of 44 regiments had been comlete, Spain would have had an army of 70,000 men; but it fell far short of this, at the beginning of the year 1792. At the time of the war breaking out they endeavoured to complete an establishment by every possible means, and raised twelve more regiments. Thus in adding to the 70,000 men the 22,800 of the twelve new regiments, the 30,000 provincial militia and the 8,400 Spanish guards, Spain should have had bearing arms above 132,000 infantry. But besides that most of these regiments could not be considered fit for actual service, there is a great deduction to be made for those formiug the garrison of Madrid, the posts in the interior, and those on the coasts. Thus the army which Spain had in actual service during the last war never amounted to more than eighty thousand foot soldiers, not including twenty thousand peasantry, who in the campaign of 1795 were armed and incorporated with the regular troops.

Besides these regiments of the line, Spain has also twelve battalions of light troops, the last two formed in 1802.

In the first place, although Spain has taken a part in all the wars of this century, it may still be said, that since those of Italy terminated in 1748, her troops have made no real campaigns. The Spaniards themselves dare not give this name to the short war with Portugal, in which they encountered but few obstacles and little danger. The expeditions to Algiers and Buenos Ayres were soon ended; they called into action only a part of the army, and afforded but few opportunities for the display either of courage or of experience. Add to this, that the Spanish officers have not the same means of forming themselves with the French. Most of their garrisons are solitary and ill provided, without resource either for destruction or innocent pleasures; the officers have not the privilege of the *sémestres**, and but seldom obtain leave of absence to regulate their private affairs. This is undoubtedly a means of making excellent officers of those who are thus in a situation uninterruptedly to perform the duties of their profession. But these, in all countries, are but few in number; and in general this unvaried and insipid life in the end absorbs the faculties and destroys activity, or diverts the mind to improper objects. It has besides the inconvenience of rendering the

* Leave of absence for six months every year, or every second year, in France.

service less desirable, and keeping from it those to whom a smaller fortune or a liberal education offers other resources. The Spanish army has lately however undergone an advantageous revolution in this respect. The different military schools furnish it with persons of distinguished abilities. A martial spirit has been awakened in the nobility of the first distinction; who embrace the profession of arms, which in them is a greater merit than in ours.

What we have said of the infantry may also be applied to the cavalry. After numerous establishments, the following is its actual state; there are 12 regiments of cavalry of 5 squadrons each, 6 regiments of chasseurs, and 6 of hussars, also of 5 squadrons each, without reckoning one brigade of royal carbineers; each squadron of these should consist of a hundred horse in time of peace, and a hundred and eighty in time of war. If these were complete, the cavalry of Spain would amount to about 11,500 horse.

Spain has of late seemed to be seriously occupied in the improvement of the cavalry. Until within these few years these regiments were far from having their complement of men; and of the number which they had, eighty were without horses.

The result is, that the cavalry is less agreeable than it otherwise would be to the Spaniards, because the new recruits remain three or four years on foot, waiting for their turn to have spare horses. Notwithstanding these defects, the Spanish cavalry may be reckoned amongst the finest in Europe.

The cavalry is not easily mounted in Spain as might be supposed, from the great celebrity of the Spanish horses. It is generally said the breed is degenerated, and it is certain that fine horses are become more rare. This is attributed to the little care that has been taken to cross the breed, and particularly to the too great number of studs of mules bred from the finest mares in the kingdom. The indefatigable ardor of these animals has given them the preference to horses both with the court and individuals. As the studs of Spain do not produce a sufficient number of mules, the deficiency is supplied by a lesser species from some of the French provinces. Andalusia is the only province where the beautiful Spanish horses are still to be found, and even there they have declined in strength.

Nature, which has so liberally bestowed on Spain all the necessaries and luxuries of life, and has scarcely refused that kingdom any of the enjoyments that peace permits to be

tasted, has been equally lavish in bestowing all the maerials of which war composes the means of destruction ; she has given iron in abundance, copper, lead, and saltpetre, and we shall see that this country need not be indebted to any other to supply its artillery with these destructive treasures.

It was in 1710 that the artillery took the form which it kept, till in the year 1803 it was entirely reorganized by the prince of peace.

Until that time it was entirely collected into one single regiment, which consisted of five battalions, which recently has been encreased to six, without reckoning the company of cadets which were raised at Segovia.

This regiment had 304 officers, and the commandant general of artillery was colonel, and who also acted as inspector of the corps. At present all the Spanish artillery is divided between sixteen departments, six of them have their head quarters in Europe (namely Barcelona, Carthagena, Seville, la Corogne and the Canaries, and the other ten in America.

The count de Lacy, a nobleman of Irish extraction, filled the place of commandant general till his death in 1792, when the command of this corps was given to the count de Colemera, ci-devant Don Martin Alvarez, who had had the command part of the time of the blockade of Gibraltar. When he resigned he was succeeded by Don Joseph de Urrutia.

The count de Gazola, predecessor of the count de Lacy, recalled from Naples by Charles the third when he ascended the throne of Spain, had begun to make improvements in the artillery, which had been neglected under Ferdinand VI. Charles wishing to introduce a reform into his arsenals, requested the count to send him a founder. M. Maritz was chosen by the ministry, and made several great alterations in the Spanish founderies.

He adopted the method of casting the cannon solid, and boring them afterwards. Envy created him many difficulties, and some unsuccessful efforts seemed to justify the malevolence with which he was received ; for many of the cannon cast in this new manner, were found defective. He was unpardonably culpable in casting a great quantity of Mexican copper, without first assuring himself that the metal was sufficiently solid. Most of these cannon failed in the proof, and the clamour against him became general His own courage, and the protection of the monarch, supported him under the storm ; and he continued to

employ his best endeavours in the service of a country to which he had been called, though he despaired of ever being useful to it. At length he quitted Spain, leaving behind him his method and his principles, with all the precautions and improvements he had been taught by experience. At present, even his enemies acknowledge that he has rendered real services to the Spanish artillery.

The manner in which it was directed in the late war, particularly at the siege of Mahon, proved that this part at least of the military art is as well understood in Spain as elsewhere. Every thing necessary for arsenal stores may be found in the Spanish dominions. Spain has several lead-mines, but they are not all in a proper state to be worked. The principal one is that of Linarez, in the kingdom of Jaen. It produces much more than is sold in Spain for the king's account; and without much effort this kingdom might export a thousand tons per annum, though the other mines, in their present state, produce no more than four hundred tons.

There are several copper mines also in Spain. That of Rio-Tinto is the most productive; it supplies a part of the artillery. But the copper of the Spanish Indies is also laid under contribution. That of Mexico and Peru is refined and manufactured in the two royal founderies of Barcelona and Seville. The cannon cast there have two-thirds of Mexican copper to one of that of Peru.

Biscay and the Pyrenées furnish the iron necessary for the Spanish artillery. The cannon of this metal are cast at Lierganes and Cavada. The cast iron came from the forges of Euqui and Muga; in the heat of conquest these two establishments were destroyed by the French army.

Since the peace, Spain has established new forges in places farther removed from the frontiers, and a manufactory for fire-arms at Oviedo. Fuzils are also manufactured at Placentia and Ripoll. Lastly, a manufacture of sword-blades was established at Toledo, which promises to revive the ancient reputation of the blades of that city.

Spain is one of the richest countries in Europe in saltpetre. La Mancha and Arragon had the reputation of furnishing this article of an excellent quality.

A French Company had undertaken the preparation of it, and for this purpose sent M. Salvador Dampierre to Spain. This agent, although he wanted not talents, failed in his undertaking. He had made, on a piece of ground near

Madrid, some unsuccessful experiments, by which government wisely profited. The ground in question is found to contain salt-petre of a quality superior to that of La Mancha and Arragon; in consequence of which a manufacture was begun there in 1779, which was intrusted to the management of Don Rosendo Parayuelo, one of the commissioners general of rents. In 1785 it was one of the most interesting establishments of the capital. Within two years it employed four thousand men to carry earth, and boil and purify the salt-petre; which after two boilings is fit for making powder. The first boiling requires eight or ten days, but a few hours are sufficient for the second. Water is conveyed in abundance to this manufacture by subterraneous pipes. Wood has never been wanting since the director has given this opening to that which the inhabitants of the hills of Guadarrama did not before even give themselves the trouble of cutting.

The earth which produces the salt-petre recovers itself with surprising promptitude. The *caput mortuum* is brought to the environs of the manufacture; and sometimes in less than a month the influence of the air, impregnated with nitre, renders it fit for a second operation. It has been remarked, that after the wind has blown from a certain point, the neighbouring soil becomes whitened, as if snow had fallen upon it.

The salt-petre is sent to thè powder-mills in the kingdoms of Valencia, Murcia, and Granada, the employment of which has been considerably increased since the establishment of the manufacture at Madrid. The proprietors engaged annually to furnish government with eleven thousand quintals of its produce. During the war with America, they exceeded their engagement. The manufacturer, however, could not supply the enormous consumption of powder at the camp of St. Roch: and although thirty thousand quintals were sent thither when the attack was to be made on Gibraltar, it was thought necessary to hasten the arrival of more from Genoa, France and Holland. But at present the manufacture of Madrid supplies all the wants of Spain, and will soon render gunpowder a considerable article of exportation.

Hitherto the quality of this new powder is incontestibly good; it carries twice as far as common powder; for which reason, Charles III. and the infants, made use of no other in shooting; and the king of Naples receives a small quan-

tity of it by his couriers, who every week set off from Madrid.

Spanish America will soon be independent of the mother-country, with respect to this precious yet pernicious commodity, which alternately serves for the pleasures and destruction of mankind. The minister of the Indies, Galvas, ordered three manufactures of salt-petre to be established there, at Lima, Mexico, and Santa Fé. He sent to America, for the improvement of these manufactures, the same Salvador Dampierre who failed in his attempts in Europe. The fidelity of the Spanish colonies, and the importance of them to the parent country merited that these means of defence should be more within their reach. May the genius of Spain prevent their attempting a less innocent use of them.

The corps of engineers was established in the year 1711. It consists of ten directors, ten colonels, twenty lieutenant-colonels, thirty captains, forty lieutenants, and forty second lieutenants; in all, one hundred and fifty officers. The care of the fortifications is not sufficient to employ even this small number of persons, and they are indifferently employed in military operations, and in those which in France exclusively belong to the engineers of bridges and causeways. There is one commander for each of these works; and he who presides over the works of civil architecture and hydraulics, nevertheless retains his rank in the army, although he cannot properly be considered as a military man. General Urratia filled this place till the year 1803, at which time he died. He presided over the three military schools established at Barcelona, Cadiz, and Zamora for the instruction of engineers, and those who are destined for that profession.

The general officers have, as I have already observed, an uniform very much resembling that of a French general. The colonels, lieutenant-colonels, and majors, wear no epaulettes. The former have three narrow gold or silver laces upon the cuff, the lieutenant-colonels two, and the majors only one. The captains wear two epaulettes; the lieutenants, one upon the right shoulder; the second lieutenants, one upon the left. All officers who are not at least field-marshals are obliged continually to wear their uniform.

The colour of the infantry uniform is white, except that of the Spanish guards and walloons, who are clothed in blue. The uniforms of the cavalry are indiscriminately blue, red, green, or yellow. The artillery, engineers, and the Swiss regiments have their uniforms blue. The denomination of

each regiment is worn on the button, and they are generally named from the city or the province. The Swiss regiments alone are called by the names of their colonels.

According to some late regulations, no person can become an officer without having been a cadet.

There has been, during the last twenty years, a military school, which was founded by Count O'Reilly, whose talents in the formation of an establishment of the kind were such as to ensure its prosperity.

Born in Ireland, of Catholic parents, he entered very young in the service of Spain, and was engaged in Italy in a part of the war of the Austrian succession; it was there that he received a wound which rendered him a cripple for the rest of his life. In 1757 he served under Marshal de Lacy until 1759, when he joined the French army; he obtained the particular notice of the Marshal de Broglio, who, when he returned to Spain, recommended him to the King; he afterwards made the campaign of Portugal, where he distinguished himself. At the peace O'Reilly was created field-marshal, and named commander *en second* at the Havannah, from whence he went to Louisiana, where the colonies had resisted the Spanish yoke. The means which he took to bring them again under subjection occasioned him to be loaded with maledictions. During a long career, O'Reilly went through all the gradations of favour and disgrace. The affection of Charles III. for him, was for a long time ineffectual against the public opinion.

Few men have inspired a like degree of applause and hatred with O'Reilly for his conduct at Louisiana, where his name will long be recollected with execration, although it would not be difficult for an impartial mind to acquit him of the enormities with which he was charged. His unfortunate attempt against Algiers in 1774, classed him amongst the worst of men, and the worst of generals, and yet he was neither one nor the other. Skilful, of great powers of insinuation, naturally active, though a cripple, understanding extremely well the theory of his art, he had the manner of making himself necessary in several situations. After having suffered with some dignity in a sort of exile, he was nominated commander general of Andalusia, and effected the removal of the military school, the favorite child of his imagination, from Avila to Port Saint Marie, near Cadiz, the place of his residence, he displayed in this employ real talents for the affairs of government; he was not beloved, but he concealed his despotic character under such an engaging

exterior, that he seemed to be obeyed more from a devotion to his service than from fear; and he was much regretted when the implacable Lerena, who had had some severe altercations with him when he was intendant of Andalusia, banished him into Galicia. O'Reilly thought that he might appear again at court on the accession of Charles IV. to the throne, but was rejected with a circumstance sufficiently mortifying, and which his own noble mind ought to have avoided, he was sent back into the kingdom of Valentia. Ever active and indefatigable, he sought to make himself useful, at least in proposing plans, and giving advice when the war broke out with France. The command of the army in Catalonia was confided to General Ricardos, his friend and countryman, and who, like him, was not much in favour with the new court, notwithstanding his loyalty and talents. Ricardos dying after some successes, which justified the choice of him for the command, O'Reilly was named to supply his place. This unexpected triumph was the last; he was on his march to take the command of the army when he died, just in time for interest and glory. The most striking reverses attended his successor, the Count de la Union; young, yet brave, full of ardour, but without experience. O'Reilly himself probably would not have escaped them, but he was no more, and his loss was regretted; he had survived the military school, the establishment he had founded, and which, after having supplied the Spanish infantry with distinguished talent, declined during his last exile.

The School of Cadets, or Real Seminario de Noble, founded at Madrid in 1727, could not supply its place. The education there was too severe, particularly since 1799, when it underwent a new organization. This seminary was open to but few families, for although richly endowed, each scholar pays a pension of a hundred louis. They must be all of noble extraction, and the sons of officers are preferred to others. The number of all these pupils does not exceed one hundred.

The kings of Spain have no more forgotten the declining years of their military men than their youth. There is a corps of invalids in Spain, as well for officers as soldiers; but the forty-six companies, of which it is composed, are distributed at Madrid, and in the provinces, where they perform an easy duty. Those incapable of all service form another corps of twenty-six companies, divided between Seville, Valencia, Luga, and Toro. Both these corps are under the inspector of the infantry.

In Spain there is no order of knighthood particularly destined to the reward of officers. Charles III. however, imposed on himself a law to confer on none but these the four military orders; yet, without excluding them from that he has himself founded. But these favours absolutely depend upon his pleasure, and not upon the length of the service. There are besides other means of rewarding the old servants of the crown; the king bestows on them pensions or employments analogous to their profession; his beneficence also extends to their widows.

In 1761, he established a fund, from which they receive pensions according to the rank of their husbands. Eighteen thousand reals a year are paid to those of captains-general, twelve thousand to those of lieutenants-general, and in proportion to the widows of petty officers. This fund consists of a grant of six thousand doblons, about ninety thousand livres (3750l.) anterior to its establishment; a contribution of twenty per cent. upon what the king receives from the spoils of bishops, and from the revenues of vacant bishopricks; a deduction of eight maravedis for each crown upon all the pensions enjoyed by the subjects of the king; half of the first year's pay of all the officers of the army; another deduction of eight maravedis from each crown of their pay; and all the property of officers dying without heirs, or intestate: a truly valuable and beneficial institution, which by insuring a subsistence to the widows of officers, without their standing in need of protection to enforce their claims, has greatly encouraged military men to marry, and has had an influence, even in this respect, upon the other classes of society.

The place of commandant-general of a province is an opening to general officers, but obliges them to almost a perpetual residence; for in Spain, bishops, intendants, governors and commanders reside where they are employed, although the residence of the sovereign and that of the capital have the same temptations for ambition and dissipation as in other countries.

These seats of government, to the number of thirty, are Madrid for New Castille; Zamora for Old Castille; Barcelona for the principality of Catalonia; Valentia for the kingdoms of Valentia and Murcia; Palma for the kingdom of Majorca; Pampeluna for the kingdom of Navarre; Saint Sebastian for the province Guipuscoa; Port St. Mary for Andalusia; Malaga for the coast of Grenada; the Corogne for Galicia; Badajoz for Estramadura; Ceuta for the presidency of Africa; Sainte-Croix de Teneriffe for the Canary Islands.

All the commandants of provinces bear the title of *captain-general*, which however must not be confounded with that of the first military rank. They commonly receive, but from an abuse, the title of viceroy also, which properly belongs to none but the commandant of Navarre, and those of the principal provinces of Spanish America.

CHAP. XIV.

SPANISH NAVIGATORS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.—NAVAL DEPARTMENTS.—OFFICERS OF THE NAVY.—SEAMEN.—SHIP BUILDING.—NAVAL FORCE.—VICTUALLING.—OF MONS. DE FLORIDA BLANCA.

THE Spanish navy formerly held the first rank in Europe, whether in regard to war or navigation, and that for more than a century. The names of Columbus, Magellan, and Cano will never be forgotten, nor the power which gave encouragement to their illustrious undertakings. Neither can geographers forget those two other navigators, Quiros and Mendana, whose extensive knowledge of other countries has been acknowledged by modern observation. At the same period, the naval service had also its heroes; but they were lost to the country with the Invincible Armada; and under the different reigns of the three Philips scarcely any traces of their former celebrity remained. Charles the Second left his navy, as well as the rest of his monarchy, in the most deplorable state.

The war of the succession restored some degree of transient activity to the sea service, but its able navigators were no more. Under the two last reigns the Spaniards have attempted, not without some success, to revive this part of the glory of their country. I will not speak of Don Jorge Juan and Don Antonio Ulloa, who took part in the expedition of Condamine; the object of which was only astronomical researches. More recently the Spanish navigators have undertaken voyages to make new discoveries, or to become better acquainted with coasts hitherto but little known: the details and result of most of these voyages have been published.

In 1768, a vessel sailed from Monte Video to explore the unfrequented coast which separates the Rio de la Plata from the Straits of Magellan, and from thence to reconnoitre the Falkland Islands, which two years after nearly caused a rupture between Spain and England.

In 1769 and 1770, by order of the Marquis de Croix, at that time Viceroy of Mexico, and under the supreme direction of Don Joseps Galvez, there was sent from San-Blas, a port of Mexico, situated near the twenty-first degree of south latitude, two expeditions at the same time, the one by sea, and the other by land, to visit the port of Monterey, but which the ships had some difficulty to find again, although it had been discovered in 1692, by Vizcayno, who had described its situation and direction very correctly.

About the same epoch other Spanish voyagers, Don Philippe de Gonzalez and Don Antonio de Monte, the first of them commander of the Saint Laurent, of 70 guns, and the last, of the Rosalie, a frigate of 36, sailed from Callao de Lima, on an expedition towards the islands in the South Sea, and discovered the Easter islands; though the merit of the first discovery incontestably belongs to the Dutchman Rogevin, but these navigators were before Cook and Pérouse: and doubtless, supposing they were before that time unknown, took possession of them in the name of the king of Spain, erected crosses on three hills, and gave the island the name of San Carlos.

In 1775, Bucarelli, Viceroy of Mexico, sent from San-Blas two navigators, Don Juan de Ayala, and Don Juan Francisco de la Bodega, to explore the coasts of California as far as the 65th degree; but they could not get beyond the 57th, and returned without having done any thing but reconnoitre some small ports of that coast, such as Los Remedios, De los Dolores, &c. &c.

Don Antonio Maurelle, who since has acquired the name of the Spanish Cooke, was in this voyage the pilot of the vessel commanded by Don Juan de Ayala.

Maurelle has since made some expeditions, which, on account of the difficulties he had to encounter and overcome in them, have given him a title to a share of reputation. Maurelle has since made, on his own account, and notwithstanding the monsoons, the voyage of the Philippines to the east coast of America.

It is well known that Otaheite was visited by the Spaniards before the days of Cook: the discovery neither belongs to the navigators of our days, nor to Commodore Wallis; nor

even to our admiral Bougainville. Spain has always had a right to claim the island of Otaheite, as being the just discoverers of it by their navigator Quiros. We see by the account of the second voyage of Cook, that the Spaniards had left in that place two of their countrymen; but we know little else of their voyage, the account of which is still in manuscript.

There is a more modern account in print, which is that of Don Antonio Cordova, in the years 1785 and 1786, on board the frigate Santa Maria de la Cabeza. The anonymous author of which, seems to be well versed in nautical knowledge.

Very recently an experienced officer of the Spanish navy, M. de Malaspina set sail from Cadiz, on a voyage round the world. His expedition had the same object as that of Pérouse: and like the unfortunate French circumnavigator, was furnished with instruments proper for every sort of observation. On his return to Cadiz, his manuscripts were given to a learned monk, to revise and prepare for the press, when each of them incurred, but why is not known, the displeasure of the sovereign; they were both imprisoned, the work was suspended, and the gratification which the learned of Europe expected, was deferred indefinitely.

In the course of the year 1797, it was hoped that the publication of the voyages of Malaspina would be no longer delayed, but this hope was again disappointed: which makes it to be believed, that the expected narrative was suspended by other causes than those which were at first suspected. M. de Malaspina is at present in Parmesan, his native place, where he lives at peace, far from the storms of the ocean, and far from the tumults of a court, still more formidable.

This is a rough sketch of what has been done in these modern times by the Spaniards, to extend the bounds of navigation.

We will now proceed to consider the state of the navy of Spain, which Charles III. found in an imperfect state, though Ferdinand VI. had less neglected this than other branches of the administration, and though his minister, the marquis de la Ensenada was esteemed its restorer. It is divided into three departments, those of Ferrol, Carthagena and Cadiz.

The first has real inconveniences, on account of the unhealthiness of the climate, and the frequent rains which retard the operations in the port, whence no vessel can sail

but with one particular wind. This department for the north coast of Spain would, perhaps, be better placed at Vigo, the climate of which is very healthy, the soil fertile, and the harbour safe, and spacious; this change has more than once been in contemplation; in case it had taken place, arsenals and magazines must have been established at Vigo, where at present there is not one of either; and the harbour must have been fortified at a very considerable expence, because it is a kind of open road; this, together with its vicinity to Portugal, which has long been considered as the natural enemy of Spain, for no other reason, perhaps, than because it is its nearest neighbour, seemed to appear forbidding circumstances; and such considerations of economy and policy have hitherto prevented the execution of this project.

The department of Carthagena has many advantages over that of Ferrol. The safety of its harbour is known by an old proverb among seamen, who say, there are but three good ports for vessels, the months of June and July, and the harbour of Carthagena. This safety extends to the arsenals and dock yards, which in a narrow place may, if I may so say, *be locked up by a single key*, according to the expression of the Spanish sailors. Carthagena therefore is the port where the greatest number of ships are built, caulked, and careened. The present monarch established, in 1770, a corps of navy engineers, under the direction of M. Gauthier, of whom I shall hereafter speak.

The department of Cadiz is, however, the most important of the three, on account of its favourable situation for the departure of fleets. As I mean to conduct my reader to Cadiz, where I resided some time, I shall refer him to my account of it for the information I have been able to collect relative to its port, dock-yards and arsenals; which will serve as a supplement to what I shall here say of the Spanish navy.

It is governed much in the same manner as was that of France, before the revolution. Instead of vice-admirals there are captains general, who enjoy the same honours as those of the army. At present, 1805, there are but three captains general of the navy, the Bailli de Valdes, who has been minister of this department fourteen years. Don Juan de Langara, and the marquis del Socorro, formerly known by the name of Don Francisco Solano; but above these, there is in the navy as in the army, a privileged person in favour of whom the title of generallissimo of the naval

force has been created. It is easy to divine that this is the Prince of Peace. Immediately after the captains general of the navy, are the lieutenants general. There were but seventeen in the year 1788; in 1796 there were thirty, ten of whom had been made the preceding year, at the close of a war, where opportunities of displaying their talents or courage had been very rare. There are nearly the same number at the present time.

We have been of late years able to appreciate the talents of many of these officers, such as admiral Mazareddo, who, for above a year resided at Paris, charged at once with a mission, political and military, and who is at present commandant-general of the department of Cadiz; Don Francisco Gil de Lemos, whose experience and reputation have lately promoted him to the rank of marine minister; admiral Gravina, who commanded the Spanish squadron, at the time it was anchored in the harbour of Brest, and whom our admirals had so much reason to applaud, in the combined expedition to Saint Domingo, and in which sentiment the auxiliary squadron under his command concurred, and who was afterwards, for too short a time ambassador from his court to Paris; admiral Don Domingo Grandellana, whose zeal and talents promoted him about three years back to be marine minister, but who since resigned, to preside over the works of Ferrol; Don Juan Morero, who, notwithstanding the deplorable accident, which occasioned the loss of two of his ships before Cadiz, acquired of our seamen, who witnessed his courage, as well as his misfortune, the title of the brave, and respectable general; Don Thomas Munos, equally esteemed for his activity, his talents, and his loyalty.

We might also mention several general officers, who in the preceding wars had acquired distinguished reputation. Such as Don Francisco de Borja, captain general of the department of Carthagena; Don Felix de Texada, captain general of the department of Ferrol; Don Gabriel de Aristizabel, known for some expeditions which required both address and intrepidity; Don Antonio Cordova, who, although he has experienced an unmerited reverse of fortune, possesses acknowledged talents, and superior courage.

To these names might be added many less known out of Spain, but not less worthy of celebrity. After the lieutenants general, rank the commodores, who have been more numerous, but at present are reduced to twenty-four. The Spanish navy has an intermediate rank between the com-

modore and the captain, that of brigadier. There were only forty-four of them in 1788, and at the peace, 1795, there were only forty-five, of whom thirty-two were of the war promotion. There are at this time forty-two brigadiers.

The number of captains was in 1788, only forty-four. There are at present eighty-seven.

One rule to which there are but few exceptions is, that to acquire rank in the navy, it is necessary to have passed through the Garde-marine. This corps was established in 1717; it consists of three companies, each containing ninety-two cadets, for whose instruction there is an academy, composed of a director and eight professors.

With these means of obtaining the theory of the difficult and perilous art of navigation, and the facility the vast extent of the Spanish monarchy offers to acquire a practical knowledge in frequent and distant expeditions, malignity might be authorised to judge with severity the officers of the Spanish navy; and we know that even in Spain this was freely done in the course of the late American war.

It is not for me to form an opinion of these decisions, which some events seem to justify; I leave that to our sea officers, who sailed and fought by the side of their allies. Let them declare whether or not such decisions were not frequently dictated by prejudice and injustice.

The war we were involved in with Spain, from the month of April, 1793, until the peace of Basle, in 1795, might occasion reflections much more severe, as the Spanish seamen would be judged by enemies, instead of allies. In fact, if we accept Rose bay, from whence a small squadron, commanded by the brave Gravina, defended with great intrepidity the citadel of that name, and the little fort of Bouton; and if we except also the port of Toulon, which by treachery was opened to the combined squadrons of our enemies, where did the Spanish navy appear with any eclat? Even their own nation exclaimed and blushed at their inactivity. The very seamen themselves partook of these sentiments, and complained that their own ardor was restrained by the extreme circumspection of the commander in chief, a man well calculated to direct a navy in time of peace, but little capable of giving any impulse to activity in time of war. It was also confidently asserted, that at that time there was fortunately for us a misunderstanding between the combined fleets of our enemies, which caused a division between two nations, united by a transient interest, but who not agree concerning either the end or the means.

As soon as this alliance against nature was dissolved, to the great mortification of the one and the great satisfaction of the other, the Spanish navy seemed disposed to make the momentary error of their government be forgotten; and if in the war when they met those as enemies whom they so lately had considered as allies, they did not particularly distinguish themselves, the cause ought to be attributed to circumstances.

We know that a considerable part of the Spanish force conducted to Brest at the desire of our government suffered the same fate as our own, and was for a long time confined there by superior force. But it should not be forgotten that every where, when occasion presented, the Spanish seamen gave sufficient proofs of their firmness and intrepidity.

The English will particularly remember the long and ineffectual blockade of the port of Cadiz; of the reception they experienced at the Canary Isles in the year 1797, and before the port of Ferrol, in the month of August 1800, and above all their expedition against Cadiz in the month of October in the same year; and lastly their attempt on the coast of Algesiras in the month of June 1801, when the glorious efforts of our seamen were so well supported by the foresight and valour of their allies, and we can never forget the manner in which they concurred in our expedition to the Isle of St. Domingo, or how they seconded us in the combined war with England.

The sea officers of Spain are, in regard to rewards for their services, on a par with the officers of the army. Vice-royalties, commands of provinces, or places in Spanish America, are indiscriminately given to officers of the army or navy. But the last have in their maritime expeditions opportunities of making a fortune, which are considered as legal in Spain, and these opportunities are sometimes as profitable that what is called *les graces du roi*, are less necessary to them.

The seamen of the Spanish navy are classed and divided into three departments, according to the register of which there are from 55 to 60,000. But from these must be deducted a fourth part, consisting of such as are unfit for service, though still borne on the books, to entitle them to the privileges attached to classed seamen.

If we may judge by the department of Ferrol, which of twenty thousand classed seamen had at most in the year 1792 but 15,000 fit for service, and even among these

we may still reckon many not much to be depended upon. The Catalans for example, although good seamen, are not well calculated for the service of ships of war. They are besides sullen and ill-tempered, and prefer the service of merchant ships, where they are better used and better paid.

From these premises we may fairly conclude, that the number of seamen which the navy could employ, does not exceed from 36 to 40,000.

In 1790, when Spain was on the eve of a rupture with England, they found difficulty in fitting out 32 ships of the line. However, they had several more fit for service if they could have fitted them out.

We will now consider the progress of the Spanish navy from the beginning of the reign of Charles III.

After the peace which followed the unfortunate war of 1761, Spain had but 37 ships of the line and about 30 frigates.

In 1770 they had 51 ships from 112 guns to 58: 22 frigates and smaller vessels, amounting to 102 ships of war.

In 1774, they had 64 ships of the line, of which 8 were three deckers, 26 frigates, 9 xebecks, 28 other small ships of war. In all 142.

In 1778, Spain had 67 ships of the line, 32 frigates, &c. Total 163; and at the end of the war, though they had experienced some losses, they had nearly the same number.

At the end of the year 1792, when war was declared with France, they reckoned 80 ships of the line, of which 6 were absolutely out of the service, and 14 very little fit for use.

At this epoch Spain had at least 50 ships of war to oppose us. The war with the republic of France was not unfortunate for the Spanish navy. That in which they were soon after involved with the English occasioned them many more and serious losses, to repair which has seriously occupied the Spanish government ever since, by every means in their power. Thus, at the moment when in 1804, England took advantage of their unprovided situation by a declaration of war, at which all Europe exclaimed, they still had 65 ships of the line, some good, and some indifferent, from which number they might have equipped at the least 50 for service, if the calamities which at that time fell at once on

this unfortunate country had not principally affected the seamen.

The fitting out the Spanish ships, vary according to circumstances, although the complement ought to be by right, ten men to a gun, the 74 gun ships have at most but 650. At the end of the year 1792, some of them had but 500; and the scarcity of real seamen, compelled them often to reduce the complement of two deckers to 300 men. But how happens it that in Spain the number of seamen is so little proportioned to the population? It is because the merchant service is the real support of the navy: and that the commerce of Spain being more passive than active, and the interior navigation being reduced to nothing, the merchant service is also of little consideration.

A few years ago the merchant service only consisted of four or five hundred vessels, of which number the shores of Catalonia furnished more than three-fourths, and those of Biscay almost all the rest. Let us compare this account of Spain with England, whose population is inferior by more than three millions, and who had, before the war which was terminated by the peace of Amiens above seven thousand merchant ships; or compare it with Holland, which, although not so populous by two-thirds, has at least 6500. Of late years however, the number of Spanish ships has much encreased, which may be principally ascribed to the free trade with Spanish America.

Spain has also for the service of her ships of war, a marine infantry, composed of twelve battalions, which consisting of a hundred and sixty-eight men each, form a corps of about 12,384 men.

Besides these there is a particular corps of artillery, which ought to consist of 3320 men, divided into 20 brigades; but in 1793, they had but about 1500 for the three departments.

Spain has also a society of pilots, with schools of pilotage.

In the reign of Ferdinand VI. the Spaniards adopted the English principles in building their ships. Don Jorge Juan, one of the most able naval officers as well in theory as practice, had gone to the true source, and afterwards drew to Spain some English ship-builders. When Charles III. came from Naples to take possession of the vacant throne, he found the building of the Spanish ships entrusted to

individuals of a nation which had but too much power in the cabinet of his predecessor, and which at that time was at war with France. In this war he soon took a part, and was a victim to his affection for France. The English took from him the Havannah, and twelve ships of war which were in that port. This check given to the Spanish navy was a new motive with the monarch to put it upon a respectable footing.

He renounced the English manner of building, and asked the court of France for a French ship-builder. The duke of Choiseul sent him M. Gautier, who, although a young man, had already given proofs of great talents in his profession. This stranger was to the navy what M. Maritz had been to the artillery. Spirit of party, national prejudices, and more especially the jealousy of some individuals, created him, as they had done M. Maritz, such difficulties as almost suppressed his zeal. The marquis d'Ossun, then ambassador from France to the court of Madrid, whom his catholic majesty honoured with his favour, supported M. Gautier in his experiments, and enabled him to triumph over his enemies. He began his operations and displayed in them equal activity and intelligence. His first efforts, however, were not followed by all the success which might have been wished.

The form of the vessels of every rate which he constructed enabled them to sail with a velocity until then unknown to the Spaniards; but they were found not to be sufficiently covered in, which made it very difficult to manœuvre them in bad weather. He has since improved his method to such a degree as to leave but little to desire in that respect. A great part of the Spanish vessels employed in the late war were built by M. Gautier; and several of them excited the admiration of both French and English seamen. The Conception, built according to his plan, was judged by intelligent persons of both these nations, to be the finest vessel in Europe.

But while we do justice to the hulls and solidity of the Spanish ships, it must be admitted that all seamen exclaim with reason against their heaviness of sailing. This I have been told was owing to the manner in which they are rigged and stowed: which appears probable, since those taken in 1780 by admiral Rodney from M. de Langara, acquired under the management of the English, a celerity which they were not thought capable of receiving. The Spaniards, who disdain not to learn, even in the school of their enemies,

are endeavouring, if the public prints are to be believed, to improve their ship-building according to the models which the success of war delivered into their hands.

M. Gautier is not the sole author of the change. He has not only formed artists who partake with him of the merit; but Spain has national ship-builders, who, without his aid, have improved their art, and will render his loss less sensible to the Spanish navy.

The displeasure of the minister had for some years condemned M. Gautier to inactivity; and the court of France took this occasion to reclaim from her ally a subject, who seemed to have become useless. The king of Spain restored M. Gautier to his country, continuing to him the salary he enjoyed in the Spanish navy. He laid but one restriction upon this favour, and which does no less honour to the goodness of the monarch than to the talents of M. Gautier: This was that he should again dedicate his talents to the service of Spain, if hereafter need should require them.

The French revolution deprived him of this reward for his services, and Gautier died at Paris in 1800, in a situation that bordered on want. He would have finished his days in ease and prosperity had he remained in Spain, where former services are always remembered and rewarded.

After his return, I have heard him regretted, even by those who had opposed, or were hurt at his success, which proves, that in that nation, truly loyal and generous, justice gets the better of prejudices against foreigners.

My own experience has proved to me that these are exaggerated, or at least that they ought to be more excused. What other nation, in the same circumstances as that of Spain, would not have shewn more of this odious sentiment? Can it be supposed that when Louis XIV. pensioned learned foreigners, when he sought beyond his frontiers, renowned artists or skilful manufacturers, he did not excite against them the hatred of the French, who imagined they had a greater right to his bounty, or that their indignation rose not against the contempt shewn their talents by pensioning foreign industry? The self-love and patience of the Spaniards have, within the last century, been put to much severer proofs. In the retinue of the French prince, who came to receive their crown, there appeared a crowd of foreigners, who filled up all the avenues to the throne; French favourites, French valets de chambres, and French confessors, surrounded the monarch. The princess of

Ursins and the French ambassadors reigned by turns in the cabinet. A Frenchman repaired to Spain to reform their finances*; and French generals were placed at the head of their armies†. Soon afterwards an Italian ecclesiastic‡, invited by the second wife of Philip V. shook the monarchy by the agitation which his turbulent character endeavoured to excite in Europe; nor did his disgrace, the proper punishment of his tumultuous administration, for a long time restore the Spaniards to their former state. A Dutchman§, still more extravagant, gained the favour of the monarch, seized in one year on every dignity and every favour, and soon afterwards escaped loaded with the curses of the people, carrying from Spain nothing but the stigma of a state criminal. Under the succeeding monarch two foreign nations ‖ reigned in the midst of the Spaniards by the side of their throne. An Irish minister¶, raised himself by that intrigue, of which the court was the theatre, but by the easiness of the yoke he imposed, his quality of foreigner was overlooked, and he preserved his influence under the new sovereign, Charles III. who quitted the throne of Naples for that of Spain. One of the Italians **, who accompanied the monarch, soon presided over the department of finances; and a few years afterwards, another Italian minister †† succeeded M. Wall. The discipline of the infantry was reformed by an Irishman ‡‡, whilst two Frenchmen improved §§, one the artillery, the other ‖‖, the building of ships. At London, Stockholm, Paris, Vienna, and Venice, the Spanish sovereign was represented by foreigners ¶¶. Strangers have established manufactures *†, and preside over the

* M. Orry.

† The marshal de Tessé, the duke of Berwick, and the duke of Vendome.

‡ The abbé Alberoni.

§ Ripperda.

‖ The English and the Italians; the former by M. Keen, their ambassador; the latter by the musician, Farinelli.

¶ M. Wall.

** The marquis of Squilace.

†† The marquis of Grimaldi.

‡‡ M. O'Reilly.

§§ M. Maretz.

‖‖ M. Gautier.

¶¶ The prince Masserano, the count de Lacy, the marquis of Grimaldi, before he became minister; the count de Mahoni, the marquis de Squilace after his retreat from the ministry.

*† At Valencia, Barcelona, Talaverna, Madrid, &c.

construction of great roads and canals*, direct sieges†, command armies‡, cause plans of finance to be adopted§, and offer money to government upon the most advantageous terms‖. In commercial places these are still the persons who discourage the Spaniards by their activity and success. At Barcelona, Valencia, Cadiz, Bilboa, and other great trading cities, the richest merchants are foreigners. I have frequently heard the hatred they inspire in Spain declaimed against. I confess, that if any thing has surprised me, it is the ease with which the Spaniards suffer them in their country, and the disposition they have to love them, provided they be not prevented by their haughty manners and insulting pretensions: and should some of the natives look upon them with an eye of envy, and be offended at the concourse of fortunate strangers, whose success of every kind seems incessantly to upbraid Spanish idleness and ignorance, would not this be excusable by that self-love which men in all countries have so much difficulty in conquering, and by that attachment so natural to national glory which may be honoured, if men will, by the fine name of patriotism.

But since the end of the last reign, the Spaniards have exclusively filled most of the places which were occupied by strangers. The influence of the French, the Irish, and above all that of the Italians, which was always repugnant to the Spanish nation, is almost at an end; and if we except the vice-royalty of Mexico, given to the Neapolitan marquis de Branciforte, brother-in-law to the Prince of Peace, and which at the end of two years was taken from him and confided to a Spaniard; the place of grand-master of the queen's household filled by the Neapolitan prince.

Raffadati, who died not long ago; and if we also except the prince de Castel Franco, an Italian on the side of his father, but Flemish by the mother, and who held the rank of a lieutenant-general in the Spanish service, and who had the command of the army against France, and a few other general officers, the Spaniards hold the chief places under the administration.

The three divisions in Europe of the navy of Spain, are

* M. le Maur.

† The same M. le Maur at Mahon; M. d'Arcon at Gibraltar.

‡ The duke de Crillon at Mahon, and at the camp of St. Roche; the prince of Nassau on the floating batteries, &c. &c.

§ M. Cabanus.

‖ The principal French commercial houses established at Madrid.

not the only places where ships of war are built. There are dock-yards at the Havannah ; and a fund of seven hundred thousand piastres was sometime since established to carry on the works.

Spain and her colonies might have supplied all the timber necessary for the navy. In 1785, the ship-builders were of opinion, that with the help only of the colonies in America, Spain might have encreased her navy by 50 ships, and supplied timber to keep those they already had in repair. The following are the resources they still possess in Europe.

Andalusia, which once produced the best white oak, is exhausted. The forests there do not produce sufficient for the repairs in the department of Cadiz, which is obliged to purchase timber in Italy, and sometimes to make use of the cedars of the Havannah.

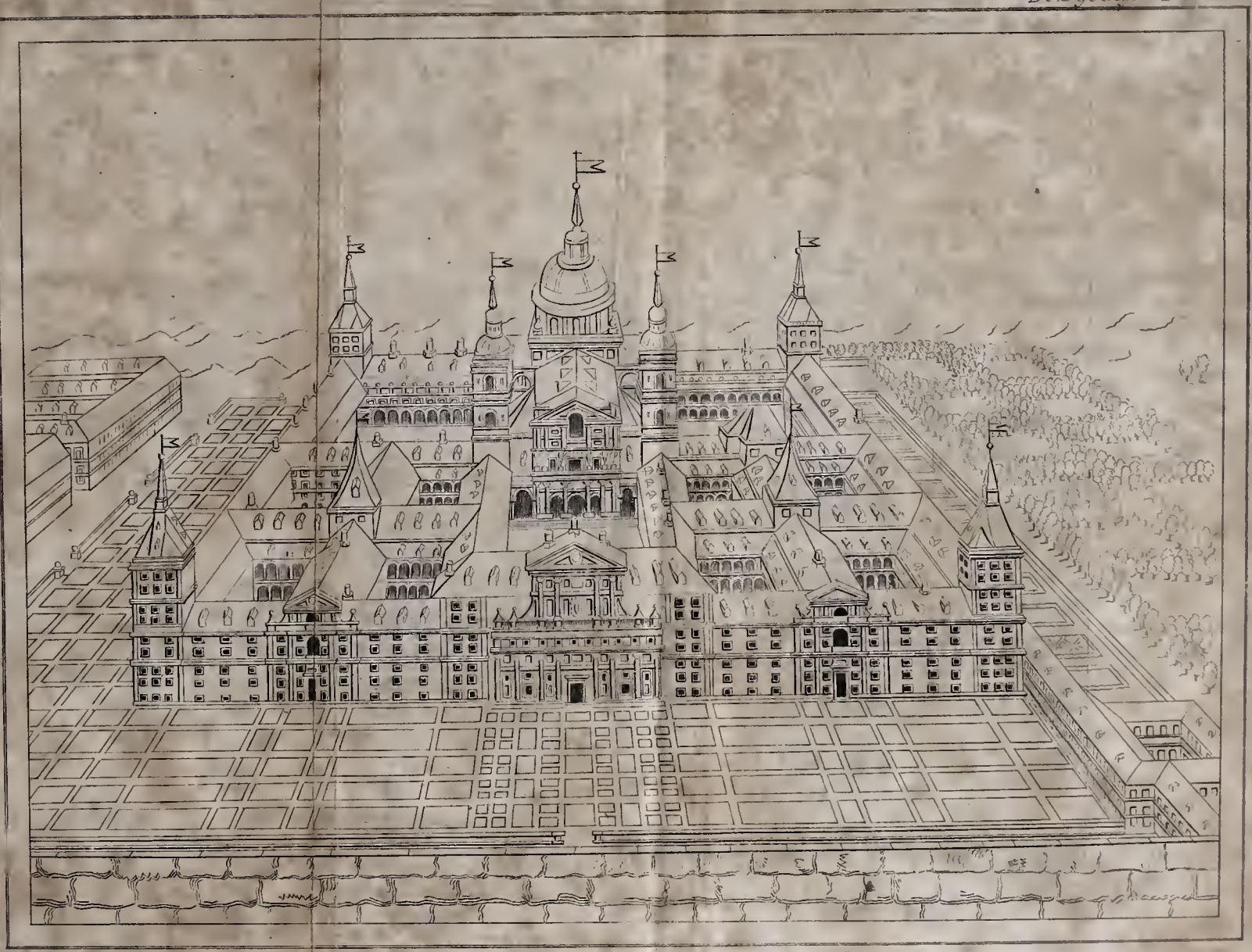
The department of Carthagena has no timber at hand, the nearest white oaks, are in Catalonia.

That of Ferrol is supplied from the mountains of Burgos, Navarre and the Asturias. But the forests of the first of these provinces are very much thinned. The two others are still very woody, but the timber is of inferior quality.

This scarcity of timber is chiefly caused by a measure taken without consideration by the government about the year 1756. Prior to their opening the ports for the transports, they cut down trees for the construction of 122 ships of the line. They could not find conveyance for more than 50, a great part rotted on the spot, the remainder was stolen, yet great resources are to be found in the colonies.

The plain of Cuba contains many cedars, although it has been thought to be exhausted by the quantities drawn from the country adjacent to the coasts. In those of Cumana also, there is timber fit for ship-building, and during the administration of M. le Bailli d'Arriaga, it was in contemplation to apply it to that use. But his death prevented the execution of the plan. How much is that nation to be pitied, where undertakings of such utility depend on the life of one man.

Spain is obliged to depend on the Northern powers, at least for a supply of masts. According to the account which the bank of St. Charles gave in the year 1778, in consequence of its being charged with the furnishing of naval stores, it appears that from the first of December 1784, to the first of December 1785, upwards of eight millions and a half of reals were paid for masts alone, which were brought



PALACE OF THE ESCURIAL.

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from the north. Spain is still obliged to employ Dutch vessels. She will be able to do without them, if the direct commerce she has for some years carried on in the Baltic continues to prosper. She has already begun to establish connexions with Russia for naval stores. In the course of the year 1781, four Russian vessels unloaded their cargoes of hemp, in the department of Ferrol, and took back wools from the neighbouring coasts.

They are still nearer the time of being independent of other powers for the hemp necessary for their navy. For many years they received from the north all they made use of in their navy; but at present the kingdom of Granada furnishes a great quantity, and some is obtained from Navarre and Arragon. At this moment most of the cordage, cables, and sale-cloth used in Spain, are made from hemp grown in the country, and are not on this account of a worse quality, as the officers of the French navy, which during the American war was supplied with them from the Spanish arsenals, may have observed.

The copper from Mexico and Peru is used for the sheathing the Spanish ships. There have been for some years two manufactories at Port Real, near Cadiz, and at Algesiras, where the sheets of copper are prepared.

Spain undoubtedly has still much to do to bring the navy to perfection, but in the last few years a great deal has been done towards a work of such magnitude.

Under Philip V. Spain purchased from the Dutch, vessels ready built, and the cordage necessary for her fleets and galleons; from the French her sail-cloths; copper from the Germans; tin and lead for the service of the artillery from the English: and galleys from the Genoese. She let her timber rot upon the ground, and neglected the cultivation of hemp. Solely intent on the mines of Mexico and Peru, of which the rich contributions only served to impoverish the state, she neglected to work her own mines, which might have contributed to defend it; and thus war became doubly burthensome to the nation. The evil became still greater under the reign of Charles II. but the succeeding monarchs have roused Spain from her fatal stupor. Spain has now at least such a navy as puts her on a level with other maritime powers. In the European wars that country had not for a long time taken any very active part, but the neighbouring states on the Barbary shore, furnished frequent occasions to them from an entire inactivity. However, in these short and obscure wars, there is seldom an

opportunity for the Spanish officers to distinguish themselves. Barcelo, who, from being the master of a vessel attained the highest rank in the navy, is almost the only one who owes his great reputation to similar expeditions.

Among these states there are two that keep in constant service part of the navy and even of the army of Spain, these are Algiers and Morocco.

These powers are not very formidable, particularly their navy, which they have scarcely any means of fitting out, if commercial powers did not supply them with provisions, and other naval stores.

It is ten or twelve years since the naval force of the emperor of Morocco was reduced to 22 or 23 ships of war, the largest of which were only frigates of 22 guns. The land forces however are not to be despised, at least in point of numbers, as every male is a soldier from the age of twelve years. With this undisciplined army, the emperor of Morocco has attempted several times, and always without success, to take Mellilla from the Spaniards; this place is situated at the eastern extremity of Spain.

The Algerines are at present, or at least have been for a long time enemies as inveterate and more formidable. They had about fifteen or sixteen years ago, five ships of from 24 to 34 guns, three xebecks of 10, 18 and 20, four half galleys and three galliots. With this force they annoyed the Spaniards, till in the year 1784, the court of Madrid lost all patience, and having disposed of the war with England, determined to attempt the destruction of this den of pirates. Algiers was bombarded by Admiral Barcelo for eight successive days, near four hundred houses were damaged, but the buildings belonging to the government sustained but little injury. The Spanish squadron consisted of seventy sail, some of which were ships of the line, and six frigates; they lost but one chaloup; but this fruitless expedition cost the Spaniards four hundred soldiers, and fifteen hundred quintals of powder.

The expedition of the following year, also commanded by Admiral Barcelo, was still more fruitless, although three other powers, Portugal, Malta, and Naples, had united against the Algerines with part of their naval force. The whole fleet consisted of 130 sail. The Algerines defended themselves with spirit, and proved to the combined forces of their enemies, that it must be a still greater force to subdue them, and that if the den of robbers deserved the indignation

of all the commercial powers, they were not entirely objects of contempt.

In the interval of these two expeditions the resentment of the Spanish government was a little abated, and gave way to the attempts at negotiation, which the minister, suspicious and jealous of our intercourse with the Algerines, took great care to conduct, without giving France any information on the subject. This negotiation, failed and the second expedition took place.

The Spanish minister was determined to repeat the attempts against the Algerines every year, till impoverished and fatigued, they should be obliged to accommodate matters with Spain. Nevertheless he was dissuaded by the representations of the officers who had conducted the expedition; and negotiations were renewed with Algiers through a count d'Expilly, who was half a Frenchman and half an Austrian: the business was then confided to admiral Mazaredeo, who for that purpose was sent to Algiers. When the party who did not wish for peace saw a stranger on the eve of bringing it to a conclusion, they determined to deprive him of the glory. The Spanish negotiator exceeded the instructions of those by whom he was employed, and his too rapid success had nearly occasioned his disgrace. All these negotiations were not carried on without the knowlege of France, but without consulting her on the subject. The Spaniards persisted in believing that the Algerines had been furnished with supplies by the commerce of Marseilles, and at least suspected that the cabinet of Versailles gave countenance to the ill disposition of the Marseillois toward Spain; however this might be, the gold of that country had more efficacy with the government of Algiers than all its bombs. Florida Blanca, who some months before had said boastingly, and had caused the same thing to be inserted in the court gazette, that "Spain had given a lesson to Europe, in what manner those barbarians should be treated;" "that she had furnished a striking example to the powers, who had the cowardice to continue tributary to them:" this minister pursuing the same system, thought that he had rendered his country a vast service, in purchasing a peace with the government of Algiers, at the price of more than 14,000,000 of reals.

The administration of M. Florida Blanca, which continued fifteen years, was not without some eclat, nor even without success. He was attached to his country, and served it, if not with superior abilities, at least with loyalty

and disinterestedness. The nobleness of his sentiments made amends for the roughness of his character, and the irritability of his disposition, and besides he merited the greatest esteem for the firmness with which he supported an undeserved disgrace. His conduct, however, towards the Algerines, was neither the wisest nor most brilliant part of his administration.

After the peace, concluded in the year 1785, Spain had still some disagreements with the Algerines: convinced at length that the possession of Oran and of Mazalquivir, which were situated on the coast of Algiers, would be a perpetual source of misunderstanding between them, and that the possession of these places was of no real utility, that the situation of them encouraged the desertion of their troops, and that besides these considerations that Oran had recently experienced two misfortunes at once, a siege by the Bey of Mascara, and an earthquake, which had reduced it to a heap of rubbish, Spain towards the end of the year 1791, determined to give up the possession of this place, and that of Mazalquivir, in favour of the Algerine government, reserving only some commercial privileges.

Thus the famous conquest of cardinal Ximenes, returned to the dominion of the Barbarians.

On the 26th of February 1792, 6,500 men, which was nearly the whole of the Spanish population of Oran, evacuated the town, and at Mazalquivir embarked for Carthagena.

Oran could not have been kept without great useless expence. It required at least 4000 men for its defence. There were four entrenchments placed in the amphitheatre which were necessary to guard a reservoir of water, without which it would be impossible to exist at Oran, and which the Moors had several times attempted to cut off. It was wise therefore for Spain to give up the possession of these two places. And it would be as much so, if she was also to give up in the same manner, those places on the coast of Africa, which are equally burthensome and chargeable. At Ceuta, for example, Spain maintains several thousand galley slaves, or convicts, under the name of *presidiarios*. Those who are in chains, naked or covered with rags, and who are occupied in the most laborious employments, amount to the number of four or five thousand. The remainder, who are not so numerous, enjoy a sort of liberty, and seek employment themselves. Both one and the other receive the same pay, which is extremely small: among

these outcasts of the human race, may be found, to the disgrace of humanity and justice, murderers and depraved wretches of every description; these without any distinction are confounded with smugglers, deserters, and other unfortunate beings, who expiate in this contagious society, crimes of less magnitude.

The navy, which led me to this digression, naturally conducts me to the subject of the commerce of Spain, without which that service could not exist. This will be the subject of the following chapter.

CHAP. XV.

OF THE COMMERCE OF SPAIN IN GENERAL.—COMMERCE OF THE INTERIOR.—OF THE COAST, AND WITH EUROPE. REGULATIONS OF THE CORN TRADE.

THE commerce of Spain is perhaps divided into more branches than that of any other power in the world.

At the æra of its greatest splendour, it was impossible for it to be more active. Foreign merchants went into the centre of the kingdom to exchange their merchandize against the productions of the soil and manufactures. But under the successors of Charles V. these advantages vanished, and Spain, during a long time, was confined to a passive commerce. At present, although agriculture and industry be still far from the prosperity to which they tend, had Spain only herself to furnish with the merchandize she wants, that which she sends into neighbouring kingdoms might perhaps balance what she receives from them.

In the first place she possesses all the necessaries of life in abundance. We have spoken of her wools; and when we treat of Valencia, we shall see what resources she derives from her silk. Her brandies, rich wines, fruits, barilla, &c. form, for the eastern and southern coasts, a considerable branch of exportation. She makes all the common wines necessary to the consumption of the kingdom. Agriculture, if more encouraged, would furnish corn sufficient for home consumption, and leave a surplus for exportation.

Notwithstanding the present backward state of the country, some of the provinces, as Andalusia and Old Castile, produce more corn than they can consume; but the difficulty of inland carriage renders this fertility almost useless to the rest of the kingdom, which is sometimes at the merey of foreigners, whilst certain distriets enjoy abundance.

Besides being obliged by the periodical journeyings of the sheep, and the privileges of the *mesta*, extended to the proprietors of permanent flocks, to leave his fields open in all seasons, and that from the day after harvest to that on which he sows them again, they are less his property than that of the public; nor can he depend upon a certain market for the surplus of their productions. Until the reign of Charles III. the exportation of grain had been prohibited almost without interruption, and the price of corn invariably fixed. The inconvenienee of these shackles was at length perceived. M. de Campomanes, at that time fiscal of the council of Castile, had long condemned the measure, but was almost the only person in power who gave himself any coneern about it. At length, aided by the monarch, whom he had persuaded to adopt his opinion, he took off the prohibition.

In 1765, it was established by a royal mandate, that the interior commerce of grain should be absolutely free; that it should be permitted to store it in magazines, but that these should be public; and that to supply pressing necessities, corn should be taken thence at the current price; that a power should be granted to take grain from the magazines, when after three successive markets, it should have continued at a certain price; that corn from abroad might be introduced and stored in magazines within the country as far as six leagues from the sea; but not further, unless that in three successive markets of the neighbouring districts it had not exceeded the price at which it ought to be sold to enable the purchaser to make exportations. The representations from some provinces, and the measures of the council of Castile, occasioned several alterations in this regulation. The exportation of grain was prohibited in 1769; but the regulation of 1765 was wholly re-established by the mandate of the month of February 1783.

These variations must increase the timidity and indolence of cultivators. To encourage them to derive all possible advantages from their lands, a more permanent law would be neeessary, and one especially which should be better

observed. For that which permits exportation is incessantly eluded by the caprice or avarice of the alcaldes and governors of the frontiers; and when nothing is opposed to its application, there are still many formalities to go through, before the exportation can take place. This is therefore rare, and but to a trifling degree in the manner authorized by law. The slow, painful, and expensive manner of carriage in Spain, is an insurmountable obstacle to the smuggling of that quantity of corn from the kingdom which is supposed to leave it illegally.

The small quantity of legal exportations can therefore be attributed to nothing but the continual mediocrity of the harvests; it is certain that Galicia and Asturias frequently receive corn from abroad, although the people there consume a great deal of Turkey wheat; that Biscay takes some from the province of Alava, from Navarre, and Arragon, and sometimes from foreign nations by the way of St. Sebastian; that all the eastern coast of Spain is in continual want of supply, and that the kingdom of Valencia receives it from abroad, when La Mancha, in which corn almost constantly abounds, cannot furnish it with a sufficient quantity; and, lastly, that Andalusia, notwithstanding its fertility, receives grain from other countries by means of its ports of Cadiz and Malaga. The exportation of grain could not be advantageously made, except by the frontiers of Portugal. This kingdom seldom reaps enough for its own consumption, and the neighbouring Spanish provinces might produce it in abundance.

There is no considerable superfluity of corn in any province of Spain, except in Old Castile, and this is sent from St. Ander, and some neighbouring ports in Galicia, Asturia, Andalusia, and even from France; this happened in 1782 and 1783, when the southern provinces of that kingdom were threatened with a dearth. This exportation is not made without great opposition from the rooted prejudices of Old Castile, which however ought not to weigh against experience; since the regulation of 1765 was justified by an increase of almost a third in the produce.

About the same time, a measure was adopted for the encouragement of agriculture, by instituting the *positos*. These are magazines of corn, established in upwards of five thousand cities, towns, and villages in the kingdom, to insure subsistence to the people against all accidents, and to prevent alarms, which in such cases are often equivalent to real evils. When it is intended to establish one of these positos

in any place, the municipal corps (*ayuntamiento*) obliges every inhabitant who has a field, either in fee or at a quit-rent, to contribute thereto a certain number of *fanegues* (a measure of wheat weighing, in some places, ninety pounds) the price of which is about four livres tournois (3d. 4d.) The year following, the inhabitant takes back what he has furnished, and substitutes for it another quantity, something more considerable; and thus in the following years until the whole of the different quantities deposited, which is called *creces*, has sufficiently filled the magazine.

But this period is retarded at the will of avarice, and there are few *positos* in Spain, the management of which does not enrich the administrators at the expence of the poorer classes of the people. However, for several years they have endeavoured to remedy these abuses, and re-establish the *positos* according to their original destination, that they may tend to the encouragement of cultivators, and seem determined, if possible, to apply the exceedings to the assistance of those who may be in want of grain for sowing their lands. These public magazines, which in practice are burthensome to the poor, and but a feeble resource to the rich, must not be confounded with the magazines of corn, established in several places, by the charity of individuals, to furnish poor husbandmen with the means of sowing their lands. Besides these, there are at Valencia and Malaga other beneficent establishments, whose object likewise is the encouragement of agriculture. These are named *erarios*, and consist of funds destined to make advances in money to labourers, for a year only. These funds were taken from the produce of the *spolios y vacantes*.

The permission to export grain, the establishment of the *positos*, and like remedies, will be but feeble palliatives of the evil which still occasions agriculture to languish in Spain, until internal communication shall be facilitated by making the roads passable in all seasons.

The agriculture of Spain was formerly in a much better state, particularly in the time of the Moors. Of this there has lately appeared an unanswerable proof in the publication of the manuscript of an Arabian doctor who lived in the twelfth century, and which had lain buried in the dust of the manuscripts in the Escurial, till the year 1751, and which at length has been translated, and was published in 1802. It appears by this work, which displays a fund of erudition in the author, particularly on the subject of agriculture, that the science was brought to an uncommon

degree of perfection in Spain, and speaks of many useful vegetable productions which were extremely suited to the soil, many of these are almost intirely foreign to the climate in our days; such as the sugar cane and several sorts of rice, which flourishes without any great supply of water; the cotton tree, the pistachio nut, the banana, sesame, &c. &c. without reckoning many other plants, more exclusively appropriated to the taste and manners of the Arabs.

Agriculture might soon be a great source of wealth to Spain if it was more encouraged. Nothing can equal the natural fertility of many of the provinces, where the grain is of a very superior quality. As a proof of this, it has sometimes been known that the corn of Andalusia produced at Seville, almost double the price of that of the northern provinces, as valued in Cadiz.

At present the interior commerce of Spain chiefly consists in wine and oil, which are carried in leathern bottles by mules or asses from one province to another; in grain, which in like manner, by the aid of beasts of burden, is the superfluity of one district transferred to another, to prevent the scarcity to which that other may be exposed; and in wool sent from the sheep-folds and washing-places of Castile to Bilboa, St. Ander, and some other ports of the northern coast. Materials necessary to the manufactures and merchandize, which from the ports or frontiers pass into the interior parts of the kingdom, are transported thither by the same slow and consequently expensive conveyance.

Spain is not much farther advanced in the coasting trade. Excepting the vessels of Catalonia and those of Biscay, the carrying trade along the coast is almost wholly in the hands of the French, Dutch, and English, three nations which have the advantage of being more active, and who know how to navigate their vessels at a less expence, and with fewer hands than the Spaniards. What has hitherto obliged Spain to employ a greater number of sailors, is the state of perpetnal war she is in against the Moors of Barbary, which has besides the inconvenience of diminishing the confidence her flag might inspire. The government is in a fair way to remove this chief obstacle to the prosperity of Spanish navigation in the Mediterranean.

In this point of view particularly it is that Spain acts but a passive part. I shall soon convince my readers of this by taking a view of the coasts. In the first place those of Catalonia are an exception. But few of the reproaches

alleged against the Spaniards are applicable to the Catalonians. When we cross their well cultivated province, and see it full of manufactures of various kinds, we find it difficult to believe it belongs to Spain. The port of Barcelona exports its silks, middling cloths, and cotonnades, its wines, brandies, and other productions; and if we wish to judge of the part the Catalonians take in this commerce, it must be observed that in 1782, of six hundred and twenty-eight vessels which entered Barcelona, three hundred and seventeen belonged to Spain. It is true that silks from Lyons, stockings from Nimes, several kinds of stuffs and cottons, notwithstanding the prohibition, and particularly dried cod, an article for which Spain is yet tributary to the English in the sum of three millions of piastres, pass into Catalonia by the same port.

It is a remarkable singularity in the history of commerce, that a protestant nation should furnish a catholic kingdom with an article which that nation only can prepare according to the taste of the consumers, by fetching from their own coasts the salt necessary to cure the fish taken upon the banks of Newfoundland, an island discovered by the Spaniards, and where they long exercised the right of fishery; and as if this species of servitude were irrevocably decreed by fate, all the attempts hitherto made to substitute fish taken on the coasts of Biscay and Asturias, resembling English cod, have been ineffectual, and have proved that laws, policy, and even interest, disappear before the caprices of taste.

The other ports of Catalonia are much in the same situation as that of Barcelona. Tarragona, and the neighbouring ports receive, in addition, some articles of necessity, and export dry fruits. Tortosa exports or imports wheat, according as the harvests of Arragon and Catalonia are good or bad; but the principal article of exportation from this port is pot-ash.

A considerable commerce is also carried on in the ports upon the coast of Valencia, and which is chiefly in favour of France. The French send to Valencia linens, woollens, hardware, spiceries, and grain, to almost as great an amount as the wines, wool, dried fruits, pot-ash, and barilla, which they take from thence. They go to Gandia in search of the wool used by the manufacturers of Languedoc and Elbeuf, and carry with them French cloths, silks, linens, hardware, and cocoa. The English also carry thither their cloths; and the Dutch export thence the brandies of the

country, to transport them to the coasts of Normandy and Bretagne.

The commerce of Alicant is less disadvantageous to Spanish navigators. Of nine hundred and sixty-one vessels, which arrived in this port in 1782, six hundred were Spanish, the greatest part Catalonian. French linens, those of Switzerland and Silesia, French camblets and some woollens, are brought thither, and the return is in dried fruit, wool, barilla, &c. The port of Alicant is the mart for almost all the merchandize from the ports of the Mediterranean, which are destined for the consumption of Spain.

Alicant suffered considerably from the last war with the English. This port has not since been much frequented but by neutral vessels. Among the articles exported by this city, is a species of cochineal, called grana, which is used for the same purposes as the cochineal of America, although it is in some respects inferior. These coloured insects are gathered on the oak trees which abound in the environs of Bussots, a few leagues from Alicant.

The salt which bears the name of this city, is not properly a production of the place, but is formed by two ponds which are very near each other, and without any communication with the sea; these are called *la Mata*, and *Torre vecchia*, and are about half way between Alicant and Carthagena. The evaporation caused by a burning sun, covers the surface of these ponds with a sort of scum which is collected in the month of August in a dry season, but hasty rains sometimes occasion the failure of this produce.

The ponds of la Mata, and Torre-vecchia, are two inexhaustible sources of salt, which might supply all Europe with that commodity. Their produce, which is annually from twenty to forty millions of pounds weight, is carried to Alicant, from whence it is fetched by the northern nations, and particularly by the English and the Swedes, who export of it annually about three hundred thousand barrels of three hundred pounds each.

The wines of Alicant are of many sorts, but they are chiefly consumed in Spain.

Almost all the wines which bear the name of Alicant, are the produce of the environs of that city. The vineyards begin half a league from the walls, in the canton of Alicant, called Huerta de Alicant, which owe their astonishing fertility to a pond in the vicinity, which supplies these vineyards with water. This pond, which belongs to the king, is surrounded by a wall sixty feet in height, and sufficiently

broad for three carriages to go on it abreast. This is one of the relics of the Moors who have left throughout Spain many traces of their industry.

To Carthagena, the English, Dutch, and Neapolitans carry merchandize of all kinds, and return loaded with silk, wool, pot-ash and barilla.

Almeria is a small port, the principal commerce of which is in the hands of the French, whose ships carry thither the productions of their manufactures, and return loaded with lead, pot-ash, &c.

Wine and fruits are exported from Velez, Malaga, and Marbella.

Malaga has a very considerable commerce, the advantage of which is entirely in favour of Spain, but almost without any to its navigation; of eight hundred and forty-two vessels which arrived at this port in 1782, from almost every commercial nation, scarcely a hundred were Spanish, even reckoning the ships of war which anchored there. The English, who are in possession of the greatest part of the trade, carry thither woollens and great quantities of small ware; the Dutch carry spice, cutlery ware, laces, ribbons, thread, &c. These nations, those of the north, and Italy, export to the amount of two millions and a half of piastres in wines, fruits, sumach, pickled anchovies, oil, &c. and all they carry thither amounts only to about a million and a half. The balance would be still more advantageous for Malaga, if the silk and wool of the kingdom of Granada were exported from this port; but these are employed in the country where they are produced.

Cadiz, the commerce of which I shall not here mention, because I shall speak of it at some length in another place, is a striking proof of the inactivity of Spanish navigation. A thousand and thirty-three vessels arrived there in 1782, of which but fifty belonged to Spain. The neighbouring little ports of St. Lucar and St. Mary, in like manner, afford but little employment for the vessels of the nation.

If we pass from the coasts of Andalusia to the northern coast of Spain, we shall find the French, English and Dutch in possession of the trade from Vigo, Ferrol, and particularly from Corunna, and which mostly consists in importation; for the pilchards, cattle, and common linens, the only articles Galicia has to export, serve to pay the balance due to the neighbouring provinces.

Corunna owes to the reign of Charles III. a feeble commerce of exportation, which it has to America by the packet-

boats, of which one sails every month for Vera Cruz, and passes by the Canaries, Porto-Rico, and Cuba. Another sails every two months for Cumana and Carthagena in the Indies; and a third, also every two months, for Monte-Video. By these means, correspondence is preserved with the interior of the Spanish colonies, which also have thus a periodical communication with the metropolis. The conveyance of packets and passengers to the different parts of Spanish America is the principal object of this regulation; but it occasionally furnishes the means of exportation to the productions of Galicia. They employ about eight thousand sailors, and enliven the circumjacent countries.

The number of packet boats employed when the war broke out in the year 1779, were eighteen. Several of them fell into the hands of the enemy. The same thing happened during the following wars, which made the communications between Spain and her colonies extremely difficult.

At present there is at Corunna, for the convenience of this periodical correspondence, five merchant ships, one of 890 tons, and four of 120; three brigantines, and one corvette. There are also four vessels from 80 to 100 tons, and at Porto Rico there are two schooners.

But to return to the commerce, and the coasts of Spain.

Upon the coast of Asturias there are eighteen ports, scarcely known to have a name, the trade of which is almost exclusively in the hands of the Dutch. A little before the late war the English and French, who had been driven from them by preceding wars, appeared there again with linens, woollens, and small ware. Some vessels from the country however sail to France and England in search of what is necessary to supply the wants of the province; and since the establishment of a free commerce with America, the trade of Gijon, the most important of these ports, has begun to acquire some activity.

The country adjacent to Asturias is called the *Montanas de Burgos*; and is one of the districts of Spain the most unprovided with resources. Government considered this when it permitted this district to receive the necessaries of life duty free. The treasury was not long before it repented of the concession, under favour of which all sorts of foreign merchandize were introduced by the ports of this coast, and administration has recently taken measures to prevent future abuses.

Saint Ander is the principal of these ports; it receives, by about a hundred French vessels, every thing they can furnish to consumption of every kind. These ships return loaded with wool for the manufactures of France, and corn for the other Spanish provinces, and sometimes for those of their own kingdom. The English export from St. Ander the same articles, in exchange for cod, oil, fish, &c. Some Dutch and Hamburgh vessels trade thither also. The establishment of a free commerce has begun to animate the national navigation. The neighbouring ports, such as those of Suances, Comillas, and St. Vincent de la Barquera carry on a little coasting trade with the barks of the country. Santona, which has an excellent port, send some vessels loaded with chestnuts to Holland and a few cargoes of lemons to France.

The trade of this coast, which, as we have seen, is almost wholly in the hands of foreigners, approaches to an equality with that of Biscay, the most active commerce in Spain after that of Catalonia.

The principal ports of Biscay, Bilboa, the Passage, and St. Sebastian, are much frequented by the English, French, and Dutch, who carry thither the productions of their industry, and return with iron, wool, and anchors. But the Biscayans are not idle spectators; they furnish in a great measure foreign merchandize to the Mediterranean provinces, and their ships have a constant communication with the other ports of the peninsula, and those of France, England, and Holland.

A few words upon the trade of the Mediterranean islands, which make a part of the crown of Arragon, will complete this slight sketch of the commerce of Spain.

The island of Majorca, the principal one of the three, produces wine and fruits which are sent to Spain, some brandies, taken by vessels from the north, a little silk which goes to Catalonia, and coarse wools sent to Sardinia and Italy. It receives corn from the French and Italian ports, cattle from those of Languedoc and Catalonia, and rice and silks from the coasts of the kingdom of Valencia. The English, Genoese, and Dutch, carry to it all the other articles of which it has need. The people of Majorca, like the inhabitants of most islands, have an inclination and aptitude for navigation. Their ship-timber is made use of at Palma, which is their principal port, and the capital of the island; they fetch cocoa, sugar, iron, and planks from

Marseilles; and their xebecks go to Cadiz, where they take in cargoes. Their flag, more exposed than any other to the insults of the rovers of Barbary, their fierce neighbours, may hereafter be displayed with greater security in the Mediterranean, and their port of Palma being one of those which since 1778, has a right to trade with Spanish America, must still increase their industry.

This for a long time will not be rivalled by their neighbours, the inhabitants of Minorca. This island, unfruitful and almost without industry, was furnished with every thing by foreign vessels, and particularly by those of France, before it was conquered by Spain.

Ivica, the third of the islands anciently called the Balearic, exports but little, and receives its supplies of necessaries from Majorca and the coasts of Spain. Its principal riches consist in salt, of which foreign ships, particularly Swedish, come thither to take in their cargoes.

These accounts are more than sufficient to prove that the commerce the Spaniards have with foreigners is but passive. But the extension of the free commerce with Spanish America, has already operated in their favour, and the advantages will certainly continue to encrease, as will be explained in the following chapter.

CHAP. XVI.

OF THE CONNECTION OF SPAIN—WITH HER COLONIES—ESTABLISHMENT OF A FREE TRADE—ADMINISTRATION OF GALVEZ.

AFTER the conquest of Spanish America, the court of Madrid confided the administration of that country to a permanent council, under the name of the *Council of the Indies*, which still subsists, with nearly the same laws and principles, that, according to circumstances, were at first adopted. The form of administration which government gave, at the same time, to its vast possessions, is no part of my subject. I shall say no more of it than what will be necessary to give a proper knowlege of modern Spain, with respect to her connexions with her colonies.

The council of the Indies is, in many respects, modelled upon the council of Castile: like the latter it is composed

of several chambers, two of which are especially charged with affairs of administration, and the third with the decision of law suits. It has also its *camara*, composed of the oldest counsellors, one of whose principal functions is to propose to the king, by means of his minister, such persons as it judges proper to fill the places in Spanish America. It is by this council also that the laws and regulations by which that country is governed are framed. This having been the permanent depositary of the fundamental laws upon which the constitution of Spanish America was at first erected, it has been, and perhaps too obstinately, an enemy to all measures by which it might undergo any change.

One of these laws confined the commerce of Spain, with her colonies, to a single port; at first that of Seville: but when the Guadalquivir, which in the time of Charles V. was navigable up to this port, became inaccessible to large vessels, the centre of the Spanish American commerce was removed to Cadiz. The manner in which it was carried on is generally known.

At stated times a fleet sailed to Mexico to furnish a supply of such articles as were necessary for that country, and bring back the productions of that part of America to Cadiz. At the same time galleons sailed for Porto Bello. In this port was held a kind of fair, the rendezvous of all the merchants from the other Spanish colonies. This was continued until the war which begun in 1739, when register ships were substituted to galleons. But the fleet for Mexico, and the register ships, continued to sail from Cadiz.

The coast of Caracas also received its supply of merchandize. The care of furnishing this had been confided by Philip V. to a company which took the name of that of Guipuscoa, from the province in which it was instituted, and the ports whence the vessels sailed. The company enjoyed all the advantages of an exclusive privilege, without having received it in form.

A bad administration, by enriching the agents, and exciting complaints from the settlers at Caracas has occasioned it to decline. The check it received at the beginning of the American war* gave it the finishing stroke; the

* I mean the taking of the convoy from Biscay in the month of January 1780, by Admiral Rodney. The loss sustained by the company on this occasion was estimated at fifteen hundred thousand dollars; and it was said, that sum was equal to the whole real property of the company.

company then felt the burthen too heavy to be supported, and prayed the king for his assistance.

His catholic majesty released the company from the obligation it was under to keep garda costas, which were an expence of two hundred thousand piastres per ann. though they did not do their duty, as the settlers of Caracas received much more merchandize from smugglers than from the company.

The experiment made in favour of the settlers of Caracas by Philip V. was a step towards new attempts of the same kind. In 1755 Ferdinand VI. permitted a company of merchants at Barcelona to send out ships to St. Domingo, Porto Rico and Margaretta; but the privilege was clogged with so many restrictions that the company made no use of it.

In 1763, the dawn of a new day began to appear in Spanish America. Several understanding persons had perceived and wished to make government sensible of the inconvenience of confining to a single port, and to periodical voyages, all the commerce of the extensive colonies in that quarter of the world. An attachment to old forms for a long time rendered their remonstrances ineffectual: two arguments were opposed to them, which were the more embarrassing as they were the result of the experience of two distant periods. It was observed that under Charles V. a free commerce had been attempted to be established, but that soon afterwards it was found necessary to restore the former restrictions. It was further added, that from 1748 to 1754, register ships had sailed from other ports of Spain than that of Cadiz; and that the numerous failures which followed in consequence, soon caused the measure to be abandoned. But those who made these objections did not observe that more precautions on the part of government, and regulations better adapted to the time and the nature of the different expeditions, must have prevented the ruinous speculations of the new adventurers; that Spanish America, better known by its wants than its resources, at least to government, could no longer embarrass merchants with the same obstacles, provided they submitted their operations to its inspection. The wants of the Spanish colonies daily increased; and obliging all the vessels which went to relieve them to depart from one port, was on one hand exposing the colonists to a monopoly, and on the other leaving too great an opening to the speculations of smugglers.

A tarif drawn up in 1720, seemed to have been calculated for the advantage of those who pursued this illicit trade. It loaded with duties of export to America the productions of the mother countries, such as iron, wines, brandies, oil, &c. It established the duty of *Palmeo*, which was received upon the bales, not according to the quality of the merchandize, but in proportion to their dimensions; a duty which thus favoured high priced articles, that occupy but little space, at the expence of those which require considerable room, and rendered it impossible to take any account of the quantity or quality of foreign stuffs shipped for the colonies. The tarif moreover subjected the manufactures of Spain to the same duties as those from foreign countries; in a word, it prescribed a number of formalities perplexing to legal commerce; and smuggling added to the advantage of eluding them, that of defrauding government of duties of exportation and importation to the amount of seventy per cent. The English had so much profited by this, that according to calculations, which I have reason to believe exact, their contraband trade produced them after the peace of 1763 twenty millions of piastres per annum.

The court of Spain lost no time in endeavouring to frame other regulations for a part of the colonies. By a decree of the 16th of October 1783, several European ports were permitted to trade immediately with the Carribbees, and the provinces of Campeachy, St. Martha and Rio de la Hacha. The decree diminished the duties of the fatal tarif of 1720, and dispensed with many formalities. Its effect was not at first very sensible. The Spaniards, ever tardily circumspect, were not eager to enter this new channel.

The island of Cuba became the principal object of speculation. Yet in 1770 this island, which well cultivated, might supply all Europe with sugar, did not furnish enough for the consumption of Spain. Speculators have since become more enterprizing. Government has given new encouragement to the trade with the Havannah, especially by facilitating the importation of negroes, by a considerable diminution of the duty paid on their being carried thither. The company exclusively permitted to furnish them, had almost ruined itself in the undertaking; but these new measures soon gave it the means of repairing its losses. The island of Cuba, which had constantly languished under the auspices of the exclusive company of the Havannah, began from that moment sensibly to prosper. Before the year 1765, it scarcely received into its ports six ships in a

year; in 1778, its commerce gave employment to more than two hundred. Its crops of sugar were more than sufficient to supply the demands of Spain.

Like successes justified the measures taken in 1765, and invited the court of Spain still further to enlarge its plan. The department of the Indies had just been bestowed on Galvez, whose enterprizing character, knowledge and experience permitted him not to remain satisfied with such timid experiments. By a decree of the 2d of February, 1778, the free commerce was extended to the province of Buenos Ayres, and the kingdoms of Chili and Peru; and by another decree, of the 16th of October following, to the vice-royalty of Santa Fé, and the province of Guatimala. It therefore was now permitted to all Spanish America, except Mexico.

The decree of the 16th of October, admitted to a participation in it the ports of Seville, Cadiz, Malaga, Alicant, Carthagena, Barcelona, St. Ander, Gijon, Corunna, Palma in the island of Majorca, and St. Croix in Teneriffe, one of the Canary Islands.

As all ships which should hereafter sail from these ports were to pass by the custom-houses, those of Biscay, one of the privileges of which consists in not having any such houses, were by the silence of the new regulation excluded from this trade. The regulation of 1778, extends the free commerce to twenty-four ports of Spanish America, and favours, by lowering the duties, such of them as were in need of that advantage to be frequented.

This is not the only proof of beneficent policy contained in the regulation. One of the principal objects of its author, was to encourage the productions of the soil and manufactures of the mother country. In consequence of which, several articles are there exempt from duties for ten years from the date of the decree; such as woollens, cotton, and linens of the manufacture of Spain; hats, steel, glass, and a hundred other articles, of which the enumeration would be too tedious.

With the same view the regulation actually excluded many articles of foreign merchandize, such as cotton stuffs, half-beaver hats, silk stockings, and liquors of all kinds, as wine, oil, brandy, and others, known in Spain by the appellation of *caldos*.

And still more to excite the Spaniards to export to the Indies the productions of their country, the regulation

exempts from a third of the duty every vessel wholly laden with national merchandize.

The regulation of 1778 tends not less to the prosperity of the colonies than to that of the mother country; it wholly exempts from duty, on being shipped from America, a great quantity of the productions of the country, as cotton, sugar, cochineal, indigo, coffee, copper, jesuit's-bark, and all productions, as well of the Spanish Indies as of the Philippines, which have not yet been brought to Europe.

The precious metals of America make a separate article. Gold, on entering Spain, paid a duty of five per cent. and silver one of ten per cent. The regulation in 1778 fixed these duties at two and five and a half per cent. and, had the minister had it in his power, the duty of four per cent. upon the exportation of dollars, would, in like manner, have been reduced one-half. Certain articles of merchandize coming from the Indies are necessary to the Spaniards, who consume or manufacture them. The exportation of these to foreign kingdoms is absolutely prohibited by the regulation; the principal ones are silver in ingots, gold in every form, spun cotton, and ship timber, &c.

America produces many other articles little known in Europe, and of which Spain ought to favour the exportation. The regulation which exempts them from export duties on leaving the Indies, extends the exemption to their exportation from Spain. Such are certain woods, gums, plants and drugs with which America abounds. These may supply luxurious enjoyments, and preserve or restore the health of the inhabitants of the old Continent; and though placed by Nature at a distance from them, ought long since to have been rendered common in Europe by commerce.

All these measures would have been insufficient, if the court of Madrid had suffered the numerous duties established by the tarif of 1720 to remain.

The new regulation abolishes them all, and substitutes in their stead a single duty, which is a certain part of their value. It is accompanied by a tarif, in which the various articles of merchandize are estimated; iron by weight, cloths by measure, stuffs by the piece, and other articles by the dozen. Those which cannot be thus valued, are taken at the current price of the manufactories whence they come, if they be Spanish; or according to the price they bear in the port in which they were shipped, if foreign.

According to these different valuations, which, as it ap-

pears, leave but little room for arbitrary decisions, the tarif subjects all national merchandize to a duty of three per cent. and foreign goods to one of seven per cent. when either are shipped for any one of the great ports of America; that is to say, the Havannah, Carthagena, Buenos Ayres, Monte-Video, Callao, Arica, Guyaquil, Valparayso and Conception; and the duty is but one and a half, or four per cent. when national or foreign merchandize is shipped for one of the lesser Indian ports.

Notwithstanding the wisdom of the intentions with which the regulation was drawn up, it excited many complaints. It left, said the complainants, much to be desired with respect to the encouragement meant to be given to national productions; some of which were highly taxed, such as iron, oil, wines, brandies, &c. Why did it still leave the duties to which woollens, linens, cottons, silks, &c. were subject in passing from one province to another? On the other hand, why were articles of foreign manufacture excluded from the commerce of America, to which the national manufactures could not long be sufficient, particularly the article of silk stockings? Was not this inviting the manufactures of Spain, convinced of their inability, to engage with foreigners for a supply? And must not this necessary succour, easy to be obtained in spite of prohibitions, cause their manufactures to languish by favouring idleness.

The heaviest complaint was against the troublesome formalities to which the regulation subjected the expeditions from the ports of Spain to America. Merchants were exposed to the caprices of favour and the inconvenience of delay, which, added to a duty of seven per cent. to be eluded as well in exports as imports, and to absolute prohibitions of certain articles of merchandize, could not but offer seducing advantages to contraband speculations.

Could the name of a *free* trade, said the complainants, be given to commerce thus shackled, for each operation of which an express permission was necessary from the minister; which intrigue, unwillingness, the slowness of the forms of office and intermediate agents might delay too long, and consequently render useless? Instead of the advantages of liberty, prohibitions, threats and punishments, it was added, had been annexed to each article of the regulation.

The merchants of Cadiz were the chief complainants.

These only had hitherto had connexions with Spanish America; they were the only persons who had capitals sufficient for such distant expeditions, of which the returns were exposed to every kind of hazard. The associates given them would, said they, engage in ruinous speculations, which without benefiting the colonies would be a real loss to the commerce of Cadiz. The voice of self-interest was easily distinguished in these complaints. The experience of a few years has already been sufficient to determine whether or not they were well founded.

The following is an account of the effects of this regulation, on seven of the chief ports of Spain, which, in the year 1778, were all that were allowed to take part in the free trade.

Ships sent out in 1778.

From Cadiz - - - -	63
From Corunna - - - -	25
From Barcelona - - - -	23
From Malaga - - - -	34
From St. Ander - - - -	13
From Alicant, St. Croix, and Teneriffe	9
Total -	170

The total value of national merchandize was 28,636,619 reals.

That of foreign merchandize was 46,278,342 reals.

And the amount of the duties paid was above 3,833,424.

The number of ships which returned from Spanish America, in the same year to the seven ports were 135; the total value of the merchandize amounted to 74,558,292 reals and 19 maravedis, and the duties amounted to 2,927,857 reals and 4 maravedis.

Ten years after this, commerce had a considerable increase.

Twelve Spanish ports instead of seven became engaged in this free trade. The exportation of the national produce to America was above five-fold, that of foreign merchandize was tripled, and the returns from America increased more than nine-tenths.

From these comparative facts we may best judge of the growing prosperity of a nation. The reader may himself compare the year 1778, with the year 1788.

Account of the commerce to Spanish America, in the year 1788.

Names of the Ports.

From Seville,	From Cadiz,
Malaga,	Barcelona,
Corunna,	St. Sebastian,
Los Alfalgues,	De Tortosa,
St. Ander,	Gijon,
Alicant,	Palma,
Canaries,	

Total amount of the value of national exports 158,223,039 reals.

Amount of the value of foreign merchandize exported 142,494,290 reals.

Value of the returns from America, 804,693,733 reals.

It appears from this statement that in the year 1788, there was sent out to Spanish America, merchandize to the amount of 300,717,229 reals.

And from thence to Europe to the value of 804,693,733 reals.

Thus the returns exceeded the export 503,976,204 reals.

What better proof can be given of the advantage which the Spaniards, and even foreigners might derive from the trade with America? Besides it cannot be denied, from these different accounts, but that the regulation of 1778, imperfect as it was, has contributed much to inspirit the Spanish colonies, while the revenue has been considerably encreased.

In 1778, the total of the duties on importation and exportation produced to the revenue 6,761,291 reals, 12 maravedis.

In 1788, it produced 55,456,949 reals.

Which makes the increased balance 48,695,658 reals, and 22 maravedis.

Notwithstanding those evident salutary effects of the regulation of 1778, it was yet in 1788, the object of severe criticism even on the part of the best informed Spaniards.

It was said, that before the year 1778, smuggling made almost half of the trade of Mexico, and considerably more than half of that of Terra-Firma, and of the province of Buenos Ayres. Thus a great quantity of the piastres coined in Spanish America went immediately into foreign countries.

For example, it is known that from the year 1767, until 1778, there was struck of piastres 187,579,451.

Of these came into Spain only 103,889,652.

The difference between these sums 83,689,799, was therefore drawn from Spanish America, by contraband trade, and that if to this was added other merchandize, the produce of the country, it would be seen that nearly half the trade of Spanish America was in the hands of foreigners.

The censors of the new regulation said also that the contraband trade had seemed to increase from the time that the regulation took place, and used many arguments of apparent weight in proof of their opinion.

Whatever truth might be in some of their representations, and assertions, the prosperity of the Spanish Indies has incontestably increased ever since the establishment of a free trade. It even appears, that since the year 1788, which was the epoch of these complaints of the increase of the contraband trade, their objections have been considerably removed. The returns of the year 1791, may be mentioned as a proof of this fact, for in that year there arrived in Spain twenty-two millions of double piastres from Peru and Mexico.

Now it is known that of late years Mexico has furnished annually from 21 to 22 millions of piastres, and Peru from 5 to 6, total from 26 to 28. So that if we deduct from this total some millions for the current coin necessary to the country, we shall find but a small remainder to go out of it by means of the contraband trade.

Besides it cannot be doubted that since the year 1778, the exports from Spain to America, in wines, fruits, and manufactured goods as formerly, have been much increased; and that there has come from the colonies productions till that time unknown: that those articles which come but in small quantities are much more numerous, as tobacco, sugar, coffee, &c; that the cultivation of sugar, particularly at Cuba, is sensibly increased, although it is yet far from the prosperity to which it might attain; and lastly, that the communication between Spain and her colonies have thus become more open. Of which we may judge by this single circumstance. Before the year 1778, the fleet and galleons sailed every three years. A trader was compelled to be at considerable expence, and to encounter many difficulties before he could obtain permission for his vessel to make part of the expedition, which consisted of only from twelve to fifteen ships. In the course of the year 1791, eighty-nine vessels were freighted from Spain for the Indies. Does not

this decide the question, in favour of the free trade, without leaving any room for reply.

At first the minister of the Indies thought proper not to extend the new regulation to Mexico, which for eight years remained subject to the periodical supplies; but in the year 1786, that country was allowed to participate in the advantages of the regulation of 1778, restricting the quantity of merchandize to be sent annually to six thousand tons; which unaccountable restriction furnishes one of the numerous proofs of the fondness of Galvez for the regulating system.

This ambitious minister was extremely active, well informed, and personally disinterested. He certainly possessed some talents for administration, but he added to these many repugnant forms, assuming the lofty airs of a vizier; he certainly possessed the power, without experiencing any of the dangers attached to that title.

Charles III. placed in him the most unlimited confidence. This truly virtuous monarch was not exempt from some singularities. He fancied himself a great soldier, and consequently valued himself on that distinction, and decided on every subject which had any relation with the army; but in respect to other departments, including matters of conscience, he gave them up entirely to the management of those whom he had appointed, and who would show an appearance of deference for the superior intelligence of the sovereign. The marshal de Duras had known Galvez during his embassy in Spain, and had nominated him advocate for the French nation, which was not, at Madrid, a sinecure, although it has been abolished in latter times. It was restored to gratify the ambassador, and the French: apparently we gain nothing by these intimacies. It is certain at least that these repeated communications with the French nation, did not prevent a growing aversion, which Galvez attempted awkwardly enough to disguise under the mask of friendship. M. D'Ossun had introduced him to the marquis de Grimaldi, who in the year 1763, became minister of the foreign department, and to Charles III. himself, whom he had followed from Naples to Madrid. His interest also contributed much to the appointment of Galvez to an important commission to Mexico, where he evinced his lordly and assuming disposition, and where the intoxication of power, as much as the fatigues of a mission, which required great activity, was the cause of a distemper which

was attended, and followed by several acts of folly, or insanity.

At his return Galvez was rewarded for his exertions, and vindicated from those faults he had been charged with on his arrival in Europe, with the rank of minister of the Indies, that is to say by a power the most unlimited that any man who was not a sovereign, could possess. In this elevated situation Galvez shewed M. D'Ossun, every exterior demonstration of gratitude, and used the language of affection when speaking of the French. But hatred and jealousy were at the bottom, of which he gave more than one proof. The slightest opposition irritated the despotic disposition of Galvez; his administration seemed to be the "ark of the covenant," which it was dangerous to touch. Any one who had the temerity to watch or discover the springs of his administration, became odious to him. He could scarcely forgive Robertson for his History of America. He constantly retarded the translation of it, under the pretext that he did not wish it to appear without a supplement, in which he, Galvez, should establish those facts from which the English author, in other respects very estimable, had often deviated. He died however before this supplement was finished, and probably before he had even seriously thought of it. As for the Histoire Philosophique, of Raynall, he was instantly in a rage if it was but mentioned in his presence.

The same violent and imperious character appeared in every branch of his vast administration. It must however be allowed, that he possessed a superior degree of energy, and a firmness of resolution in every work of improvement. But it is still a question among well informed Spaniards, whether he did more good or harm in the Spanish Indies. It is at least certain, that contrary to his intention, he develloped their disposition for independance. Too eager to prove that an able minister could make them of use to the revenue of Spain, to which for a long time they had only been an expence, by increasing the taxes and by a bad choice of agents, he provoked an insurrection in the year 1781, in the Viceroyalty of Santa-Fé. The same causes afterwards produced a more serious revolt at Peru; and which was suppressed by measures of horrid vengeance and cruelty, and by the punishment of the intrepid chief Tupacamaro.

The time Galvez chose to oppress and exasperate the Spanish colonies, was precisely at the same period when the English colonies shook off the yoke of Great Britain, for grievances probably not so oppressive.

To establish and gather the new taxes which he had projected, Galvez employed as many as 16,000 persons, who by their salaries and misapplication of monies, swallowed up the whole produce. Nevertheless, he confidently boasted of having raised the revenue of the Spanish Indies from 5,000,000 of piastres to eighteen, though the government was still obliged toward the end of his ministry to send assistance of money (*situados*) to the Philippines, to Porto-Rico, to St. Domingo, to Louisiana, and even sometimes to the Havannah.

It must be granted that Galvez laboured with success for the benefit of the Spanish Indies, that la Trinité, Louisiana, the Philippines, and particularly Mexico, owed to his exertions their commencement of prosperity.

In the following chapter we shall give a hasty sketch of what he has done for these colonies, or at least of the advantageous alterations which took place during the time of his ministry.

CHAP. XVII.

OF LOUISIANA.—OF THE CESSION OF ST. DOMINGO TO FRANCE.—RECENT PROSPERITY OF LA TRINITE.—OF THE SPANISH SLAVE TRADE.

FROM the moment Louisiana was ceded by the French to Spain, the court of Madrid, which to subjugate this colony had employed such vigorous measures as could not fail to render its yoke odious, endeavoured to soften its fate by granting to the inhabitants privileges proper to insure their prosperity, and the advantage of the mother country. In 1768, it was enacted, that merchandize going from Spain to Louisiana, and the productions received from that colony, should be exempt from all duties of exportation; and that the produce of the colony should pay a duty of but four per cent. upon entering Spain. But as those in the greatest abundance, such as tobacco, indigo, cotton, and particularly furs, could not find a great sale in Spain, it was agreed that French vessels might load with them at New Orleans,

but that they should arrive there in ballast. This restriction was so frequently eluded, that the Spanish government saw the necessity of taking it off; and was moreover convinced, that the furs, skins, &c. of Louisiana could not be exchanged but for goods manufactured in France.

This circumstance did not prevent the French from having until the epoch of the rupture almost the whole of the commerce with Louisiana, they even had there two commissioners employed to watch over the interests of their merchants.

It is asserted, that since the peace there has been some thoughts of ceding back Louisiana, that even Spain, which one would have believed to be most against the measure was very inclined to consent to it, and that the obstacles were on the part of the French government, which consisted, it is said, on the strict performance of the treaty of Basle. Would it be believed that this distant possession in the interior of the gulf of Mexico, was rather an inconvenience than otherwise? That the re-establishing of the commercial connections we had there prior to the rupture was sufficient to make it as valuable to us as if we were actually in possession of the colony. In our hands Louisiana would always be a source of disagreement with our allies, to whom the contraband trade, which it facilitates, is and will be an object of fear and disquiet. Would it be thought that this acquisition had been incompatible with the good understanding which we ought to maintain with an enterprizing people, with whom it would perhaps be difficult to be at once the neighbour and the ally. In fact, the inhabitants of Louisiana, who have long disliked our government, and who for several years have been at peace and happy under that of Spain, who besides are no longer a people of brethren, as in the year 1769, but a nation composed of strangers from every part of Europe, would not willingly have changed their actual situation to make part of the French republic. Devoted entirely to commerce and industry, they have probably more desire for tranquillity than glory.

Louisiana, in other respects differs not much from what it was at the time it was ceded to Spain. The chief city, New Orleans, had then from 5 to 6,000 inhabitants. In 1793, it did not exceed 8,000, without reckoning the negroes, who in the whole colony were about 25,000, and the number of planters were supposed to be 20,000.

The majority of these planters are French; there are but few Spaniards except those in civil or military capacities.

The free Americans have made settlements, where they have successfully introduced the English method of cultivation; and lastly, there are on the banks of the Mississippi some Germans, who next to the Americans, are the best cultivators of the colony.

With these exceptions, agriculture in Louisiana is still very confined: and tobacco and indigo are the only articles which have attained any great degree of perfection.

Nevertheless, the exportation is considerable. But it is said, that with the exception of that part which some rapacious governors appropriate to themselves, the whole of the profits belong to some foreign merchants, who only settle at New Orleans to make fortunes, and who then return to their native countries; this circumstance deprives the colony of capital, without which no enterprize can succeed, or even be undertaken, and prevents it from partaking in those advantages which nature has bestowed.

These advantages are so numerous, and so striking, that when they are known we are tempted to excuse our forefathers for being led away by the deceptive illusions, with which the name of Mississippi is encircled, as we may judge by the following hasty sketch.

Louisiana is under one of the finest climates in the world; it is watered by a stream, which adds to the fertility of the soil, the mouth of which is a vast channel of every article of commerce.

At the head of these tobacco may be mentioned, the quality of which is very superior to that of Virginia and Maryland.

The indigo is as good as that of St. Domingo, and consequently very superior to that of Carolina.

The furs have been long a principal article of the commerce of Louisiana.

If Louisiana had more channels for commerce, pitch and tar would make considerable articles.

There are also great quantities of timber, of which they export to the amount of 800,000 livres; besides which they build vessels as large as of 400 tons burthen.

The cedar is of the finest sort; the green, white, and red oak is abundant, and grows to an amazing height, and is proportionable in thickness; and lastly, the cypress makes excellent masts, and is a considerable article of export.

Innumerable flocks supply meat in abundance, and a considerable branch of commerce in the exportation of leather and tallow; and if there were more channels they might

export horses, wax, wool, hemp, and even silk; this colony also produces rice, peas, maize, &c.

The cultivation of cotton has of late been much neglected.

By the treaty of Basle, France was satisfied with the acquisition of the part of St. Domingo, which prior to that time was in the possession of Spain, though it was no great sacrifice, being more chargeable than advantageous; nevertheless this colony in our hands might be more productive, most of the valuable productions of America are common to the soil, such as tobacco, sugar, coffee, cotton, cocoa, &c. but all these, although indigenous to the soil, are yet in small quantities; it is well watered, and the four ports, Santo Domingo, Samana, Port de Plata, and Monte Christi, are capable of being made marts for the export of the produce of the colony.

The regulation of 1778, added to the privileges of Louisiana, a total exemption of duties for furs, &c. during ten years. Afterwards in 1782, Pensacola and West Florida having been added to the Spanish possessions within the Gulph of Mexico, it was established, that for ten years, ships should be permitted to sail from French ports to Louisiana and Pensacola, and returns made of all the productions of the two colonies, and that the articles, as well exported as imported, should pay a duty of no more than six per cent.; that in case of necessity the inhabitants should be permitted to furnish themselves with necessaries from the French American islands; and that the negroes, which they might procure from friendly colonies, should enter their ports duty free. The regulation expressly mentioned, that foreign merchandize received at Louisiana should be there entirely consumed. But this restriction has certainly been eluded; for considering the numerous expeditions made to New Orleans, in consequence of the regulation, many speculators would have ruined themselves, had not their cargoes had other markets than that of Louisiana.

This very regulation of 1782 soon made farther enlargements appear necessary; the people of Louisiana were to form no commercial connexions but with France. Had this intention been realized, the French would have deprived the contraband traders of the produce of their fraudulent commerce by way of Florida, and the north of the Mississippi, and would have had it in their power to procure at an easy rate the furs, beaver skins, and other productions of Louisiana. Nevertheless, as the inhabitants of

this colony also consumed some foreign merchandize, such as Silesia linens, English copper, &c. to leave the French the whole profit of this new arrangement, it would have been necessary to obtain from the French government a free importation for these articles, which might afterwards have been shipped from the ports of that kingdom immediately to Louisiana. The Spanish minister had confided this negociation to M. Maxent, father-in-law to general Galvez, so advantageously known in the American war, and who previously had prepared the prosperity of Louisiana, by the mildness and wisdom of his administration. M. Maxent was not able to succeed in the negociation with which he was charged, and in 1785 it was presumed that the Spanish government had determined to extend to other foreign ports, such as Ostend, Amsterdam, Genoa, &c. a privilege which at first had been reserved for those of France.

Trinidad had for a long time been one of the most unprofitable of the Spanish colonies. Its situation at the entrance of the Gulph of Mexico, near the coast of Terra Firma, the salubrity of its climate, the fertility of its soil, and the excellence of some of its harbours, ought on the contrary to make it a valuable possession. This had not escaped Galvez, the minister of the Indies, who that he might restore life to this dead member of the Spanish monarchy, added in 1776 the island of Trinidad to the department of the company of Caracas, a trifle compared to what M. Galvez still intended to do for the island. In 1778 it was included in the new regulation. M. d'Avalos, intendant of the province of Caracas, a citizen full of zeal and information, of a firm and vigorous character, who has been harshly censured by the colonists confided to his care, but properly appreciated by the Spanish ministry, who lately appointed him to the government of Andalusia, was consulted in 1779, upon the proper means of restoring it to new life. M. d'Avalos, from that moment, took upon himself to people and fertilise Trinidad. A Frenchman, not less active than himself, came very á-propos to second his intentions: this was M. de Saint Laurent, who, fixed by his possessions in the island of Granada, had passed under the dominion of England by the peace of 1763, and who, after the taking of the island, which he foresaw would not be restored to France, went to settle at Trinidad. He was perfectly acquainted with all the resources of the island, had connexions with all the Caribbee islands, and possessed, in a superior degree, the

talent of inspiring confidence and benevolence by his sincerity and easy manners.

M. d'Avalos charged him to procure settlers for the island of Trinidad. M. de Saint Laurent, who knew that several persons in France and Ireland had already turned their views to that island, proposed to engage them to determine upon it, a regulation which insured to them lands in proportion to their capital, and the number of blacks and whites that each colonist should take to the colony; which exempted for ten years the exportation of their productions, and the entry of negroes, from all duties; and granted them other privileges less considerable, the enumeration of which would carry me too far beyond the bounds of my plan.

The regulation, approved of by M. d'Avalos, was published, by his order, at the beginning of 1780, without waiting for the consent of the court, and it produced a speedy effect. In the month of June, 1782, there were a hundred and seventy families of new colonists, who had brought with them a thousand and eighty-five slaves, and had nearly two hundred plantations for sugar, coffee, and cocoa.

This beginning was not, however, properly supported; the greatest part of the emigrants, upon whom M. d'Avalos reckoned, waited until the court of Spain should make a formal avowal of the promised privileges; and M. de St. Laurent came in 1783 to Europe to solicit it. He had several conferences with the Spanish ministers, and presented to them memorials, which had not the success he expected. To justify the promises he had made to the emigrants, he demanded privileges which were found incompatible with the laws of the Indies; and the council, the depositary of these laws, opposed to him the ancient inflexibility of its principles. He believed he had a personal right to the acknowledgments of Spain, and demanded them, perhaps, with that austere frankness which knows not how to ask for justice in the accents commonly employed in the solicitations of favour. In short, the fate of Trinidad, respecting which he possessed so much information, and to the prosperity of which he had in so many respects contributed, was decided without his concurrence.*

* This estimable man found himself, as the reward of his talents and labours, abandoned to all the anxieties caused by a derangement of property, when Marshal de Castries, who had found an opportunity of becoming acquainted with his merit, recompensed him for the injustice and caprice of fortune, by nominating him commissary at Tobago.

In the month of November 1783, a royal mandate granted to the new colonists of Trinidad, a part only of the privileges he had judged necessary; it permitted them a free trade with the French of Europe and the Caribbees, but stipulated that the commerce should be carried on in Spanish vessels.

With respect to the importation of negroes, which the colony wanted, it was permitted with restrictions. Instead of requiring that all the colonists who wished to settle at Trinidad, should take negroes with them, it stipulated that this island should serve as a depository for all those which foreign nations should bring thither. Spain could not do without these to furnish her colonies. At the expiration of the famous *assiento*, which the English had obtained at the peace of Utrecht, this charge was transferred to a company which had made Porto Rico the depository of all the negroes it bought at second-hand, whether from the Dutch at the Cape, or the English at Jamaica. The contract of the company expiring in 1780, Spain determined to make her own purchases of slaves. With this view government had acquired from Portugal, by the treaty of peace in 1778, two small islands near the coast of Africa. But, besides their being insufficient for the purpose intended, Spain still wants what is especially necessary for the negro trade; she has neither vessels properly built for the purpose, nor the merchandize most suitable to purchase negroes; she moreover wants surgeons acquainted with the particular disorders to which these wretched slaves are subject; and who understand how they should be treated; and until she thus becomes upon an equality with the nations used to this commerce, she will be obliged to have recourse to their assistance. Thus, during the late war, at the moment when the privilege of the company to which the furnishing of negroes was confided, was about to expire, Spain permitted all her colonists to procure them from the Caribbee islands belonging to foreign powers. But this means proved insufficient. Contraband commerce, with which the Spanish colonies are beset on all sides, to the detriment of the revenue, but to the advantage of the colonists, supplied the greatest part. The Spanish minister, until he should be able to take permanent measures to procure negroes, had given to foreign merchants some particular permissions to land them in the Spanish American ports.

These partial measures being found insufficient, foreigners, as well as Spaniards, were permitted in the year

1789, to bring negroes to the Spanish colonies of St. Domingo, Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Caracas. In the month of February, 1791, this permission was extended to the vice-royalty of Santa-Fé. Towards the end of the same year, there appeared a royal schedule, which permitted both natives and foreigners to trade with their colonies, and bring negroes into their ports, including those of the vice-royalty of Buenos Ayres: with the restriction for the foreign merchants, that they should not load their ships, bound to the shores of America, with any article of commerce, exclusively reserved to the Spanish merchants. These permissions, which the Spanish government always granted with such numerous restrictions and exceptions, were in the present instance denied entirely to the French, who were displeased at the exclusion. The French merchants petitioned for a revocation of the order of government, and in the month of May, 1792, it was obtained. The French minister, however, was not of opinion that the permission was of any real value; he thought that it deprived our own colonies of negroes, as our ship owners found their advantage in carrying them to the Spanish colonies: but this judgment was erroneous, as negroes fetched a better price in our colonies than in those of Spain.

The war which happened soon after, rendered void the permission to which Spain had acceded; and besides, our legislators did not hesitate in their consent to the entire proscription of the slave trade. The Spaniards have not been induced to follow this example. It must be admitted, that if this trade was to be tolerated in any part of the globe, it should be allowed to Spain.

But to return to the subject of Trinidad. The court of Madrid has granted to this colony, a liberty, of which, perhaps, there is not another example on the face of the globe. Before the war with America, this island was almost uninhabited, and consequently uncultivated. The Spanish government opened the ports to all foreigners, without exception, and invited them to settle there. It exempted from duties every article that the Spaniards exported, and only subjected foreigners to the payment of very small duties on those articles which they freighted to ports which did not belong to Spain; and confided the government of Trinidad to Don Joachim Chacon.

From the above period the colony has amazingly prospered. The soil of Trinidad is proper for the cultivation of most of the articles produced in the other colonies. They

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have tried to raise cocoa, indigo, cotton, coffee, &c. but they could not preserve them from the ravages of the insects, which are there very numerous; and therefore these kinds of produce were almost entirely neglected, but the cultivation of sugar was very soon in the most flourishing state.

About seventeen or eighteen years ago, there were scarcely twenty sugar plantations; in 1796 there were above three hundred and sixty. From several islands of the Antilles, particularly from those belonging to the French, many discontented people took refuge in Trinidad, and brought with them all the negroes who were willing to follow them, and the number of planters soon amounted to sixty thousand; a few of them were Spaniards, and the rest Americans and Frenchmen. There, under one of the finest climates of the globe, on a virgin soil which repays the industry of the settlers with abundant interest, they forget their differences, and live in peace, protected by a government which dispenses her favors impartially, and with an equal hand. There, the new settler receives from the government, the necessary instruments of agriculture, tools, and even capital; but these he is obliged to pay for at the end of three years. If the settler brings with him any capital, he purchases for himself new plantations, or has granted to him some of the lands which are unsold, for which he pays the price of their valuation.

Such was the state of Trinidad, when taken by the English. Now that by the peace of Amiens it has become their possession, they do not neglect to profit by the advantages it presents, the chief of which for them, will be its situation near the Spanish coast of Terra Firma, and the power of supplying the productions of their industry. Trinidad, to whom nature has been prodigal of her stores of riches, contains many treasures worthy the attention of naturalists. In 1796, the Belle Angelique, under the command of Captain Baudin, sailed from France, protected by the English and Spanish governments, for the purpose of conducting some natural philosophers of high reputation, to examine the botanical curiosities of that island. This work will doubtless be compleated by the Brittannic government, and the sciences at least will have no reason to lament the change of masters the colony has experienced.

CHAP. XVIII.

SITUATION OF MEXICO, AND OF THE PHILIPPINES, UNDER THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT—WORKING OF THE MINES.

THE Philippine Islands, placed at the extremity of Asia, relative to the mother country, and which, including the Ladrone Islands, dependant upon them, form a more extensive possession than France, Spain, and Italy. Not only all the necessaries of life are there found in abundance, but great quantities of ship-timber, woods proper for dying, several iron mines, and rivers navigable a long way up the country. Cotton, tobacco, indigo, and sugar thrive in that soil; some gold is also found among the sand of certain rivers.* The number of subjects who acknowledge the Spanish dominions is upwards of a million, without including the wild natives who live in the woods, and of which the enumeration would be almost impossible.

Convinced of the impossibility of establishing a regular and immediate commerce between them and the mother country, the kings who conquered them confined their efforts to bestowing on them a communication, by the port of Acapulco, with the western coast of Mexico. The famous *Nao* (Galleon) which every year makes the voyage from Manilla to Acapulco, across the South-Sea, is generally known. It was, for the most part, by this route that Spain communicated with the Philippines; a communication without profit for her European subjects, and of which the principal advantage was reaped by the Chinese, the Armenians and other nations who frequent the eastern ocean. Even the revenue derived no advantage from it; and the moderate produce of the duties was not sufficient to defray the expences incurred in their administration. The inhabitants of the Philippines, without cultivation or in-

* The vegetable kingdom is richly stored. M. Sonnerat brought from thence in the year 1781, six thousand plants, till that time unknown in Europe.

dustry, had no other resource than the commissions to which their situation was favourable. Like Spain in Europe, the island of Luconia or Manilla, which is the principal of the Philippines, was only a channel through which the piastres of Mexico passed to the Indian nations; so that, notwithstanding the enormous sums of money which commerce has carried to these islands, since the time of their conquest, there remains in them but a very moderate quantity.

Their defence was as much neglected as their interior prosperity. It may be recollected with what ease they were taken in the war, in 1756, by the same general Draper, who commanded at Minorca, under general Murray, when that island was surrendered to the duke de Crillon. Spain has profited by the lesson. Charles III. had ordered the port of Cavite, at the bottom of which is situated Manilla, the capital of the island of Luconia, and the residence of the governor, to be fortified; and when the American war broke out, this important place was in a situation to brave the attacks of the very enemies to whom sixteen years before it had been so easy a prey.

The minister of the Indies endeavoured to excite the industry of the inhabitants, who, notwithstanding their supineness, from which the appearance of gain only can awaken them, have the greatest aptitude to manufactures, agriculture, navigation, and the building of ships. Cotton manufactures were established at Manilla, and their productions have already proved, that if the inhabitants had until then been useless colonists, it was not from ignorance. At length, the minister of the Indies, seconded by M. Cabarrus, whose repeated successes had gained him universal approbation, took advantage of the general fermentation which inclined the nation to useful objects, to adopt a direct commerce from Spain to the Philippines.

Circumstances were propitious. After various fluctuations, credit and confidence seemed to be established; the Spaniards began to familiarise themselves to hazardous speculations; persons of property, become less timid, at length gave an employment to their capitals, which mistrust and an attachment to ancient forms had before prevented. The company of Caracas was dissolved, and the proprietors, about to receive their capitals, naturally wished for a speedy opportunity of placing them out again.

The time was favourable to the establishment of a new company, which, undertaken under the most happy aus-

pices, might inspire confidence and a desire of gain. The plan was discussed and approved of, in July 1784, in a junto composed of different members of administration, and at which the minister of the Indies presided. It was proposed to form a capital of eight millions of great piastres, divided into thirty-two thousand shares, each of two hundred and fifty piastres, and to employ this capital in trading from Spain to the Philippines. The advantages which Spain would have over the other European states, in carrying immediately from Mexico to these islands the piastres which other nations could not convey thither but by a prodigious circuit, were enumerated. It was asserted that Spain, thus receiving from their source the merchandizes of India so much desired in Europe, would receive them upon better terms, might furnish them to her colonies and European subjects, and open to them a market with other nations.

The plan approved of by the junto, received the sanction of the king, and means were immediately sought to carry it into execution. The monarch and royal family gave the same example as they had done when the bank was established, and subscribed to the capital of the new company. To this were added, as we have formerly observed, twenty-one millions of reals, arising from exceedings of the value of the shares of the bank; and that the ardour which seemed to be awakened might not be abated by delay, directors and other persons were immediately named for the new establishment, and the patent of its institution was prepared and published.

It stated, that the vessels destined to this commerce should sail from Cadiz, double Cape Horn, put into the ports upon the coast of Peru, and thence take piastres sufficient to make their purchases, cross the South Sea to the Philippines, and bring their returns immediately to Cadiz, taking their course by the Cape of Good Hope.

This precipitate zeal, which seemed to be a contrast to the supposed slowness of the Spaniards, was seconded by a circumstance which happened very opportunely. The company of *Gremios*, of which we have several times spoken, had already attempted to send some ships to the Philippines; and, notwithstanding they had not succeeded, were preparing to make another experiment, when the plan of the new company was under consideration.

The Gremios were offered a part in the project, and had declined accepting the offer. They hastened the departure

of the vessel which was preparing for Manilla; but the elements, more favourable than their intentions to the minister, soon obliged it to return to Cadiz, after having received considerable damage. To have repaired and refitted it would have been expensive, and must have required time. Government offered to purchase the vessel and cargo, and the proposal was accepted. Thus was the first expedition undertaken by the Philippine company, in the moment even of its establishment, which may serve to give proper ideas upon the subject.

It may easily be imagined that opinions must be different according to the various points of view under which the company has been considered. I have heard the subject discussed, by persons of the best information, on both sides of the question, and cannot but acknowledge that, as a stranger, and wholly uninterested, I thought I discovered prejudice and exaggeration as well in the company's partisans as in its detractors; on one side enthusiasm, which is always to be suspected; on the other the language of defamation, against which it is equally necessary to be guarded.

Such censors as these could not imagine how Spain, who had nearer home colonies destitute of population, and industry could think of making her most distant possessions flourish; they were astonished how a commerce which must reach to the most distant parts of Asia, should have three directors who had never passed the Cape of Good Hope, and who only knew the East Indies by imperfect accounts. They thought that the Spaniards would not be able to contend with more experienced nations. And they could only discover in this undertaking a means of getting rid of those metals, of which they were only the temporary depositaries. Every place was occupied in the ports, in the factories, and in the markets of India. Would the Philippine company then, carry their speculations to China? They would at first have to contend with very dangerous rivals. And what would they bring from thence, Tea, the Spaniards scarcely know the use of it. China, it is an inconvenient species of merchandize which cannot have many markets. Silks, do they wish to injure the manufactures of Spain. Of these arguments the last appears to be the most plausible. Thus the schedule for the formation of the new company was no sooner made public than the manufacturers of Catalonia petitioned against it.

No conclusion could be drawn from the vexatious result

of the first expedition of the company, which was the consequence of a circumstance that would never happen again. Before the commissioners of the company had arrived at the Philippines to make their purchases, Galvez, as usual fond of shewing his greatness, and authority, in every thing which belonged to his ministry, gave the direction of the business to the governor of those islands, who being unacquainted with commercial affairs, had nothing to furnish them with but tea, muslins, and merchandize, the refuse of other nations; so that the first cargo was in the year 1792, still unsold at Cadiz.

The following expeditions succeeded better. Of three vessels sent by the company at the same time, one suffered great damage and which was repaired at the isle of France, the other two happily returned towards the end of the year 1787 to Cadiz, where the cargoes were sold at the increase of fifty per cent. above the value at which they were estimated on their first arrival. The prophetic opinions against the success of this trade was still repeated by some who attributed its present success to the attraction of novelty, and to the scarcity of those merchandizes brought by the ships of the company; they also pretended not without probability, that if the taste for these goods continued the contraband trade would soon supply them at a much cheaper rate.

It is singular enough that this trade might be said to find help even from the Spanish minister. Lerena had for the Philippine company the same aversion which he had for its projector; and it is not to be doubted, that hatred dictated measures, which he disguised under ill contrived pretences: he had granted permission to all merchants to import muslins, in concurrence with those of the company; he laid a duty of twenty-three per cent. on all chintz and coloured goods from Canton. This was giving to these cloths which are of a very inferior quality, very formidable rivals in those of other nations who traded with India. These were indeed prohibited in Spain, but we know that with a premium of twelve per cent. there are not any sort of merchandize but what may be introduced. The amateurs of foreign muslins have thus an advantage of eleven per cent. at least in preferring them to those of the Philippine company.

With such measures, it was not likely that this establishment should prosper. It nevertheless succeeded in spite of all these contrarieties. In 1792, the capital was yet un-

touched; and the shares after having lost as much as fifty per cent. were then at par. The directors had made their balance account, and were convinced, that after the loss, on the sale of the first returns, and several other mistakes, that the company had still a considerable profit.

Since this epoch it has been the subject of several measures, of which the results have been advantageous.

The extent given by the king to the commerce of Spain, placed it at first in immediate connection with the ports of the Caracas, Maracaïbo, and Buenos Ayres, with Mexico, with Peru, and with India, which opened a large field to the navigation from the end of the year 1793, until the end of 1795.

The commerce, exportation and importation with the Caracas and Maracaïbo, including the cocoa carried to Vera-Cruz, that of Peru, India, and of Buenos-Ayres, produced profits in the course of two years to the amount of 15,082,408 reals, 23 maravedis.

Which sum, lessened in one case by the losses in the commerce with Mexico, by the expences of administration, by the calamities of war which had injured the possessions in Guipuscoa, by the capitals and interest on the numerous debts, and increased on the other by the balance in its favour on the last account, reduces it to the sum of 10,516,576 reals.

Notwithstanding the disasters of the war and several other losses, the company possessed at the end of the year 1795, to the amount in goods of different kinds in divers places of the kingdom and out of Spain, a capital to the value of 77,517,005 reals, 25 maravedis.

Until this present time, (the end of the year 1805), they have payed but three dividends of five per cent. to the shares (in 1793, in 1795, and 1796.)

The interruptions of the war, and the difficulties which commerce has experienced for the last seven years, has obliged the company to suspend the dividends.

Nevertheless, on the other side of the question, it has experienced many favourable circumstances. The purchases in India, which increased to the sum of 48,588,714 reals, notwithstanding a delay of three or four years in the return, produced a nett profit of 9,816,575 reals, 13 maravedis. These consisted chiefly of muslins of different sorts, white calicoes, silks, pepper, sugar, indigo, tea, saltpetre, &c. &c.

From the coast of Caracas they only imported cocoa, but with considerable profit.

Since the first expedition in the year 1785, to 1796, the company employed sixteen ships, of which the largest were of 879 tons burthen, and the smallest of 450, except one of only 280, which was sent from Cadiz to the Isle of France.

Besides the above, from 1789 to 1796, seventeen vessels belonging to individuals had been sent to the Caracas, to Maracaïbo, and Lima, and returned very valuable cargoes.

At the end of 1796, the company had attained a degree of prosperity which could not even have been hoped for at its commencement, that year in particular returned very considerable profits.

Some years afterwards the Spanish government, doubtless encouraged by success, gave the company a new form, increasing the funds and adding to its privileges. This was the subject of a royal charter, which was published on the twelfth of July 1803, and which is divided under four heads and seventy-four articles.

The first head extends the duration of the Philippine company to the first of July 1825. It increased the funds from 8,000,000 double piastres to 12,500,000, and the shares from 32,000 to 50,000.

Under the same head the king became a proprietor of 9886 shares above the 5935 which he had taken at the time of the company's establishment, which made his share in the funds of the company amount to 3,943,250 piastres.

The company obtained the privilege of selling as many shares more as would make the whole of the capital amount to 12,500,000 piastres; these shares were allowed to be purchased by foreigners, and might be transferred by a simple endorsement. The proprietors could make them unalienable property in favour of their heirs.

Under the second head it was specified, that the general assembly of the company, which was held every year in the month of December, should consist of all those sharers who had at least twenty shares. That each should have but one vote, whatever might be the number of their shares, with the following exceptions. That the province of Guipuscoa, the bank of St. Charles, and the corporation of Gremios should have each five votes.

The direction of the company is confided to a junto, who assemble once every week.

The third head of the schedule treats of the privileges granted to the company, and the duties which they have to pay.

The subjects of the king in the Philippines have a privilege of sending every year a vessel (Nao) to Acapulco, in which the company can have no interest.

The Asiatic nations continue as usual to trade with the port of Manilla, and can only bring thither the produce of Asia, and export from thence the productions of the Philippines, raw cotton excepted, of which the purchase and exportation to China, and other parts of India, belong exclusively to the company and the inhabitants of the Philippines.

In consideration of these advantages, the islanders deduct from their profits four per cent. which is applied to the purposes of encouraging agriculture and industry in the island, and in Spain.

The fourth head of the schedule of the 12th of July 1803, settles the commerce and the navigation which may be used by the company.

It grants the privilege of making expeditions to Asia, either directly by the Cape of Good Hope, or to go to Buenos-Ayres, or by Cape-Horn, ranging the ports of the South Sea, wherever they could vend their cargo.

The returns of the company, from China and other parts of Asia, paid no duties.

The company also were allowed to establish factories on the Continent of Asia, and to export duty free, silver, fruits, and other goods of Spain, and even those of other countries.

As the commerce with Asia cannot be carried on entirely with Spanish and Indian merchandize, they have the privilege of sending out 500,000 double piastres each voyage, free from all the duties of exportation.

In time of war the company were permitted to convey every year, from Manilla to Lima, and other ports of South America, to the amount of 500,000 double piastres in fruits and merchandizes of Asia, duty free, from the port of Manilla, but subject on their arrival at Lima and other ports to the payment of fourteen per cent. on the price of the original manufacture increased to twenty per cent. and the company on paying nine and a half per cent. might send to Manilla from the ports of America, piastres to carry on

their trade, and a term of six months was granted after the peace to complete such expeditions as it might have undertaken, before they could have the knowledge of such an event.

Several other privileges were granted in this schedule, of which we have only given a short abridgment; but it proves throughout the decided intention of the Spanish government in favour of the Philippine company since its establishment. Certainly at first there was no thought of increasing the original funds by more than a third, or to extend the trade to so many distant countries, and grant such numerous privilege, some of which are dangerous to the revenue, if experience had not proved its prosperity, and given the lye to the prognostics of those who opposed it.

In effect, since the year 1796, every year has increased the importance of the speculations of the Philippine company, particularly in respect to the merchandize of India, and the productions of Peru; and at the time when towards the end of the year 1804, England declared suddenly against Spain, the company expected five frigates richly laden. Four from Manilla and Calcutta with goods to the value of 12,000,000 of double piastres. And the fifth from Lima, with a lading of 9,000 fanéques of cocoa from Guayaquil, in value at least, 2,000,000 and a half livres. But it is to be feared that the calamities of a war, for which the Spanish government was not prepared, will greatly injure the prosperity of the company, or at least put a stop for a time to its success.

What the government has done for Mexico, seems to be on a better plan, and real advantage has attended their endeavours. Galvez had a particular affection for this large and rich colony, the theatre of his activity, of his talents, and of some of his extravagances; to him it owed in a great measure its flourishing state. Galvez encouraged the Mexicans in the cultivation of corn; for at least twenty-five years, the produce has been sufficient for their own consumption, and very soon they will be able to supply all Spanish America.

Galvez introduced the cultivation of tobacco in two cantons, and it became in a few years the principal source of the Spanish revenue from the colonies.

The miners of Mexico have real cause to praise the ministry of Galvez, and granted him as a perpetual acknowledgment of their gratitude, a considerable pension, with reversion to his heirs.

For a long time the quicksilver mines of Guancavelica, which were at first so abundant, had produced but little. That of Almaden, on the confines of the kingdoms of Cordoue, was the only exception. Galvez, in bringing to perfection the works of this last, procured a much greater quantity of mercury. Before this it gave but from seven to eight thousand quintals per year. Galvez almost doubled the produce, and made with the miners of Mexico an arrangement, by which the quintal of mercury, for which they had before payed eighty piastres, was supplied to them for the sum of forty-one. The result was a great increase in the product of their mines.

Since the year 1782, the produce of the mines has been 27,000,000 of piastres. They would even have produced nearly thirty, if the mercury might in any degree be equal in quantity to the work of the mines; but in these undertakings, a fault in the construction of the galleries of the mines of Almaden, having produced an almost total inundation, and having suspended the works, the Spanish government concluded in 1784, for six years with the emperor of Germany, a contract which has been since renewed, and by virtue of which it ought to be supplied, from the mines of Idria in Austrian Istria, 6,000 quintals of mercury per year, at the price of fifty-two piastres.

The miners have thus had the power of continuing their works, which in the last few years have been more productive than ever; which has happened very apropos for assisting Spain to sustain the war with France, and also might have furnished resources in that in which they are engaged with the English, if they the English had not taken a considerable portion of the treasures beyond sea, even before the war was declared.

In general, however, the produce of the mines of America are not all for the profit of those who work them, a part comes into the revenue. The duties laid on this produce have much varied since the conquest, and are no longer the same in any of the Spanish colonies.

At first the fifth of the whole produce of all the mines was exacted, with the exception of some few, where the duties were reduced to a tenth and even to a twentieth part.

In 1552 Charles V. increased the duty one and a half per cent. on account of the melting, trying, and marking; this fee was known in Peru, by the name of cobos.

This duty of a fifth was afterwards reduced in Peru and Mexico to a tenth, and to Santa-Fé to the twentieth in gold, which was the only metal produced there for a long space of time.

In 1777 there was a change in the duties, but only with respect to the gold, which payed but three per cent. in all the American colonies.

At length in 1790, some silver mines having been discovered in the vice-royalty of Santa-Fé, these were put on the same footing as those of Peru and Mexico.

Thus the silver from the mines of America, pays eleven and a half per cent. and the gold but three per cent. It seems then that to know precisely the produce of these mines, it is only necessary to be informed of the amount of the duties. However, this evidence is not much to be depended on, because a portion of the products of the mines is fraudulently smuggled out of America, without having been converted into coin, and then that in the returns which come to Europe of the king's duties, those which are received in America, are confounded with those of other denominations. Such is the produce of the customs, and that of the sale of certain articles, which like mercury, paper, &c. are shipped on the king's account and sold again for him. We must have recourse therefore to other circumstances to be able to affirm, as we have done in the preceding chapter, that the total of the produce of the mines of Spanish America has been raised for these last years to 39,000,000 of piastres.

CHAP. XIX.

CHARACTER OF NATIONS IN GENERAL.—SOME TRAITS OF THE CHARACTER OF THE SPANIARDS.—PRIDE, GRAVITY, SLOWNESS, IDLENESS, AND SUPERSTITION.

To delineate the characters of nations is by no means an easy undertaking; in general they are portraits, which under a brilliant and ingenious pencil, have every merit except that of resemblance. It is not according to such descriptions that an idea can be formed of any modern people. For

individuals to resemble each other, they must be under the influence of the same climate, have the same occupations, and profess the same religion. They must also live under a well-established form of government, and most of them give to their ideas, sentiments and exterior habitude of body, a constant and uniform turn. It is the concurrence only of all these particulars which can authorize us to apply to all the portrait of an individual. A difference among them, in any one of these respects, is sufficient to give infinite variety to their moral and physical features. For this reason it would be easy to describe the ancient Scythians, or other pastoral nations, the savages of Canada and barbarians in general, who have but one simple and uniform mode of worship, few laws and little communication with other nations. The Greeks and Romans also in the happiest times of their republics, almost entirely devoted to the love of their country, liberty and fame, inhabiting a confined space, where the influence of climate was in every place nearly similar, and all taking a part more or less active in government, might be generally described by the same lineaments. For which reason, among modern nations, the English and Dutch would be found nearer this uniformity, the first from that universal inquietude which fixes their attention upon government, whose operations are submitted to their inpection, and from that national pride which keeps their minds in continual activity, and which is not, as in other countries, confined to certain classes of society; and the latter because, notwithstanding the various constitutions of their seven provinces, they have all a point of union which attaches them to their country and liberty, by a portion of an authority infinitely subdivided; and, because the nature of their soil, and their situation with respect to other countries, prescribes them all nearly the same taste and employments. But who can flatter himself with the idea of giving a good portrait of the German, Italian, and French nations? What a difference between the climates, productions, employments, laws and language of one province and those of another! Who would apply to an inhabitant of Westphalia the description of a Saxon or an Austrian; that of a Neapolitan to a Venetian; or that of a Fleming to an inhabitant of Languedoc?

The Spaniards are in the same situation as these three nations. There are in the inhabitants of their chief provinces such striking differences of climate, manners, lan-

guage, habits, character, and even exterior form, that the portrait of a Galician would more resemble a native of Auvergne than a Catalonian, and that of an Andalusian a Gascon more than a Castilian. If the Spaniards have ever had characteristic marks, applicable to all the inhabitants of their peninsula, it was when the Arabians, by establishing themselves in the nation, had stamped it with a particular impression, and notwithstanding the different causes which separated them from it, had communicated to it a part of their manners, ideas, taste for the arts and sciences, and of every thing of which the traces are still found in the provinces where they mostly resided; it was when the high idea they had of their nation, and which was justified by circumstances, appeared in their persons, and gave them all a resemblance to the description ill given of them; by representing them all grave, austere, generous, and breathing nothing but war and adventures. It was, in fine, when in their general assemblies, which they called *Cortes*, all took a part, more or less active, in government, directing or watching its operations, and when they felt more strongly than at present, that patriotism which acts so powerfully upon the opinions, affections and manners of those whom it animates. But these three causes of uniformity in national character have almost entirely disappeared, and left the Spaniards more immediately to the influence of the climate, and the laws and productions of their different provinces; so that to describe them in their present state, they must be divided into Castilians, Catalonians, Arragonians, Navarrians Andalusians, and Asturians, and to each of these people must be assigned a particular portrait; a difficult and disagreeable task, which could never be completed without almost continually placing the exception by the side of the rule; in which it would be scarcely possible to be exact without descending to minuteness, to be just without being severe, or a eulogist without appearing to flatter.

However, this revolution has not been so complete as not to leave many features, by which the whole Spanish nation may still be known. A part of its manners have survived the event by which they were changed. The influence of the climate has been modified, but not destroyed; in many respects the provinces have the same form of government. The court of a monarch almost absolute, is still the centre of all views and affections. All the modern Spaniards profess the same religion. In literature they have still

the same taste, and copy the same models. In many respects they have preserved some resemblance to their ancestors, and this is what I shall endeavour to point out.

When Spain discovered and conquered the New World, not contented to reign over a great part of Europe, she agitated and convulsed the other either by intrigue or military enterprizes. At this period the Spaniards were intoxicated with that national pride which appeared in the exterior of their persons, in their gestures, language and writings. As there was then some reason for this, it gave them an air of grandeur which was at least pardoned by those whom it inspired not with respect. But by a concurrence of unfortunate circumstances this splendour has been eclipsed, and the assuming manners it excused have survived it.

The Spaniard of the sixteenth century has disappeared, but his mask remains. Hence that exterior fierceness and gravity by which he is at present distinguished, and which have frequently recalled to my recollection two lines of one of our poets on the subject of original sin, notwithstanding the consequences of which the sublime station man was intended to fill is still easy to be known.

C'est du haut de son trône un roi précipité,
Qui garde sur son front un trait de majesté*.

The modern Spaniard still preserves in his air and gesture the marks of his ancient goodness. Whether he speaks or writes, his expressions have an exaggerated turn which approaches bombast.

The Spaniard has an exalted idea of his nation and of himself, and expresses it without the least disguise of art. His vanity is not nourished by those pleasant exaggerations which provoke laughter rather than anger, and which characterise the inhabitants of one of the provinces of France. When he boasts it is gravely, with all the pomp of his language.

I am nevertheless much disposed to believe that the genius of the language may also be one reason for this pompous style. The Spaniards have not only adopted many words and expressions from the Arabic, but their language is impregnated, as it were, with the oriental spirit which the

* He is a king precipitated from his throne, who still preserves in his air some traces of majesty.

Arabians naturalized in Spain. This is found in all the productions of Spanish imagination, in works of piety, in comedies and novels. It is, perhaps, one of the causes of the slow progress of sound philosophy, because carrying every thing beyond the truth, accumulating images round the most simple ideas, and favouring whatever borders upon the wonderful, the sanctuary of truth is surrounded with allusion and rendered inaccessible.

But the haughtiness of the Spaniard, which would be noble were it more moderated, and his gravity which always awes, and sometimes repels, are compensated by very estimable qualities, or are rather the source of those qualities. Individual pride, like that of a nation, elevates the mind and guards it against meanness; and such is the effect of Spanish haughtiness. In Spain there are vices and crimes as in other countries; but in general they bear this national characteristic. It is observable in the most obscure classes, in dungeons, and even under rags and misery. It compensates, to a certain degree, the genius of a language naturally diffuse, in which the ear seems to be gratified by an accumulation of sonorous words, and wherein multiplied expressions are frequently mistaken for an abundance of ideas. Haughtiness is commonly precise; it disdains detail and loves enigmatical expressions because they are concise, and leave room to think, and sometimes to conjecture. Hence is it that the same Spaniards who, when their imagination is in the least warmed, display all the luxury of their language, are laconic when their mind is calm. Of this I might give a hundred examples, but I shall mention only two. I had occasion to speak to a Spaniard of the lowest class, and found him gravely caressing a little child. I asked him if he were the father? A Frenchman of the same rank would have modestly answered, Yes, Sir; or, at least, I believe so; and would have said much more on the subject than I should have wished to hear. The Castilian, without disturbing himself, or even receiving my question with a smile, answered me coldly: "he was born in my house," after which he immediately turned the discourse to some other subject.

The following anecdote is another example of the laconic. A French traveller as he entered Castile, met a shepherd guiding his flock. Curious to be informed of all the circumstances which give to the Spanish wool, its estimable qualities, he asked the shepherd a hundred questions. If his flock belonged to the canton? What sort of food was

given it? Whether he was on a journey? From whence he came? Where was he going? When he began his journey? When would he return? &c. &c. The shepherd listened coldly to his questions, and replied; aqui nacen, aqui pacen; aqui mucren, ("here they breed, here they feed, here they die,") and pursued his journey.

This gravity, almost become proverbial, is however far from what it is generally supposed to be; in fact it includes in the Spaniards what we call affability. They do not anticipate, but wait for you. But this austere covering frequently conceals a good and benevolent mind, which will become manifest on the least examination. Strangers to the vain hypocrisy of French politeness, the Spaniards are sparing in professions. Their smile of benevolence is not the mark of duplicity, and their heart commonly opens, with ther features. How often have I been repulsed by the exterior of a Spaniard, and remained a long time without being able to approach him, or to conquer my repugnance, which was all that was necessary, to find in him a complaisance not affected but real; an obliging manner, not that which promises but that which grants! The Spaniards are, perhaps, in want of that urbanity which is bestowed by what we call a refined education, but which too frequently serves as a covering to falsehood and contempt. They supply this by that unaffected frankness and good nature, which announces and inspires confidence.

The great among them have no dignity, if we mean that which is circumspect in its affability, for fear of provoking familiarity, and which cares but little whether or not it be loved, provided it be but respected. Without forgetting who they are, they mark not in a mortifying manner the distinction of classes, and do not disdain to form connections among those beneath their own. They have no longer among them a Duke of Alba, a Don Louis de Haro, and a Penaranda, whose characters, displayed in the face of Europe, have undoubtedly contributed to propagate the idea still entertained of the imperious haughtiness of the Spanish nobility of the first rank. If some have still preserved the traces of it, in them it is coolness, timidity, and embarrassment.

Nevertheless, the great and those who fancy themselves descendants of illustrious families, have a high idea of their birth, and shew it on occasions, to those particularly who aspire to be thought their equals. Near the throne this pride is sometimes a little eclipsed. Despotism even in the

form of kindness and indulgence under which it has appeared so constant in the present age, seems to depress and even humble this hauteur. But this characteristic pride will nevertheless sometimes appear. I have known some grandees exile themselves from the court for a time, and prefer the appearances of disgrace, to the shame of a mean condescension, and others who would reply with haughtiness if provoked. One of these, who was much in the presence of the present sovereign, when he was prince of Asturias, and who was remarkably short of stature, was often joked on the subject by the prince. One day wearied with the constant appellation of *little*, he coolly but loftily replied, "Senor en mi casa me llaman grande. My Lord, in my own house I am called great." The reply was received without anger.

The ladies of these nobles seem to have preserved more of the haughty look which is said belong to the nobility of Spain. It is impossible to be more reserved, more grave; or to seem more vapourish than most of these noble ladies.

We must not forget likewise, that this exterior gravity conceals in persons of every class a cheerfulness, which to discover itself only needs to be excited. To prove this, I shall not have recourse to the Spanish threatres, where buffooneries are so well received; this would rather be an argument against my assertion, because it has been remarked, that the theatres of gay nations are more serious than those of grave ones, as if the mind were principally delighted with those emotions which are most opposite to its habitual state.

But to enable the reader to judge whether or not the Spaniards have the vivacity which I have attributed to them, I will conduct him to circles where they are at ease; to their repasts, even before the vapours of the food and wine have fermented in their brain; I will introduce him to their conversations which abound in sprightliness, pleasantries and equivoques, all the legitimate or illegitimate offspring of vivacity; and will there ask him, if this be not more open and better supported than in French societies, circles or *petit-soupers*. Undoubtedly he will say, that this vivacity is too noisy, that it is vulgar. But contemptible is that delicacy which condemns men to tiresome insipidity. Let this cheerfulness however, be condemned or not, by the caprice of fashion, it does not the less exist because our prejudices have taken a contrary turn.

One might make similar observations on other defects with which the Spaniards are continually reproached. If I have not quite absolved them from their idleness, I have taken the liberty to assert, that it was the consequence of transient circumstances, and will disappear with them. In fact, when we witness the activity which appears upon the coast of Catalonia, throughout the whole kingdom of Valencia, in the mountains of Biscay, and in all places were industry is encouraged, and commodities have an easy and certain sale; when on the other hand, we observe the laborious life of the muleteers and calessieros, who courageously conduct their mules and carriages throughout the whole country by the most dangerous roads; the husbandmen, who, in the plains of La Maneha and Andalusia, harden themselves to the labours of the fields, which the nature of the soil, the distance of their habitations, and the heat of the most burning climate in Europe, render more painful than in other countries; when we consider the number of Galicians and Asturians who, like our Auvergnians and Limousins, seek at a distance the slow and painful means of subsistence; when we perceive that the idleness with which the Spaniards are so much reproached, is circumscribed within the boundaries of the two Castiles, that is, the part of Spain the most unprovided with roads, canals, and navigable rivers; it is but just, to conclude that this vice is not an indelible stain on the character of the Spanish nation.

There is another defect which has much affinity to idleness, at least it manifests itself by much the same symptoms; which is slowness, or *inertiæ;* and from this it would be more difficult to exculpate the Spaniards. It must be allowed, that knowledge penetrates but slowly into Spain. In political measures, war, and all the operations of government; nay, even in the common occurrences of life, when other nations act, they still deliberate. Mistrustful and circumspect, they fail in as many affairs by slowness, as others by precipitation. This is the more extraordinary, as their lively imagination should seem of a nature to be irritated by delay. But in nations, as in individuals, there is not a single quality which is not frequently modified by a contrary one, and in the struggle, the triumph is always on the side to which the mind is most forcibly disposed by the circumstance of the moment. The Spaniard, naturally cold and deliberate when nothing extraordinary moves him, is inflamed to enthusiasm, when his haughtiness, resentment, or any of the passions which compose his character, are awakened

either by insult or opposition. Hence it is, that the Spanish nation, apparently the most grave, cold, and slow in Europe, sometimes becomes one of the most violent when circumstances deprive it of its habitual calm and deliver it up to the empire of the imagination. The most dangerous animals are not those which are in the most continued agitation. The aspect of the lion is grave as his pace; his motions are not without an object; his roarings not in vain. As long as his inaction is undisturbed, he loves peace and silence, but if he be provoked, he shakes his mane; fire sparkles in his eyes, he roars tremendously, and the king of animals appears.

I do not mean to assert the superiority of Spain over the rest of Europe, I only say that the general conduct of the people proves, more perhaps than that of any other nation in the world, that qualities apparently different may be found united in the same character, such as violence, and slowness, cold gravity, and extreme irascibility. This mixture of character, is particularly remarkable in two of the chief affections of the soul, devotion and courage. Under appearances equally calm, the one often becomes fanaticism, and the other fury.

The Spanish nation, with some few modern exceptions, are guided by a respect for religious mummeries, and opinions, in a word they are too justly accused of superstition. One may even assert that in Spain this deformed bastard sister of religion, has been almost without interruption, either on, or near the throne. She was constantly seated by the side of the weak and valetudinary Charles II. she was ever with Philip V. who was good and virtuous, but without energy; pious with sincerity, but to an excess. With Ferdinand VI. she appeared in his fondness for pageantry and his pleasures. But her influence with these three monarchs and their successor, at least sheltered them from the corruption of morals, of which their subjects too often were the examples; and explains the rare phenomenon of a succession of sovereigns who were without a mistress.

As for Charles III. plain in his manners, exemplary and regular in his private life, scrupulously just, in his character of king, in his death, in his actions, and in his conversation, yet still he was the slave of superstition.

It is more especially the duty of the founder of an order which bears the name of St. Januarius, and which has for a motto, "In sanguine fœdus," to believe implicitly in the liquifaction of the blood of this blessed Neapolitan, and an

occasion was not wanting to demonstrate the blind faith which Charles had avowed in this miracle. I have heard him relate that while he reigned at Naples, the miracle was interrupted all at once. It was in vain that the holy vial was shaken, the blood remained coagulated, and it was a long time before the cause was discovered. It must be remembered that this vial is deposited in the very shrine of the saint, but apart, and separated by a partition. It is a tradition at Naples, that if there was the least communication between the body of the saint, and his miraculous blood, the liquifaction would cease. The tomb was examined with care, and a small chink or crack was discovered in the partition which separated the vial from the body. This small damage was immediately repaired and the blood as soon recovered its property of liquifaction. Let who will explain this miracle. But one must believe it, for as la Fontaine says, "a king never tells a lie," and Charles III. above any other monarch deserved this eulogium.

This prince was pleased to relate another event, probably more strange than the former.

One may recollect the danger he experienced in the year 1744, when an Austrian army, commanded by the prince of Lobkowitz, marched to Naples to dethrone Don Carlos (this was himself) and the happiness he had to escape in the battle of Veletri. The success of the business depended, as he said, on a battery advantageously placed at the entrance of a certain street, by which the Austrians who sought him, must necessarily pass. This battery so annoyed them, that they took another direction and so lost the victory, and the prey which they came to seize. At the end of the battle, it was enquired, who was the experienced and faithful subject, who had thus placed these protecting guns. He was sought throughout the whole army, an ample reward was promised him, but no one appeared. From that time it was believed by Don Carlos, and those who surrounded him, that the battery was placed there by the hand of God, and Charles III. carried this belief with him to the grave.

It may be supposed that such pious kings must be surrounded by servants and subjects animated by the same zeal for religion, and whatever was in any degree connected with it, it must be allowed that most of the nobles, the generals, and ministers, in this respect conformed to their august models. There are few noble families who have not some relics among the family jewels.

I have heard it related of the minister Galvez, (who

certainly could not be accused of having a weak head), that he had been witness to the following fact: Being at Seville, he had the happiness to see the body of St. Ferdinand. The air of serenity which still reigned in the features, inspired a sense of devotion which it was impossible to resist. An Englishman, who was among the spectators, and who had expressed the most impious opinions of the exercise of the Romish religion, was so much affected with the venerable aspect of the blessed saint, that he shed tears in the middle of the church, and became a Catholic from that moment.

The same minister, Galvez, related also in my hearing, that being in Mexico, he there saw the body of the first bishop of Guadalaxara, who died with the reputation of great sanctity. This body was not subject to putrefaction. Clothed in his pontifical garments, he seemed to enjoy a peaceable slumber.

The life of this bishop had been a continued series of miracles, of which we may judge by the following example.

Before he was raised to the episcopacy, he was counsellor of the audience of Guadalaxara. A criminal process had been brought before this tribunal. The accused was condemned to die, and every voice, even that of the future bishop had pronounced the sentence. But when it was presented to the judges, the holy man refused to sign it. They insisted, and asked the reason of this inconsistency. He explained the matter, by saying, that bishops could not sign a sentence of death; and on a reply, that he was not a bishop, he again answered, he felt that he was; they thought his head was turned, but were undeceived, when, a few months afterwards, they learnt that, on the very day that he refused to sign the pope had nominated him to the bishopric of Guadalaxara.

If we wish for more general proofs of the propensity of the Spaniards to superstitious credulities, we may recollect, that in the year 1780, the Spanish navy experienced a great misfortune near Cadiz. One of the squadrons was surprised by Rodney, and notwithstanding the bravery of the commander, Langara, it was defeated. Four of the ships were taken by the English. Their names were, the Phœnix, the Diligent, the Princess, and the St. Dominique. All those which escaped were named after the saints; of this circumstance the Spaniards did not fail to take particular notice; and, as by a singular chance, the St. Dominique blew up at the moment when she was going to be manned by the victor; it was said, that her patron saint had rather

chosen to let her perish, than to see her fall into the hands of heretics.

I do not however, mean to assert that these remarks were made by the officers of the squadron. They do not all resemble their admiral Barcelo, who having commenced his career as master of a vessel, and who having preserved, in the highest rank of the navy, the simplicity of his former state, said that there was no merit in his having courage, because he considered himself invulnerable, and who in displaying his scapulary, asserted seriously that he had seen more than one ball coming right towards him, that was turned aside at the approach of this talisman.

But what nation is there either ancient or modern that has not been tainted with the same ridiculous superstitions. In Rome, in Greece, their philosophers, their historians, have paid this tribute to human weakness. Plutarch, Tacitus, Socrates himself was not exempt; Racine not only believed, but related some of the miracles worked at Port Royal. It is true that in our days the Spaniards are in this respect the most credulous people in Europe. It must be allowed that there are always some, and I have known several who owe to their education, to their proper habit of thinking, and to travelling, a very liberal judgment on the subject of religion and matters of faith.

But in the classes where education is neglected, (and these are very numerous) where they have little communication with their betters, and few means of enlightening themselves, superstition and fanaticism are still carried to a degree seldom found in Flanders or Bavaria; because religion, always assimilating with the character of the people, must have very warm and ardent votaries in a nation remarkable for the vivacity of its imagination and the violence of its passions.

This mixture of strength and imbecility produces still in our days the most cruelly fantastical effects. There is a church in Madrid, where, during the Holy Week, the most fervent of the faithful meet in a dark vault. Long whips are given them on their entrance; they strip themselves naked to the waist, and, on a certain signal, flagellate themselves with such violence that the blood runs in streams from their bodies. During this barbarous ceremony their silence is interrupted only by the sighs of repentance, and the groans of pain. Thus most of them employ a transient cessation from a life of licentiousness.—Unhappy wretches! they have no other witness to this voluntary martyrdom than

God and their conseienee, and the next day believe both the one and the other.

One may easily imagine that the metropolis has not this privilege exelusively. In some provinees, the day begins with similar seenes of scandalous piety. A very creditable gentleman assured me that a few years ago, in a town of Estramadura, he was witness of the following seene. He was acquainted there with a lady of an amiable and lively charaeter, and possessing all the agreeable qualities of her age and sex. He went to visit her onee on a Good Friday: her countenance and deportment displayed an air of cheerfulness, and she was dressed in a beautiful white robe. He asks her the reason of this extraordinary appearance on a day of mourning and penitenee. "You will soon know it," said she. At this moment the flagellants were to pass her house. She waited for them with every mark of impatienee. At last they appear. She approaehes the window, whieh was on the ground floor, and looked into the street. The flagellants stop before her, and lash themselves. In an instant she is besprinkled with drops of blood from their bodies, and appears delighted at seeing her garments wetted with this horrid dew. The enigma of her white robe was now explained to the speetator. I will suppose, if you please, that gallantry played a part in this pious work of penitenee, and that the lover of the young lady was among the actors.—But the scene appears on this aceount, the more atrociously absurd.

These are some samples of Spanish devotion. It is not extended to such excess all over the kingdom. The enlightened Spaniards, who inerease every day, sigh to see it still deeply rooted. In the latter days of the pious Charles III. attempts were made with sueeess to produce some salutary reforms.

At Madrid a great number of their processions, called *rosarios*, are now suppressed: these almost at every hour in the day used to eross the city in every direction, on their way from one chureh to another, ehanting the most unintelligible psalmody;—ceremonies not only without necessity, in the eye of sound religion, but having no other effect than to fatigue the passers by, to draw the workmen from their shops, and mothers of families from their domestie employment.—Nevertheless, the court of Rome whenever she would encroaeh on the rights of the temporal authority, is set at defiance.

The estates of the clergy are no longer considered as

inviolable; while the disorderly conduct of the lower clergy and of the monks is blamed without scruple; and strict measures are taken to restrain them.

In short, it is now extensively felt, that "the regeneration of Spain depends on the diminution of the vast number of convents!"

On the other hand (for I have promised to tell all) the Spaniards still entertain a respect for the most obscure ecclesiastics; which must appear contemptible in the eyes of the most sincere Christian in any another country.—In almost every house in Spain you meet either priests or monks; and they are regarded as a shield against the anger of God and even of men. I saw, when I passed through Valencia in 1799, at the time when our nation was an object of animosity, that several French ladies of my acquaintance owed their preservation entirely to the intercession of some priests who came to their assistance.

When the ecclesiastics are met in the streets, the people form a line, and give them the wall: and every person, of whatever rank, on approaching them, respectfully kisses either their hands or the sleeve of their venerable robe; and this act of Christian humility is received with sufficient arrogance. I shall class the following particulars not amongst the acts of superstition, but amongst the testimonies of devotion, which will be thought singular by others than *free-thinkers.*

In Spain, if a gentleman in his carriage meet a priest on foot, carrying the host, he gets out and offers him his place. This he does not fail to accept: and the gentleman, whatever may be the weather, however he may be dressed, or his business ever so pressing, walks slowly by the side of the coach, accompanying the priest to the house of the sick person. There he waits till the functions of the priest be finished; and then escorts him again, still *on foot,* to the church from whence he came. Not till then does he resume his station. Sometimes the priest, of himself, when he sees a carriage stop at a door, takes it without ceremony; and when the owner appears, the direction in which it went is indicated to him, and he may either wait its return or follow it. The pious orthodox are pleased with these trifling inconveniences; and even those who, for some cause or other, are not of their opinion, wisely keep from murmuring.

When the holy wafer is carried about, a little bell announces its approach. Immediately all business, all

entertainment, all pleasure, is suspended; and every one continues on his knees till it has passed. Even Protestants, who look upon this homage as a species of idolitary, scarcely dare to dispense with it. So far there is nothing more than what is conformable to the faith and doctrine of the catholic religion; but when the ludicrous appears, it is, as I have seen more than once at Madrid, when the Host passes a play-ahouse. As soon as the little bell is heard, the play is instantly stopped. Spectators and actors, whatever their parts, Moors, Jews, and even Devils*, all without exception turn towards the door that leads to the street, and, kneeling, remain in that position as long as the bell can be heard; and it requires not a little self-command to check an inclination for laughter.

Another custom which must appear singular to an observer, even if he be himself a catholic, is to see on certain days notice fixed on the churches to this effect: "Oy se saca animas;" "To-day souls are released from purgatory." On the eve and the day of All-souls, this delivery is universally announced with the most doleful pomp. The churches are hung with black; the tombs are opened; a coffin covered with black, and surrounded with wax-lights, is placed in the nave of the church; and in one corner, figures in wood, representing the souls of the deceased are half way plunged into the flames. To succeed in drawing from purgatory those for whom they interest themselves, they pray a long time with great fervour; and passing afterwards rapidly from these charitable funeral employments to every worldly recreation, the day is finished by a jovial banquet, the principal dish of which is called *trépassés*, a kind of cake made of flour, butter, and aniseed.

These customs prevail in almost every catholic country, and tend to cast a ridicule upon devotion; but in none, except perhaps in Italy, are they so frequent and general as in Spain.

A custom not the least absurd is observed at the door of the church of St. Anthony, on the day of his festival; it is that of driving horses and mules in great solemnity to

* This is no exaggeration. One day during the performance of the play called "The Devil turned Preacher," a very whimsical piece, where the devil is introduced into a convent in the dress of a monk, the sacrament passed just at the time the pretended monk was on the stage, and he was obliged to kneel as well as the others; which of course stopped the performance for some minutes.

partake of a small quantity of oats, which a priest has sanctified by his benediction, and which is to preserve these beasts from sickness all the year, is not sound religion.

The monkish habit is so respected, that a preservative virtue is attributed to it, even beyond this life, whatever irregularities may have been committed under it. Nothing is more common than to see the dead buried in a friar's dress, and conducted in this manner with their face uncovered, which is almost the general custom in Spain. The Franciscan habit is the object of a marked predilection in the devotion of the deceased. The convents of this order have a special warehouse appropriated to this posthumous wardrobe; and there is so great a sale of these habits that a stranger, who was only a few months at Madrid, without being informed of this singular custom, and seeing nothing but Franciscans interred, expressed to me his surprise at the prodigious number of them in that city, and asked me seriously, if their community, whatever their number, were not entirely carried off by this violent epidemic.

In the same manner that the monkish habit accompanies some to the grave, it rises with others from the cradle. It is not uncommon to see gamboling in the streets, little monks of the age of four or five years. Sometimes the parents, whose whimsical vow they thus expiate, take the liberty of exercising their paternal severity on this holy robe; but that is perhaps the only outrage the habit receives in Spain; and these innocent creatures are the only monks who submit to the austerities of penance.

On entering a house, unless you wish to be considered as impious, or, what is still worse, a heretic, you must begin with these words, "Ave Maria purissima;" to which you will certainly receive this answer, "sin peccado concebida." There is still fixed every year at the church doors, the "index" or the list of those books, especially foreign, of which the Holy Office has thought proper to interdict the reading on pain of excommunication. But many of them certainly have not sufficient merit to deserve this proscription. What respect can we have for the thunder of the church, when it is hurled only by caprice or ignorance? Can the impious, or, if you please, the philosophers, wish for any other means to render it contemptible?

To conclude this subject, I shall observe that that tri-

bunal, secretly appreciated by a good number of wise men in the country, the inquisition is still honourably received by a great part of the nation. It still has its tremendous forms, its *familiers*, even in the most exalted classes, and sometimes its victims, &c. &c. &c.

Let us be just, even though we may mortify the pride of those who desire nothing but unqualified praise, and declare without calumny, that Spain is still the birth-place of mummery, and the land of fanaticism and superstition.

CHAP. XX.

CONTINUATION OF THE CHARACTER OF THE SPANIARDS. —THEIR COURAGE. — REMAINS OF BARBARISM. — PATIENCE. — SOBRIETY. — CHARACTER OF THE WOMEN. — DISSOLUTENESS OF THEIR MANNERS — ITS CAUSES, &c.

WE have seen the influence of the character and education of the modern Spaniards on their religion. Let us now observe what influence it has upon their courage.

The causes which formerly kept it in a state of activity have disappeared. It is a long time since there were any Moors in their neighbourhood, who were the constant food of their courage; if it do not appear in the same degree of fermentation as it was then, if it appear to sleep, it may rouse; and indeed it does awake at the least signal. The fits of fury which were called *holy*, are become infinitely more rare. The time when it was fired by the mere name of Infidel; the age of the *Pizarros* and the *Almagros* is gone by with the Spaniards. Religious intolerance, if not entirely corrected among them, has borne for some time at least more the stamp of ridicule than the appearance of atrocity; and in their wars with the Mussulmen they fight the enemies of their country rather than the enemies of their religion.

They begin even to feel that religion may suffer a government to treat as useful neighbours those that were formerly looked upon as irreconcileable enemies. In Spain, as else where, reason, the progress of mind, and philosophy well understood, though slow, have sensibly softened their

manners. The remains of ancient barbarism disappear one after another.

Assassinations were formerly more common in Spain than at present. Every man of consequence had assassins in his pay. They were hired in the kingdom of Valencia, in the same manner as it is pretended that a few years ago we hired witnesses in some of our provinces. This disgraceful custom was chiefly owing to the kind of arms that were worn. It was a sort of triangular poniard, which, hidden under the cloak, was drawn to take vengeance on the first moment of an affront. A stroke from it was more dangerous than that of the sword, which cannot be used privately, and the management of which requires some dexterity, and is even more dangerous than the common poniard, called *rejon*. The use of these weapons of perfidy is not yet quite abolished, and justifies one of the accusations with which the character of the Spaniards continues to be vilified by foreigners.

It is very difficult to correct the morals or even the manners of a people by violent and sudden means. The minister Squilaci made, it is said, forty years ago, with the consent of Charles III, the difficult experiment. The long cloaks and the flapped hats *(sombreros chambergos)*, a costume in which it was difficult to recognise one's best friend, favoured all sorts of disorders, particularly those which endangered the safety of the citizen. To proscribe them, he had recourse to coercive laws and acts. His satellites were stationed in the cross-ways, and, being provided with scissars, curtailed the cloaks of all those who exceeded the prescribed length. He, being a foreigner, and the minister of a sovereign who had passed a great part of his life out of Spain, expected to find the Castilians as manageable as Peter the Great had found the Russians. But the people mutinied. The king began to be afraid; and the minister was put to death. The costume, so rudely attacked, out-lived him some time; —but more slow and lenient measures (the example of the court and those belonging to it, and the activity of a vigilant police), have greatly diminished these inconveniences. The flapped hats, which encouraged both insult and crimes, by ensuring their impunity, have entirely disappeared in the capital; and the cloak, a dress very convenient for those who know how to use it, now favours nothing but idleness.

The use of the fatal poniard exists still in some parts of Spain, but only amongst the inferior classes of the

people. There are still some bullies who make use of it to frighten the timorous; and some violent men, to whom it is a ready instrument of vengeance. The ecclesiastics have employed the arguments of charity and peace to make their congregations discard them. The last archbishop of Granada, in particular, was very successful by means of his preaching. But these measures have not been so efficacious every where. The kingdom of Valencia, the country most favoured by Heaven, where it should seem that beauty of climate and the goodness of nature would excite only the softer passions, is disgraced by frequent murders. One of the prerogatives of the crown is, that the king can every year pardon one criminal condemned to death, if there be the least circumstance in his favour. But it has been remarked that, in the list presented to the king by the assembly of Valencia, for a number of years, there has not been a single criminal condemned, whose case was at all pardonable; so much premeditated atrocity was observed in their crimes.

The poniard and the assassin are still tolerably common in Andalusia: and it is there verified how powerful the influence of the climate is when not counter-balanced by moral agency. During the summer a certain easterly wind (called *le vent de médine*) occasions a kind of phrensy, which renders these excesses much more frequent than at any other time of the year.

But let the natural face of Spain be changed; let canals and roads be constructed through those of her cantons which are at present inaccessible;—in short, let the plans of the present government continue to be executed, and the influence of climate will give way in this respect, as well as in others, to these powerful causes.

The revolutions which have happened in their manners within the last sixty years, justify this prediction. It was only during the last century that two customs, which reason and humanity had a long time proscribed, began to become less common: I mean the *rondalla* and the *pedreades*. The former is a species of defiance shown to one another by two troops of itinerant musicians. Without any other motive than to prove their courage, they present one another with fire-arms and swords; each side begins with firing, and they then have recourse to their swords. It will scarcely be believed that this custom still exists in Navarre and in Arragon; and that a similar defiance took place in the

month of August 1792, between two parishes near the town of Saragossa?

The custom of the "pedreades" has only within these few years disappeared. This was also a kind of combat between two troops armed with slings, who attacked and overwhelmed one another with stones. Such manners seem equally to accuse those who resort to, and the government that tolerates them.

We may further give as a proof of the modern reformation upon the morals of the Spaniards, the rarity of duelling. Formerly, the nicest point of honour, carried to excess, occasioned amongst them very frequent duels, of which their plays and their romances bear testimony. At present, their courage, though not so soon inflamed, may still serve in time of war for the defence of their country, without interrupting its tranquillity in time of peace;—and during the space of nearly ten years, that I resided in Spain, I did not hear of one fatal duel having taken place; and very rarely indeed of any rencontres.

On the other hand, the Spaniards have preserved even to this day many of their ancient virtues; and particularly those of patience and sobriety. The one makes them hardy in their enterprises and indefatigable in their occupations; the other shields them from the excesses so very common among the other nations of Europe. Without wishing to detract from the first of these virtues, I would say that they are indebted for it to their natural constitution and to the quality of their food. Their robust and nervous bodies, dried and hardened by a hot climate, can better support the privation and superabundance of food. The flesh of animals, at least in the middle provinces of Spain, contains more nutriment than elsewhere. Their vegetables, being less spongy than in other countries, where water contributes more to their growth than the sun, also contain more nourishment. Foreigners who settle in Madrid very soon perceive this; and if they were fully to satisfy their usual appetite they would soon be convinced, (by a very painful disease, called "entripado," a kind of colic which the physicians of this country alone can cure) that have changed both food and climate.

The sobriety of the Spaniards is also owing in a great measure to Nature, which, always making use of means proportioned to the end required, has given them a constitution analogous to the strength of the wine which their land produces; whilst foreigners do not with impunity

gratify their taste to excess. I have known repeated and striking examples of this fact. I saw seven or eight domestics, which were in the suit of our ambassador, count Montmorin, had brought with him, who drank the wine of La Mancha as freely as they would the light wines of France, miserably perish in less then six years. They were almost constantly in a state of intoxication, and their decay was visible to the most inattentive observer. The Spaniards, who follow the same custom, do not experience the same inconvenience. It is extremely rare to see one overcome with wine*; and if you meet a drunken soldier in the street, you may lay ten to one that he is a foreigner, and twenty to one that he is a Swiss.

The Spaniards will pardon me for ascribing to their climate the virtue of sobriety (which is so unanimously granted to them). Is it not comparing them to other nations, and even to every individual of the human species, who owe their qualities equally to their education, their station, their habits, to example, and a thousand other causes which do not depend upon themselves? And is it not also a great merit that they have profited by these benign influences?

The Spaniards may at least boast of having triumphed over the influence which led them to a certain excess, and which might have served for their excuse. I particularly allude to a depraved passion, repugnant to nature, injurious to the fair sex, and too common among the inhabitants of southern countries. This base passion is entirely unknown in Spain. Jealousy, another outrage against that sex which is the object of our homage, seems also to depend on the influence of a climate which communicates its ardour both to the senses and to the imagination. This odious passion, once so offensive in its suspicions, so injurious and cruel in its precautions, and implacable in its resentment, is now much weakened among the modern Spaniards. If in Spain the lovers be tormented with suspicion, and sometimes too severe in their vengeance, there is no country in Europe that can boast of so few jealous husbands. The women, who were formerly deprived of all intercourse, who could

* I must in justice maintain this assertion; whatever may be the assertions of a German writer, who has travelled in Spain more recently than I have, and who pretends to have met with many drunkards. A Spaniard, speaking to me lately on this subject, said, This accusation comes from a German, who wishes to exaggerate this failing among the Spaniards, in order to excuse his own countrymen. I do not adopt this recrimination, but I persist in my statement.

hardly be seen through the grates of their windows, now enjoy perfect liberty. Their veils (mantillas), the only remains of their ancient slavery, now serve no other purpose than to defend them against the sun, and to render them more attractive. A tissue at first invented by jealousy now belies its intention. Coquetry has made it one of its most seducing articles of dress; and, in favouring half-concealment, has indirectly encouraged the stolen glances of love. Those lovers, who breathed the tale of their disconsolate sufferings under the balcony of their invisible mistresses, and had no other witness or interpreter, than their guitar, are now only to be found in plays and romances. Conquests are become less cruel and less dilatory, the husbands are become more tractable, and the women more accessible.

Women!—Who is there that does not feel a lively interest in this word? Who is not disposed to pardon their caprices; to submit to their raillery, and to indulge them in their foibles?

Women in every country have some peculiar attractions which characterize them. In England, you are charmed by the elegance of their shape and the modesty of their behaviour; in Germany, by their rosy lips and the sweetness of their smiles; in France, by that amiable vivacity which animates all their features. The sensation which you experience at the approach of a handsome Spanish lady has something so bewitching that it sets description at defiance. Her coquetry is less restrained than that of other women. She cares little about pleasing the world in general. She esteems its approbation much more than she courts it; and is perfectly contented with one, if it be the object of her choice. If she neglect nothing which is likely to carry her point, at least she disdains affectation, and owes very little to the assistance of her toilet. The complexion of a Spanish woman never borrows any assistance from art. Art never furnishes her with a colour which Nature has denied to her by placing her under the influence of a burning sun. But with how many charms is she not endowed, as a compensation for her paleness! Where can you find such fine shapes as theirs; such graceful movements, such delicacy of features, and such lightness of carriage? Reserved and sometimes at first sight even rather melancholy, when she casts upon you her large black eyes full of expression, and when she accompanies them with a tender smile, insensibility itself must fall at her feet.

But if the coldness of her behaviour do not prevent you from paying your addresses to her, she is as decided and mortifying in her disdain as she is seducing when she permits you to hope. In this last case she does not suffer you to be long in suspense; and perseverance is followed by happiness.

Perseverance is, without doubt, pleasure with a Spanish woman: but is at the same time a rigorous and slavish duty. Love, even when crowned with success, requires that you belong to her alone. The man who has enlisted under her banners, must sacrifice to her all his affections, all his desires, and all his time. He is condemned, not to langnor, but to idleness. Those happy mortals whom Spanish women deign to subdue, and are named *cortejos* are less disinterested, but are not less assiduous than the Italian *cicisbeos*. They must be ready to prove their devotion every hour of the day; to accompany their fair one to the promenade, to the theatre, and even to the confessional. Tempests, however, disturb the serenity of such an union; the slightest incident produces alarm; and a transcient wavering is punished like infidelity. It may be said, that in Spain jealousy has fled from Hymen to take refuge in the bosom of love: and that it belongs more particularly to that sex which seems made rather to inspire than to experience it.

In short, the bonds of a handsome Spanish woman are less pleasant to support than difficult to avoid. Their caprices, the natural offspring of a lively imagination, are sometimes obstinate and absurd. But it is not easy to reconcile with these transcient humours the constancy of most of the Spanish women in their attachments. The infatuation which they occasion, and which they experience so different from all extreme situations that do not last long, is often prolonged much beyond the ordinary time; and I have seen in this land of ardent passions more than one lover die of old age. May not this apparent contradiction be accounted for from their religious scruples, ill understood as they almost always are? The conscience of a Spanish woman, though complaisant enough to permit one only choice at which her duty murmurs, would it not be alarmed at a succession of infidelities? Does she find for the first an excuse in her frailty, and in the irresistible vow of her heart, that draws her to the only object which nature designed for her? Or does she conceive in succeeding attachments that the sin appears again in all its deformity? This is another enigma in the Spanish women

that wants explanation. They reconcile their inconsistency in morals with the minute observance of religious duties. In many countries these excesses succeed one another alternately. In Spain they are inseparable, as well among the men as the women. In this association of the most incoherent things, their object seems to be not to prevent scandal or to change their conduct, but to make a kind of compensation for their faults.

I have known many men in Spain who frequented the churches with an assiduity which even true christians might regard as a rigorous obligation; who kept strictly the laws of the church concerning fasts; who rendered to their priests the most abject homage;—and who, notwithstanding, led dissolute lives. I have known many women, abandoned to an attachment which their duty disproves, surrounded with relics and scapularies, bind themselves by the most insignificant vows, and fulfil them with scrupulosity.

To endeavour to explain the dissoluteness of morals, is to acknowledge it exists, and notwithstanding my favourable opinion of the Spaniards, I cannot but confess this charge.

More faithful, however, to the resolution I have formed to be impartial, I must add, that this depravity is not so general as libertines, who always exaggerate their indiscretions, are pleased to say it is; that there are even at Madrid, families exemplary in their conduct, faithful husbands, and wives who in other countries would be models of modesty and propriety; that their daughters, although, in general, not reserved in their carriage, promise much more than they grant, and that nothing is more rare than their anticipation of the rights of matrimony; that if opportunities of purchasing pleasures equally shameful and easy to obtain, are frequent for those who seek them, at least prostitution is neither so public nor impudent as in other countries; and that the police, by severely prohibiting its scandalous seminaries, obliges it to conceal itself, and sometimes

* A woman would not permit the most chaste kiss to be given her in public; and those which are customary in our comedies, and of which no notice is taken, are entirely banished from the Spanish stage. Yet how many victims does not incontinence produce! She punishes not only the guilty, but too often the innocent suffer from the dreadful consequences. That horrible gift which the New World has given to the Old, is become in Spain the patrimony of whole families, and the degeneration of a great number of illustrious races is strikingly visible.

pursues it to its secret retreats. I shall farther observe, that the women rigorouly banish from their society those familiarities* which are considered as indifferent by other nations, where the senses, not so quickly inflamed, more slowly betray their disorder; and that this distrust of themselves is at least an homage which their weakness renders to modesty. But provided they be not too nearly approached, they permit, and sometimes provoke those allurements at which decency is in other places alarmed.

They pardon equivoque, obscenity, indelicate descriptions, all witticisms and indiscreet expressions. The free manner in which they explain themselves in some instances, cannot but astonish a stranger accustomed to convey his thoughts on similar occasions under a thicker veil. The English women have an extremely delicate and pure imagination, and no person would dare to wound their ears with an expression in the least tending to indecency. It is said they carry reserve in this respect to that degree of excess which we should call prudery. French women, who do not repel the sallies of an innocent gaiety, but whose decency impresses awe upon effrontery, are, in their turn, prudes in comparison to the Spanish women. I have seen the latter hear without a blush, and even permit themselves expressions, which men of but few scruples would have reserved for the orgies of debauchery. I have heard several of them sing couplets which breathed something more than voluptuousness, and left the penetration of the hearer nothing to imagine. This circumstance alone, however, would not be sufficient to prove the depravity of manners in Spain.

Purity of morals is certainly not a matter of conversation. In every country depravity is nearly the same, except the modifications given it by law and religion. The moral purity of language is something different; this varies according to time and place; it depends upon climate, custom, manners and genius of language. Women who permit themselves freedom of expression, and give the example of it, are certainly not on that account more seducing to persons of delicacy, but they are not more easily seduced. The woman who jests with vice is, perhaps, farther removed from it than she who carefully repels it from her imagination, from a conviction of her own weakness; besides, as it has frequently been remarked, manners are never more corrupted than when the moral purity of language is carried to the most scrupulous excess; because then every

mind is filled with depraved ideas, and the greatest precaution must be taken that they may not be awakened. On the contrary, a nation not yet corrupted by excess of civilisation, may have in its language a kind of ingenuousness which renders expressions far from entirely chaste; and when, like our first parents, it begins to blush at its nakedness, we may be sure, that like them, it has no longer preserved its innocence.

This, however, is not the case of the Spanish nation. I have only wished to prove that the liberties the Spaniards permit themselves in their language, may nevertheless be reconciled with much purer manners. I should be inclined to believe these modes of expression, shocking to the decency of other nations, would disappear by a more refined civilisation, more precautions in the education of young persons, almost exclusively abandoned to the government of servants, even in the most distinguished houses, and especially by better example, the most efficacious of all educations. But can a young lady, who from the most tender age has been familiarised to the grossest expressions, which her presence commands not respect enough to repress; who in companies, to which she is frequently admitted, hears applause bestowed on impudence, which disdains to throw a transparent veil even over the obscenities in which it indulges: can one, whose ears are early accustomed to the indecent expressions which are permitted on the stage, and whose eyes repeatedly behold the wanton attitudes exhibited in the favourite Spanish dance, long preserve in her imagination and language that virgin purity which is, perhaps, the greatest charm, of her sex?

The character and manners of a people would be but imperfectly known if they were only seen in their serious occupations and under the influence of passion. They show themselves more decidedly in their festivals, their games, and their taste. I shall endeavour to delineate the Spaniards under these different heads.

CHAP. XXI.

OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE SPANIARDS.—THEIR DANCES, GAMES, PLEASURES, MEALS.—OBSERVATIONS ON THEIR TASTE IN GENERAL.

NOTHING forms a stronger contrast to the gravity of the Spaniards than their favourite dance the *fandango*. It is a truly national dance, full of expression, at which foreigners who are a little scrupulous are at first shocked, but they soon become enchanted with it.

As soon as the *fandango* is struck up by the musicians at a ball, all faces begin to be animated, and the spectators, even if their age condemns them to a state of immobility, have great difficulty to keep from falling in with the dancers. A very ingenious apologue has been formed, to give an idea of its irresistible fascination.

It is said, that the court of Rome, scandalized that a country so renowned for the purity of its faith had not long ago proscribed such a profane dance, resolved to pronounce the solemn condemnation of it. A consistory assembled, the prosecution of the Fandango was begun, according to rule; and sentence was about to be thundered against it, when one of the judges judiciously observed, that a criminal ought not to be condemned without being heard. The observation had weight with the assembly. Two Spaniards were brought before it, and to the sound of instruments displayed all the graces of the Fandango. The severity of the judges was not proof against the exhibition; their austere countenances began to relax; they rose from their seats, and their arms and legs soon found their former suppleness. The consistory-hall was changed into a dancing-room, and the Fandango was acquitted.

After such a triumph, it may be imagined that the remonstrances of decency have but little effect; its empire seems to be firmly established. It is, however, different according to the places in which it is practised. It is frequently called for at the theatre, and generally closes private dances. In these cases the intention is no more than lightly indicated; but, on other occasions, when a few persons assembled seem wantonly to shake off all scruples, the meaning is then so marked, that voluptuousness assails the mind at every avenue; its incitements cause the heart of the modest youth to palpitate with desire, and reanimate the deadened senses

of old age. The Fandango is danced by two persons only, who never touch so much as even the hand of each other; but when we view their reciprocal allurements, their retreats and approaches; when we observe the female, in the moment when her languor announces an approaching defeat, suddenly acquire new courage to escape from her conqueror, who pursues her, and is pursued in his return; the manner in which these emotions are expressed by their looks, gestures and attitudes, it is impossible not to confess with a blush, that these scenes are, to the real combats of Cytherea, what our military evolutions in peace are to the real display of the art of war.

The *Seguidilla* is another dance peculiar to the Spaniards. The figure is formed by eight persons; at each corner the four couple retrace, although but momentarily the principal movements of the Fandango. A Spanish female dancing the Seguidilla, dressed in character, accompanying the instruments with castanets, and marking the measure with her heel with uncommon precision, is certainly one of the most seducing objects which love can employ to extend his empire. There is in Spain a dance still more voluptuous if possible than the *fandango*, but it belongs rather to the provinces than the capital; it is called the *volero*. Andalusia is its native country: as it seems invented particularly for the Andalusians of both sexes; a remnant of decency has banished it almost entirely from private balls, but it is danced still often enough on the stage.

The Spanish nation has a decided taste for dancing, and the greatest aptitude to excel in the art. Besides the dances peculiar to the nation they have adopted those of other countries without excepting the minuet; but the noble, decent and easy graces of this dance escape them. It appears, however, to have many attractions in the eyes of the Spaniards, and makes an essential part of their education. Each ball has a president, who, under the name of *Bastonero* is to make every body dance the minuet, and who, notwithstanding his utmost endeavours to consult the inclination of every one, in forming the couples, never fails to give offence to some. In the reign of Philip V. masquerades were forbidden throughout all Spain. The count de Aranda, who while attentive to the police of the capital, did not neglect its pleasures, had revived the public balls, and proscribed masquerades under Philip; but these two amusements, which in other places are considered as innocent, survived not the retreat of the minister, and being disused when his adminis-

tration ceased, added to the regret of the inhabitants of the capital.

The game to which the common people seem most attached, is a feeble and spiritless image of the games which kept the strength and address of the ancients in continual activity. It is called "El juego de la barra," and consists in throwing a bar of iron to a certain distance. Another game, much liked by the people, but still more insipid, is known as well in Italy as in Spain. Several men sitting in a circle hold up in their turn two, four, six or ten fingers, and rapidly call aloud the exact number held up.

People of fashion have recreations of another kind. In general they seldom assemble to eat at each others houses; and this is undoubtedly one of the circumstances which contributes to their reputation for sobriety. They are little acquainted with the innocent and healthful pleasures of the country. But few among them are fond of the chace; of which the monarch and his family seem to possess the exclusive privilege. The amusements of the country appear to have no attractions for the Spaniards. Their country-houses might easily be numbered. Among the many rich individuals who inhabit the capital, there are, perhaps, not ten who have a country retreat. With respect to the castles, seats, &c. so numerous in France, England, and Italy, and which contribute to the embellishment of the environs of their capitals, there are so few in the vicinage of Madrid and the rest of the peninsula, that many travellers are of opinion the proverbial expression, "building castles in Spain," is thence derived.

The rich subjects of the kingdom therefore concentrate all their pleasures within the cities. Music is one of those for which the Spaniards have the greatest taste. They cultivate this art with success. Not that their national music has made any great progress. If it has a particular character, it is to be found mostly in little detached airs, called, in Spain, *Tanadilas* and *Seguidillas*: sometimes agreeable melodies, but of which the modulations are but little varied, and prove that the art of composition is still in its infancy. In return for this they do the greatest justice to the grand compositions of Germany and Italy, which always form a part of their frequent concerts; but they have the most profound contempt for French music, which in their opinion, is languid and monotonous, not excepting the Vaudeville. Their prejudice, in this respect, is carried to such a height, that an Italian air would become displeasing to them by ap-

pearing in the livery of French words; so vain are they of their sonorous and cadenced language, and so persuaded that French syllables, by turns, mute and nasal, exclude the language from the possibility of being adapted to music. They have many lovers of harmony, but few composers worthy of notice.

Balls and concerts are not the only entertainments at which the Spaniards assemble. They have also their *Tertulias* and *Refrescos*. The tertulias are assemblies very similar to those of France. Perhaps more liberty reigns in the former, but languor sometimes establishes its throne there as well as in the midst of our circles.

The women in general seek not many occasions to assemble; each aspires to be the centre of a tertulia; and exclusive pretensions undoubtedly contribute to banish from Spanish societies what we call "French gallantry." Women are there admired, and even adored, as well as elsewhere; but when they inspire not a lively sentiment, the men seldom pay them those attentions which our politeness prodigally and indiscriminately bestows upon every individual of the amiable sex. It is not in the reciprocal communication of tenderness that manners are softened. The language of mere politeness is too cold for love: that impetuouss passion commands and exacts sacrifices, but despises simple respect. On the contrary, it is in the disinterested association of the two sexes that the necessity and mutual desire of pleasing arises, which forms the charm and cement of society. This is, perhaps, the only means wanting to the Spaniards to accomplish the polishing of their manners.

Their refrescos, the invention of luxury and greediness, contribute no less than the tertulias to facilitate the intercourse of the two sexes. In general, those are only light repasts, prepared for persons from whom visits are received, and are as a prelude to the tertulias; but on great occasions, when a wedding, christening, or the birth-day of the head of a family is to be celebrated, the refresco becomes an important and a very expensive affair. All the family acquaintance are invited; and, in proportion as they arrive, the men separate from the women. The latter take their seats in a particular chamber, and etiquette requires they should remain alone until all the company be assembled, or at least until the men stand up without approaching them. The lady of the house waits for them under a canopy, in a place set apart in the hall, which in ancient manners, not yet entirely abolished, was called the

estrado, over which is commonly suspended an image of the Virgin. The appearance of the refresco, at length, enlivens every countenance, and infuses joy into every heart; conversation becomes animated, and the sexes approach each other. The company are first presented with great glasses of water, in which little sugar-loaves, called "Azucar esponjado," or rosado, square, and of a very spongy substance, are dissolved; these are succeeded by chocolate, the favourite refreshment twice a day of the Spaniards, and which is believed to be so nourishing, or at least innocent, that it is not refused to persons dangerously ill. After the chocolate come all sorts to confectionary.

It is scarcely possible to conceive the profusion with which all these delicacies are distributed. People are not only cloyed with them in the house of festivity, but they put quantities of them into paper, and even into their hats and handkerchiefs; and the servants are speedily dispatched home with the precious savings, which undoubtedly serve to furnish the table of more than one miser for several days. There is something odd in this general rapaciousness; and a stranger admitted, for the first time, to these kind of festivals, in which intoxicating liquors only are spared, seeks to discover the sober nation and finds it not. It may be imagined that such entertainments must weigh heavily on the economy of many individuals; most people regret the custom which makes it necessary on certain occasions; but as is the case with all abuses, become sacred by length of time, nobody has sufficient courage to be the first to shake off the yoke.

A ball or card-table commonly succeed to the refresco; but it very seldom happens that the entertainment is concluded with a supper. This is always a very frugal repast with the Spaniards, and at which they rarely assemble.

Cookery amongst the Spaniards is such as they received from their ancestors, is of a nature to please but very few people. They are fond of high seasonings; pepper, pimenta, *tomates,* or saffron, colour or season most of their dishes. One of them only has been introduced amongst strangers, and the art of the French kitchen has not disdained to adopt it; this is what in Spain is called *Olla-podida,* and is a sort of hotch-potch of every kind of meat cooked together. There is, however, generally a mixture in the Spanish cookery, except in some obscure families

attached to ancient customs; in most houses it participates of the French cookery, and in some this has wholly supplanted that of Spain. Thus are the French every where imitated, whilst they are ridiculed and sometimes detested.

The modes of France have reached Spain as well as many other countries. French cloths, and the fashions and colours approved in France, are worn under the Spanish cloak. The veil is no longer exclusively worn but by the women of the lowest classes; for others it serves but to hide the disorder of their dress when they go out on foot. Except in this case, their head-dress and whole attire are carefully adjusted to the French fashion. The Spanish manufacturers exert themselves to the utmost to serve the reigning taste, and to follow it through all its rapid variations without requesting the aid of France; but it may be asserted, without prejudice, that they are yet far from being able to attain their end. Great cities, and even the court, tacitly acknowledge this by having immediate recourse to Paris or Lyons, as to the only true sources of fashions. In this respect, as in many others, the Spaniards who affect the *bon ton*, confess the superiority of France, and receive from that nation lessons on elegance. Their tables are served after the French manner; they have French cooks, house stewards, and valets de chambre. French milliners are employed to invent and make new dresses for the ladies. Their heavy inelegant equipages disappear by degrees, and are exchanged for those of their French neighbours. They neglect no means of engaging French artists and manufacturers to settle in Spain, and hold not out to them in vain the prospect of a rapid fortune.

These homages are not confined merely to frivolous objects. The best French works on morality, philosophy, and history are, as well as those of the English, translated into the Spanish language, provided they do not appear dangerous to the purity of the faith. French literary works of mere amusement, are for the most part those only which have but little merit in the eyes of the Spaniards; and their taste, in this respect, still appears far from inclining to change. Their imagination bold to extravagance, for which bombast is but enthusiasm, finds French ideas cold and timid. Accustomed to exaggeration and redundance, they are unable properly to value either the justness or precision of the language of French writers. The fine shades of French ridicule and manners escape their eyes, too much

accustomed to caricature; and with respect to style, their ear, vitiated by the pompous prosody of their cadenced periods, by the frequent and affected repetition of their sonorous words, can find no grace in accents which speak more to the mind than the senses; and the roundness of elegant French periods is to them entirely lost.

The circumstances which chiefly prevent a reform in their literature, are the models they still admire and endeavour to imitate; these are distinguished by that bad taste which infect all the nations of Europe, and to which the first literary men in France have paid an ample tribute. The great Corneille was not always free from it, but the finest productions of Racine, Boileau, Paschal, Bossuet, la Bruyere, Massillon, Bourdaloue, Flechier and Fenelon were erected on its ruins; as were also those of Voltaire, who, placing the top stone of the edifice, has insured its immortal duration.

If French literature had remained in the state it was when Ronsart, Marot, Benserade, Voiture and Balzac wrote, their very defects would still serve as models, and we should possess wit and imagination without either reason or taste. What might have happened in France, had no improvement been made there in letters by a concurrence of circumstances, has happened to the Spaniards. Since the time of Lopes de Vega, Quevedo, Rebolledo and others, whose imaginations, though wild and licentious, were brilliant and fertile, no author with these splendid talents, and at the same time endowed with that good sense which directs their use, has appeared in Spain. Letters have, for upwards of a century, been in the same state. These men of genius, frequently extravagant even to absurdity in their conceptions, have remained models of style; and their example, without having produced any thing comparable with that which in them is justly admired, has served as an excuse to every reprehensible irregularity of imagination, and all the violent bombast of false eloquence. The national taste is formed upon these models in so invariable a manner, that some authors who have endeavoured to introduce into the theatre the elegant simplicity which French dramatic writers have attempted to revive, have gained no attention, so that the Spanish stage is still in the same situation as when Boileau satirized its extravagance with so much severity. We shall proceed to a description of its present state.

CHAP. XXI.

OF THE SPANISH STAGE.—ANCIENT AND MODERN COMEDIES. — DEFENCE OF THE SPANISH STAGE, AND A CRITIQUE ON THAT OF FRANCE. — SPANISH VERSIFICATION. — ACTORS, — MODERN FARCES. — MAJOS AND GITANOS.

IT would be unjust to judge of the Spanish stage according to Boileau's severe criticism. It undoubtedly still suffers pieces in which the law of the three unities is flagrantly violated. But besides that, this law may be considered as arbitrary, or at least not absolutely indispensable; there are many Spanish pieces in which it is not transgressed in such a manner as to be prejudicial to the interest. The Spaniards themselves pass condemnation upon most of their heroic comedies, in which princes and princesses, from all corners of Europe, assembled without motive, as well as without probability, are by turns either actors or sports of the most incredulous adventures, relate, converse, and joke even in the most critical situations, and conclude by uselessly shedding their blood without having made any spectator shed a tear. Although several of these pieces have original beauties, and all afford proofs of the rare talent of inventing a complicated intrigue, and of finding its *dènouement* in the thread which has served to form it, the Spaniards found not upon this the much contested reputation of their theatre.

Nevertheless, there are some of these productions which they justly consider as intitled to the admiration even of strangers. These are their characteristic pieces, which, though not so well conducted as the best French pieces of the same kind, and though they cannot boast the same accuracy in the choice of ideas and expressions, are generally pleasing in the ground work, faithful in most of the characters, and prove in their authors an uncommon fertility of imagination.

The pieces the Spaniards call "de Capa y Espada," are those which more particularly present an exact representa-

tion of ancient manners, and these comedies are perhaps the real sources to be resorted to in the study of them. It is in these pieces that the generosity by which those manners are still characterised, those flights of patriotism and religious zeal which formerly rendered the Spaniards capable of the greatest efforts; the swellings of national pride, which the pomp of style renders so noble; that irritability with respect to the delicate subjects of love and honour, which made duels so frequent in Spain, before the causes which softened the manners of all Europe had gained sufficient influence over those of the modern Spaniards; the sacrifices and ardour of hopeful love, and the anguishes and arts of a disappointed passion are traced in the most lively colours. All the combats of the passion of love, all its resources, all the disorders it produces, in a word, all the intrigues now in use, were never publicly represented by any nation with greater variety than by the Spaniards at the period when jealousy, the difficulty of approaching women, and a thousand other obstacles arising from the circumstances of the times, rendered lovers more impatient, desires stronger, and temptations more violent. Such is the description given by the comedies of which the Spaniards are as fond as they were at the time they first appeared.

The Spanish authors, of which Lopes de Vega, Roxas, Solis, Moreto, Arellano, and particularly the immortal Caderon de la Barca are the most celebrated, have so established this kind of comedy by their success, that more modern authors, as Zamora and Canizares, who wrote at the beginning of this century, dare not attempt any other.

The Spanish theatre, therefore, continues, excepting some difference, what it was in the last century; and notwithstanding all I have just said, I cannot but allow that it is full of defects. Incidents unseasonably succeed each other, and are without probability; inequalities are numerous and every thing is confounded. Real tragedy is never seen without mixture unworthy of its noble nature; and all the comedies, like some of our chamber pieces, equally condemned by reason and taste, associate with affecting and sometimes terrible scenes, a wretched parade, fit only for the booths of a fair. An insipid buffoon, under the name *Gracioso*, incessantly disturbs the attention with his vulgar grimace, and by the bursts of laughter he provokes, arrests the tears which were ready to flow. Lovers are prolix haranguers; an expression of sentiment or delicacy from them, is preceded by a long and cold metaphysical

dissertation upon love. Instead of a mother, son, king or warrior, you would imagine you were hearing some professor of rhetoric, who, to distinguish himself in his art abuses the talent of speech. Custom has made it necessary that each comedy should contain several recitals or narratives, in which the author and actor, losing sight of the story and the audience, seem to be wholly employed in making a parade, one of his vain eloquence, the other of his pretended talent of enforcing at the expence of his lungs, and by ridiculous, vulgar, and monotonous gestures, the multiplied descriptions of his long declamation. Both are certain to receive as a recompence for their effort of strength, an ample share of applause. On the other hand the plot is so confused, that there are few Spanish pieces to which those lines of Boileau may not be applied:

> Et qui debrouillant mal une pénible intrigue
> D'un divertissement me fait une fatigue.*

What, however, appears singular is, this fatigue seems not to be felt by Spanish auditors, although they are for the most part of those classes which a total want of education, or at least one much neglected, renders incapable of reflection and combination. I have known many well informed strangers, acquainted with the language of the country, who have declared to me, after the representation of a Spanish comedy, that they should have great difficulty in giving an analysis of it, whilst uneducated Spaniards proved by their recitals, that they had not for a single instant lost the thread of the labyrinth in which others had been bewildered.

It may be asked, has habitually frequenting the threatre, added to a knowledge of the language and manners, which strangers can never possess to the same degree as natives of the country, exclusively bestowed on these persons this singular aptitude? or have the Spaniards received to a greater degree than others the gift of imagining complicated plots, and of following through all their workings those which they themselves have not invented? They have however, this incontestible advantage over the French. Several of my countrymen, who want neither wit nor education, have confessed to me, that at a first representation they have not

* And who badly developing a laboured plot, renders amusement a fatigue.

been able to conceive the whole of some of our modern comedies, which in fact, approach in certain respects those of the Spaniards, and it is perhaps the only reason why several of the latter, which, were a few particulars changed, ought to be every where approved, would not be successfully represented on the French stage. This is a homage which our ancestors were more disposed to render them than we are.

The advantages which Moliere and Corneille derived from the Spanish theatre are well known. The principal beauties of the Cid and of Heraclius were taken from Guillen de Castro and Calderon. The Spanish theatre might still be to us an abundant source of dramatic wealth, especially at present, when our imagination, much less fertile than that of our neighbours, appears to be exhausted, and when our taste more refined and fixed than in the time of Corneille, would be better able to extract from that mine the treasures it conceals. Exact translations of the best Spanish pieces would furnish the means. These we have hitherto wanted; M. Linguet gave some of them to the public on entering his literary career. But he confessed that he knew not enough of the Spanish language, completely to fulfil the task; on which account his translations are no more than abridgements, in which, nothing but the skeleton of a dramatic poem is preserved; and the passages not rendered, were not those which displeased the translator, but such as he did not understand. Still these essays, imperfect as they may be, are sufficient to prove the great talents of the Spaniards for the theatre, their fertile imagination, their art in forming and working up a plot, and producing interesting situations and unexpected discoveries. With all these advantages, they still want more natural dialogue to possess every essential to produce a good comedy. Authors who would enrich themselves with their works, must consult reason and their own national taste, to add to the pieces they may borrow this additional grace. They would not fail to retrench the long and tedious narratives, the cold dissertations, and the disgusting buffooneries of the *Gracioso*, which are displeasing even to such of the Spaniards as are familiar with the real beauties of foreign writers, and ancient and modern literature. They would also sacrifice those points, the play of words, the *concetti*, a tribute paid by every nation to false wit at the revival of letters, which several authors of the age of Louis XIV. such as Voiture, Balzac, and Moliere himself, did not escape, and to which the modern Spaniards are still subject. I have frequently remarked with asto-

nishment, that they honoured with the appellation of ingenious thoughts, and applauded with a kind of ecstasy, many pleasantries which we, who from our levity seem to be less nice about any thing capable of exciting it, should place in the class of low witticism. When I observed to them that a play upon words was contrary to fine taste, that it should be abandoned to the populace, or confined to familiar conversation, in which, every thing is found agreeable provided it excites laughter, they obstinately maintained that in Spanish it had a subtilty which it was impossible for a stranger to perceive. It is true that even their serious works are so interlarded with these miserable quibbles, that there are some of them, which to me, it seems impossible to translate. The Spaniards have no theatrical pieces in which they are not profusely bestowed; and the success they have with the multitude, proves their authors to be carried away by the corrupted taste of the nation: they have endeavoured to flatter it, and by the ascendancy of their authority have rendered it incurable. Such of our authors as should attempt to introduce some of these pieces to the French theatre, would have no great merit in retrenching such vain ornaments. I would recommend them to chuse from those of Calderon. Most of the other Spanish comic poets recompence not, like him, their defects by the originality of their invention. Lopez de Vega, the Spanish author with whom strangers are most acquainted, and whom his countrymen, always emphatical in their eulogiums, extol as, *admirable in lyric poetry, eloquent in heroic, melodious in pastoral, grave in epic,* and *ingenious and fertile in dramatic,* is still more extravagant in his plots than Calderon. However, he was better acquainted than any of his cotemporaries with the rules of the theatre. He has reconciled his countrymen to them. He perhaps would have had the honor of affecting a total revolution in their taste had he had the courage to join example to precept; but he preferred to this the momentary satisfaction of flattering their foibles. Posterity has passed judgment upon this culpable complaisance. Few of his pieces have come down to us, whilst those of Calderon, more original, elegant and varied, with a greater justness in his characters, are still received with transport in the present age. After Calderon, Moreto holds a distinguished rank among the Spanish dramatists; but his plots are no less faulty, and his style still more corrupt than those of the former; and the buffooneries of his *Graciosos,* which constitute the chief merit of his pieces, would not be suffered on

our theatre. Nearly the same observations are true of Zamora, who wrote towards the end of the last century. Cannizares, who began when Zamora was upon the decline, was successful in some pieces which are still well received, called by the Spaniards, "Comedias defigurones;" a kind of caricature farce in the style of our "Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*," but which can only be relished by spectators who are well acquainted with the originals they are meant to satirize. Such are "Domine Lucas," and the Montanez en la Corte," of which the vulgar buffoonery and grotesque scenes would not succeed upon our theatre, if even a number of circumstances, which exclusively relate to the customs of the country, did not render them unintelligible.

The comedies which have appeared since these, are without merit in the eyes of the Spaniards themselves. This kind of literature has been left to the most ordinary writers, who, without genius, and servilely following their models, imitate their extravagance only, and seem to have nothing by view but to please the populace in flattering their inclination to the marvellous, lavishing romantic adventures, and gross witticisms, and having recourse to all the contemptible resources which so ill supply the want of real abilities. The men of letters, who may have talents proper for the drama, despairing to bring it among their countrymen to the rules of good taste, cultivate other branches of literature.

Some attempts have, however, been made by them, the success of which has proved that what is really excellent pleases in all countries. Several translations of the best French tragedies have been well received by the same public, which has been so much accustomed to the extravagance and buffoonery of the Spanish theatre. Poets, still living, have written some tragedies invented by themselves, and executed upon the models of those of the French stage, that is to say, freed from that irregularity of style, complication of incidents, and that mixture of vulgar and wretched buffoonery with the most pathetic scenes. Their works, however, have only excited a cold admiration, and were soon obliged to give place to irregular productions which now reign without a rival.

Of the modern pieces, "The Destruction of Numantia," by Professor Ayala, a subject fit to elevate the mind of the Spaniards, has not disappointed the hopes of its author.

* A favourite French Comedy by Moliere.

This tragedy recals the most flattering recollections of national pride, and breaths patriotism in all its fervour. It still excites a lively enthusiasm on the stage. Another modern tragedy, the *Raquel* of the academician La Thuerta, a distinguished poet, who died but a few years ago, would have enjoyed the same triumph, if certain political reasons had not excluded this piece from the stage. It is well conceived, ably written, full of brilliant passages, and entirely conformable to the rules of art. Except that the winding up is bad, it would be esteemed in every country a work of the first order.

Two more modern authors, Cienfuegos, at present at the head of the foreign department, and M. Quintano, one of the principal men employed in the commercial council, have written with more or less success, the first three regular tragedies, *Idomenée* the *Condesa de Castila* and *Zoraïdo*; and the other two, *El Duque de Visco*, and *Pelayo*. Both have decided talents for poetry, as the collection of their work proves;* but they are thought to excell more in lyrics, than in the difficult art of writing tragedies. We shall pass over in silence some other less fortunate attempts, which all concur to prove the tendency of Spanish genius to form itself on good models.

The same revolution has happened in the department of Thalia. What we call the "comédie noble" has been attempted on the Spanish stage. "Le Misantrope," forexample, appeared there, and was well received. Some of their own authors have even ventured on comedies in which spirit and good taste are united, with beauty of style. Don Thomas Yriarte, known already, by his literary fables, and his poem on music, though he has not excited a very lively interest, has made us smile at the representation of his two pretty comedies, "El Senorito mimado" The Spoilt Child, and "La Senorita mal criada," The Girl ill brought up. M. Moratin the younger, son to the tragic writer, a poet of true talents, and whose travels to the principal cities of Europe have extended his knowledge and improved his taste, has written, in the first place, a comedy full of Attic salt,

* Messrs. Cienfuegos and Quintano are not the only writers who do honour to the Spanish Muses as poets. Besides the dramatic authors here mentioned, we may rank with them some poets who write in other departments. Such are Don Juan Melandez, Don Juan Baptista de Ariaza, M. de Norona, &c. The reader who wishes to acquire more particulars on the subject of Spanish literature may find much information in the "Archives Littéraires," Nos. XIX. and following.

entitled "The Coffee-house," in which he successfully ridicules the pieces now in fashion, and their authors. Soon after, another comedy of his appeared of the higher cast, which approaches nearer the drama; this was "El viejo y la niña," The Old Man and the Girl. Although the invention did not keep pace with the style, it met with success: but M. Comella, another young dramatic poet, believing himself to be the object of one of the characters in M. Moratin's first play, revenged himself by parodying his second in a pretty gay comedy, called "El Abuelo y la nieta," The Grand-father and the Grand-Daughter: this drew the laugh of the day on his side; and the Spanish public for some time was amused by these petty literary rivalries, but did not fail to do justice to the superiority of M. Moratin, who has since enjoyed new dramatic successes, amongst others in a charming piece, which would be applauded everywhere, "La Mogigata," The female Hypocrite. M. Comella, on his part, although with inferior talents, has gathered some laurels on the Spanish stage. His "Hombre agradecido," The grateful Man, was crowned with applause in 1804.

What we have here stated is sufficient to show that the modern Spaniards are attentive to the improvement of their stage, which has long been fruitful in works of genius, but defective in taste; that some of her authors have studied with success the best models, and that the public is become more capable of appreciating them. All their dramatic writers, however, do not equally concur in forwarding this reform. For some years past, M. Valadarez has been too well satisfied with the easy success he acquires in flattering the taste of the most numerous part of his audience by pieces full of brilliant machinery and show, where noise and stage trick made up all the interest, and which are more fit for a nation of children than for an enlightened one.

There are some modern pieces which have at least the merit of faithfully delineating characters. These are what the Spaniards call *Saynetes* or *Entremes*, which are little pieces in one act, as simple in their plots as those of great pieces are complicated. The manners and character of the inferior classes of society, and the pretty interests which associate or divide them, are therein represented in the most striking manner. It is not an imitation but the thing itself. The spectator seems to be suddenly transported into a circle of Spaniards, where he is present at their

amusements and little cavilings. The manner of dress is so faithfully copied that he is sometimes disgusted. He sees porters, flower girls, and fish-women, who have all the gestures, manner and language of those he has seen a hundred times in the street. For these kind of characters the Spanish comedians have an admirable talent. Were they equally natural in every other they would be the first actors in Europe. The composition of these little pieces, however, require no great talents. It might be supposed the author was afraid of going too far, and only waited for an expedient to withdraw himself from his embarrassment. He opens the door of a private house, and presents, as by chance, some of the scenes which most commonly pass in it; and as soon as he thinks the spectator's curiosity satisfied, he shuts the door and the piece concludes.

The *Saynetes* seem to have been invented to give relief to the attention of the audience fatigued by following the intrigue of the great piece through its inextricable labyrinth. Their most certain effect is that of making you loose the clew; for it seldom happens that the real Spanish comedies are represented without interruption. They are composed of three acts, called *Jornadas*. After the first act comes the Saynete, and the warrior or king, whom you have seen adorned with a helmet or a crown, has frequently a part in the little piece; and to spare himself the trouble of entirely changing his dress, sometimes preserves a part of his noble or royal garments. His sash or busking still appears from beneath the dirty cloak of a man of the lowest class, or the robe of an Alcalde. The stranger, who is ignorant of the odd custom of joining together objects so incongruous, imagines the hero who has so long occupied his imagination has assumed a disguise useful to his purpose; and seriously seeks for the connexion between that scene and those preceding. When the Saynet is finished, the principal piece is continued.

After the second act, there is a new interruption longer than the first; another Saynete begins, and is succeeded by a species of comic-opera, very short, and called *Tonadilla*. A single actress frequently performs the whole, she relates, in singing, either an uninteresting adventure, or some trivial maximes of gallantry; if she be a favourite with the public, and her indecent manner satisfies the admirers of this insipid and sometimes scandalous representation, she obtains the applause, which she never fails to solicit at the conclusion, and the third act of the great piece is permit-

ed to begin. It may be imagined what becomes of illusion and interest after these interruptions, on which account, it is not uncommon to see, after the Tonadilla, is finished, the audience diminish and become reduced to the few who are unacquainted with the principal piece, or whose curiosity is strong enough to make them wait to see the unravelling. From what has been said, it may be judged that the Spaniards feel but few lively, strong or contrived emotions, which in other countries are the delight of the lovers of the dramatic art. The Saynetes and Tonadillas are frequently in Spain what are most attractive in these strange medleys, and it must be confessed the auditor may be satisfied with them when he goes to the theatre to relax, and not agreeably to employ, his mind. After a short residence in Spain, it is easy to conceive the attraction which the Saynetes and Tonadillas may have for the people of the country. Manners, dress, adventures and music; all are national; besides there are frequently presented in these little pieces two species of beings peculiar to Spain, and whose manners and expressions ought to be held in contempt; but which, on the contrary, are the objects of much mirth and pleasantry, and sometimes of imitation. These are the *Majos* and the *Majas* on the one part, and the *Gitanos* and *Gitanas* on the other.

The *Majos* are beaux of the lower class, or rather bullies, whose grave and frigid pomposity is announced by their whole exterior. They have an accent, habit and gesture peculiar to themselves. Their countenance, half concealed under a brown stuff bonnet, called *Montera*, bears the character of threatening severity, or of wrath, which seems to brave persons most proper to awe them into respect, and which is not softened even in the presence of their mistress. The officers of justice scarcely dare attack them. The women, intimidated by their terrible aspect, seem to wait with resignation the soft caprice of these petty sultans. If they are provoked by any freedoms, a gesture of impatience, a menacing look, sometimes a long rapier or a poinard concealed under their wide cloak, announce that they cannot permit familiarity with impunity. The *Majas*, on their parts, rival these caprices as much as their feeble means will permit; they seem to make a study of effrontery. The licentiousness of their manners appears in their attitudes, actions, and expressions; and when lewdness in their persons is clothed with every wanton form, all the epithets which admiration can inspire are lavished upon them. This

Montserrat in Catalonia.

is the disagrecable side of the picture. But if the spectator goes with a disposition, not very scrupulous, to the representation in which the *Majas* figure; when he becomes familiarized to manners very little conformable to the virtues of the sex, and the means of inspiring ours with favourable sentiments, he sees in each of them the most seducing priestess that ever presided at the altars of Venus. Their impudent affectation is no more than a poignant allurement, which introduces into the senses a delirium that the wisest can scarcely guard against, and which, if it inspire not love, at least promises much pleasure.

The most indulgent persons will, however, be displeased that the Majos and Majas are thus received upon the theatre, and preserve their allurements even in the circles of good company. In most countries the inferior classes think it an honour to ape their superiors; in Spain it is the contrary, in many respects. There are, among both sexes, persons of distinguished rank, who seek their models among the heroes of the populace, who imitate their dress, manners, and accent, and are flattered when it is said of them, *He is very like a Majo.—One would take her for a Maja.* This is, indeed, renouncing the nobility of one of the sexes, and the decency which constitutes the principal charm of the other.

The *Gitanos* and *Gitanas*, still more dangerous than the Majos and Majas, might be the objects of the same reflections. They are, in fact, a kind of gipsies who run about the country, lead a dissolute life, tell fortunes, exercise all kinds of suspicious professions, have among themselves a language, particular signs, and the appearance of dexterous knaves who prey upon the innocent. This class of vagabonds, of which society ought to be purged, has hitherto been tolerated; and characters are given to them upon the stage, amusing by their originality and their resemblance to the models of which they are the copies; but their effect renders vice familiar, by concealing its deformity under a gay exterior. They are, if I may so say, the shepherds of the Spanish stage, certainly less insipid, but at the same time less innocent than those of ours. Their tricks, plots, and amorous intrigues, suited to their manners, are the subjects of several saynetes and tonadillas, and probably serve as lessons to some of the spectators.

It appears to me that the Spaniards, more than other nations, have lost sight of the influence the theatre might have upon public morals. By confining the functions of Thalia

to her motto, not perfectly applicable in my opinion (*Castigat ridendo mores*) they are reduced to the correcting of some ridiculous absurdities, by amusing and interesting a chosen part of the nation. Comedy, I think, might have a more useful and extended purpose; and notwithstanding the authority of our best pieces, and the censures of the critics, it inclines to this in France. If the aim of the Comic Muse should be, indeed, the improvement of morals, why does she not more frequently present us models of virtue, more within our reach and easier of imitation than those of our tragedies? If patriotism, the love of glory, heroic virtues and philosophy, of an order superior to the ordinary classes, penetrate our minds at the representation of one of our best tragedies, why should not they be softened, warmed and improved by the affecting representation of virtues more frequently in use? and who would then dare to say, that comedy was not one of the most successful teachers of morality? Do not we too frequently see how successfully vice borrows the mask of Thalia? Why should it not then be employed in the service of virtue? The Spaniards, our predecessors if not our masters, our guides if not our models, in the drama, have been less timid than we. They have, in their ancient comedies, powerful examples of every virtue which can be recommended to a people; loyalty, firmness, justice, and beneficence. Whatever may be said to the contrary, and notwithstanding the extravagance which serves as a canvass to the poet, and the exaggeration of the features of the picture he gives, people leave these representations more disposed to the exercise of those virtues, than they would be after the performance of the best pieces entirely comic, in which the poet confines himself to placing a well-drawn character in different situations, and whence lessons of a vicious tendency and malignity are rather learned than those of goodness. I compare not the talents necessary to excel in either kind of writing: I speak of their moral effect only, and am free to say, that in this point of view, it is to be regretted that governments take not more effectual means to recall comedy to the aid of virtue; whereas, on the contrary, they have suffered it to ridicule what ought to be held in the highest respect.

In their modern productions, equally irregular and immoral, the Spaniards have gone greater lengths than we have. Not only the most generally received propriety is sacrificed in them, but they contain a description of every kind of vice and debauchery, without exciting the horror they

should inspire. The conspiracies of a son against a father, the brutality of husbands, the infidelity of wives, even the plottings of malefactors who escape punishment, all are hazarded by the authors, suffered by the police, and well received by the public. The consequences of this tolerance are, however, important, particularly in Spain, where the theatre is frequented by every class of citizens, and may infect, with the venom distilled there, the higher as well as lower ranks of subjects. The populace seems to be the principal object the authors and actors have in view; and the greater number of frequenters of the theatres are of that description. Their fancies must be pleased, and their perverse tastes flattered; and the tumultuous manner in which they express their coarse sensations, entirely drowns the less noisy approbation of the more enlightened part of the audience; perhaps the only example of the kind in a government of the nature of those in which the common people are but little considered, and fashioned to the yoke of a power which may almost be stiled arbitrary.

One would be naturally led to suppose a theatre, under so little restraint, must prevent persons, who by their age and professions are more particularly obliged to preserve an appearance of decency, from frequenting it; for which reason a stranger is not a little astonished to see at these representations, in which modesty and morality are so often insulted, not only young persons of exterior modesty, but ecclesiastics, whose grave countenance and dress, austere in its simplicity, might be expected to impose an awe upon licentiousness. A wise pagan formerly left the theatre of Rome, for fear of authorizing, by his presence, the disorders there described in colours at which his virtue was offended. Spanish priests, intolerant in the most trifling objects, are not so scrupulous. If their virtue be above scandal, ought not they to fear the effect of an example, which, in a country where they have so much influence, must become authority? But each country has its customs and incoherences. In other nations ecclesiastics never appear in prophane theatres, and yet in other places permit themselves the greatest irregularities.

To reform the Spanish theatre, a concurrence of circumstances, which are still wanting to that part of administration, would be necessary. The sovereign who, in this respect as well as in so many others, might have the greatest influence, is totally indifferent about theatrical amusements. This was the case in the time of Charles III. as well as in

that of his successor. The theatre of Saragossa having been burned about twenty-five years ago, the director of the king's conscience, who seemingly had forgotten that fire from heaven had destroyed more than one temple, wished to represent that accident as a proof of Divine wrath. The inhabitants at Saragossa strove to appease the anger of Heaven, by banishing from their city all profane spectacles. Had the king's confessor been listened to, the same sentence would have been pronounced against all that were in the kingdom. The good sense of the king protected them against the blind zeal of the director; he thought it sufficient to have those of Buen Retiro and his other palaces shut up; but continued to tolerate the rest: this was all his goodness permitted him to do. The particular management of these amusements escaped his observation.

At Madrid, the police of the theatre is divided between the corregidor, the city magistracy, and the alcaldes de corte; but the limits of their jurisdiction are ill defined; and from this uncertain authority result the disorders which every one sees, and nobody has the power of suppressing. The pieces, the admission of which is accompanied with many difficulties and formalities, escape from a similar reason the animadversion of their examiners.

Before they are permitted to be performed, they have to pass through the hands of three or four censors. It might be supposed that this excess of precaution would banish from these compositions every thing which can offend religion or decency. Each censor confides in the care and attention of his associate. A superficial examination does not permit them either to foresee the scandal which several expressions, sometimes unintelligible to them, may produce; or that which may result from certain scenes with the theatrical effect of which they are unacquainted; and the sensible part of the audience is astonished at seeing, after so many precautions, the stage disgraced by immoral pieces, at which decency and taste are equally shocked. The censors, besides, are frequently infected with the general contagion; they fear but little the consequences of an abuse, the effects of which are slow and unperceived by those who consider only the present moment. Courage would be necessary to take suddenly from the people the favourite objects of their affection, and not to yield to the representations of the comedians, whose receipts would suffer some diminution, about which scruples might arise. Reformation is thus retarded by weakness, excess of caution, and because no per-

son sufficiently concerns himself in the matter, to withstand the clamours of the actors and the populace.

There were in the late reign, however, examples of bold reforms, which cannot be too soon repeated to complete the polishing of the Spanish nation. Government has entirely abolished the *Autos Sacramentales*, in which angels, saints, and virtues, personified, were exhibited, to the scandal of religion and common sense; ridiculous pieces, in which Calderon had displayed all the extravagance of his imagination. The representation of several other pieces is also suppressed. These were in the class of ordinary comedies, and contained scenes not less scandalous in throwing ridicule upon religion; such were *Los Zelos de San Josef*, *La Princesa Ramera*, *Virgin y Martyr*, &c. Dramas, in which the simplicity of an earlier age, no doubt, found edification, while the progress of knowledge and modern depravity finds in them nothing but impiety or indecency. While I was at Madrid, about twenty-three years ago, this prohibition was extended to other compositions of the same kind, which had been protected, nobody knows how, until the present age. These were *Cain de Catalunna*, in which the enmity between two brothers, and the murder of the youngest, were described in the manner and expressions found in the Bible, in the history of the Death of Abel; and *El Diablo Predicador* (the Devil turned Preacher), a comedy, which I saw several times represented, and of which the author of Essays upon Spain has given a good abstract. The Devil, condemned by the Almighty to take the frock in a convent of Franciscans, preaches there charity, performs miracles, torments the monks by his severity, frightens them by his sudden appearance when they imagine him at a great distance, and produces scenes really comic, to which nothing but another mode of introducing them could have been desired.

Besides the correction of the moral defect of the theatre, another revolution in the mechanical part remains to be effected. This was begun in the late reign, by the attention of some persons of understanding. The decorations are better understood, and the dresses more in character than formerly. The Spanish theatre had weaker beginnings than ours, and, in some places, preserves the forms of its infancy. Two parallel curtains, facing the spectators, composed the whole mechanism of the theatre, and this simplicity was still found in some theatres which I entered in Spain. The prompter, for want of a proper situation, and finding no

room between the side-scenes, stands behind the second curtain, his candle in one hand and the book in the other, and runs across the stage to assist the actor who is in want of his aid. This, by the transparency of the curtain, is seen by all the spectators, and adds to their amusement. But in well-contrived theatres, as those of Madrid, and other great cities, the side-scenes, green-room, changes of decoration, and place of the prompter, resemble our own. A stranger is, however, surprised to hear the prompter recite all the parts almost as loud as the actors, and is tempted to request the latter to be silent, to let him, who so well supplies the places of them all, speak alone.

The Spanish theatres are divided into five parts; the *Aposentos*, or two ranges of boxes, of which the upper part of the edifice consists. The *Cazuela*, a kind of amphitheatre at the bottom, into which none but women, covered with their veils, are admitted, and who might be taken for a company of nuns, were it possible for the mind to be so absent as to confound things sacred with profane. *Las Gradas*, another amphitheatre under the boxes on each side of the theatre, and where persons who love to be at their ease are placed. The *Patio*, which answers to the parterre or pit, but for the most part contains the meanest of the people, who sufficiently display their vulgarity, ignorance, and rags. The *Luneta* which corresponds with the French parquet*, and receives much the same company. The actors often apostrophize these five classes of spectators, under the name of *Mosqueteros*, and lavish upon them all the insipid epithets which they think likely to gain their suffrages. These flatteries are not spared upon the *Patio*, which is always noisy, and as difficult as if it had a right to be so. When we observe the attention the comedians pay to this part of the audience, we cannot but recollect the Indians worshipping the Devil, or the honey cake thrown by the Sibyl into the jaws of Cerberus.

These insipid homages are rendered after every piece to the audience in general, and are degrading to the comedians, who are not treated with less rigour, when they have the misfortune to displease the public. At Madrid they are divided into two theatres, that of *De la Cruz*, and that of *Du Principe*, who are joined in one interest, but separated by vanity†. The partisans of the former are distinguished by

* An enclosed place between the pit and the orchestra in the French theatre.

† This last house wanting repairs, the company was lately removed to another theatre called *Canos del Peral*, which till then was little used, unless for

the epithet of *Polacos* (Polish) and those of the latter by that of *Chorizos* (Sausages) odd names, the etymology of which is a matter of no importance, but which serve to rally the spirit of party, and are motives of emulation to the actors of the two theatres, much less to improve their talents than to increase their audience, and consequently their revenues. Each theatre has for manager one of the comedians, who every year, at the approach of Easter, dissolves and recomposes his company according to his fancy. Those whose talents are approved of by the public, then treat with both managers, and engage with him who has most cunning or generosity. It may be supposed the *Graciosos* are not forgotten in this periodical arrangement.

Of these there are two principal ones at Madrid, who, excepting a little exaggeration, would be well received as *valets* upon every other theatre. The two managers agree to take each of them one, as well as to divide the principal actors, lest three should be in their companies too great an inequality, by which they would both suffer. Beside these, they have each of them performers of both sexes, whose talents are much esteemed by the public; but they are of a nature more proper for parade, than for the real theatre of Thalia. All those who study nature, who add cheerfulness to the graces, the force of sentiment to nobleness of expression, and render the art of declamation the sister and rival of the fine arts, are little known in Spain. The comedians of that kingdom are confined to the servile imitation of the models before their eyes, in their dress, manners and inflections of voice. They know not how to create imaginary but yet possible characters, and represent princes as haughty without being boisterous, or lovers as impassioned without losing sight of decency; in which, declamation costs not the lungs continual and monotonous efforts, but is varied according to the affections of the mind, in which gestures, modified by the same causes, are varied and expressive, without being less noble or true, and nature embellished without being disguised. Instead of effecting this, upon which the improvement of the art depends, the Spanish comedians, once removed from objects within their reach, forget every rule, exaggerate and disfigure every thing, and instead of economising their strength to obtain an end, exhaust themselves in going beyond it. Their angry wo-

concerts given by the *amateurs*, or other public entertainments, and where for some time the Italian opera had been performed.

men become furies, their heroes braggadocios, their conspirators vile malefactors, and their tyrants mere butchers. If they have something gallant to say, their manner and tone of voice are most insipid. They roar instead of sobbing; their sighs fatigue and sometimes terrify the audience, but are never moving. Scenes which might be pathetic, either become uninteresting or excite laughter. The gestures are well suited to the declamation. Most of them are forced and improper, and all are confined within a narrow circle. Invented by folly, they are consecrated by custom, from which no actor dares to depart. They are undoubtedly far different from those of Clairon, Le Kain, Garrick and other actors and actresses of the last century, who might be mentioned. For which reasons, comedians in Spain, notwithstanding the indulgence with which prejudice and even religion treat their profession, are considered as mercenaries, admitted into society as jugglers who amuse for a moment, and are sent away after being paid; whilst, in other countries, where civil and religious prejudices are more unfavourable to them, the just admiration they inspire raises them to the level of great artists, and almost to that of men of genius. This proves public opinion not to be always inflexible in its decisions, and that this tyrant which reigns over every thing, is, in turn, subjected by a certain degree of success.

Since the death of Ferdinand IV. whose splendid court had an Italian theatre which rivalled the first of those in Italy, there has been no theatre in Spain but a national one. The marquis de Grimaldi, at the decease of Charles III. re-established a similar representation, which disappeared again when he retired. Towards the end of his reign, this prince had one established in his capital. The principal hospitals there at first defrayed the expenses and enjoyed the profits; but this establishment becoming burthensome to them, they gave it up to the direction of proprietors, most of them grandees of Spain, who could only continue it for a few years by making considerable sacrifices; and it was at last abandoned. Both serious and comic operas were performed; the decorations were superb and the dresses magnificent: the ballets were very good. The Spanish actors have had these models, and it appeared they approved of them; but notwithstanding, the representations of their pieces have gained nothing. They are therefore incurable.

As to French theatres, they have been for a long time

entirely banished from Spain. The French dramatic pieces, said they, are filled with maxims of toleration; they breathe too much modern philosophy. They enumerate thirteen heretical assertions in the single piece of Pygmalion. The general hospital also, a part of the revenues of which arise from the contributions of the two Spanish theatres, expressed its fears least its receipt should be diminished. The monarch yielded to this double claim of scruple and charity; and the Thalia of France, who already saw the doors of the Spanish theatre open to receive her, was thrust from them. Translations of some of our pieces have, however, since appeared.

CHAP. XXIII.

ACCOUNT OF THE BULL-FIGHTS.

AMONGST the entertainments that belong almost exclusively to the Spanish nation, must be placed a spectacle for which it has still an unbounded attachment, though it be repugnant to the ideas of the rest of Europe; I mean the bull-fights*.

Many of the Spaniards still see in these combats one means of cherishing the energy which characterizes their nation. One might however ask them, what connexion there is between strength and courage, and an exhibition where the spectators run not the least danger, and where the actors prove by the rarity of accidents, that theirs is not sufficient to excite a great interest. I know that the exaggeration with which they are commonly related, represents

* In 1805 they were prohibited, not without exciting the regret of that part of the nation, which, although the most numerous, is so easy to govern, when the empire of its habits or its caprices is opposed with firmness. This spirited reform does honour to the reign of Charles IV. and proves the wisdom of his prime minister. Every thing will gain by it; industry, agriculture, and morals. We shall notwithstanding leave our description of them as they existed before. It may perhaps satisfy the curiosity of those who never saw them, and probably never will see them. To those who regret them, our account will perhaps have the same kind of value which we affix to the portraits of deceased friends.

these accidents as rather frequent. The horsemen, indeed, when overthrown, receive sometimes considerable bruises; but during nine years that I have frequented bull-fights, I have known only one *torreador* who died of his wounds. However, at all events, a priest with the holy oil is present, in a latticed box; and if the accidents were as frequent as they are rare, they would only familiarise the spectators with the effusion of blood, and with the sufferings of their fellow-creatures, but would not teach them how to submit to pain and face danger; they might make them hard-hearted and cruel, but not firm and courageous.

Another proof that this spectacle does not influence the morals of those who frequent it is, that young ladies, old men, people of all ages and of all characters, are present, and yet the habit of attending these sanguinary festivals, does not correct their weakness or their timidity, nor injure the sweetness of their manners. I have even known foreigners distinguished by the gentleness of their manners, who experienced on first seeing a bull-fight such very violent emotions as made them turn pale, and become ill; but, notwithstanding, this entertainment became afterwards an irresistible attraction, without affecting any revolution in their character.

These diversions are very expensive, but very profitable to the undertakers. The price of the lowest places is two, or four reals, according as they are exposed to the sun or in the shade. The highest price is a great piastre. After the value of the horses and bulls, and the salary of the *torreadors* have been deducted from the money received, the remainder is commonly dedicated to pious uses: at Madrid it forms the principal funds for the support of the hospital.

Bull-fights are mostly given in summer, because in this season spectators may remain in the open air, and the animals are more vigorous. Privileged breeds are condemned to this species of sacrifice. As soon as the bull appears in the circle, all the connoisseurs name the breed he is of. There are twenty benches round the circle, and that only which is most elevated is covered. The boxes are in the upper part of the edifice. In some cities, as in Valladolid, where there is no particular place set apart for the combat, the principal square is converted into a theatre for the purpose. The balconies of the different stories are continued across the ends of the streets which there terminate: the sight of the people of every class assembled round the

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Cooper sculp.

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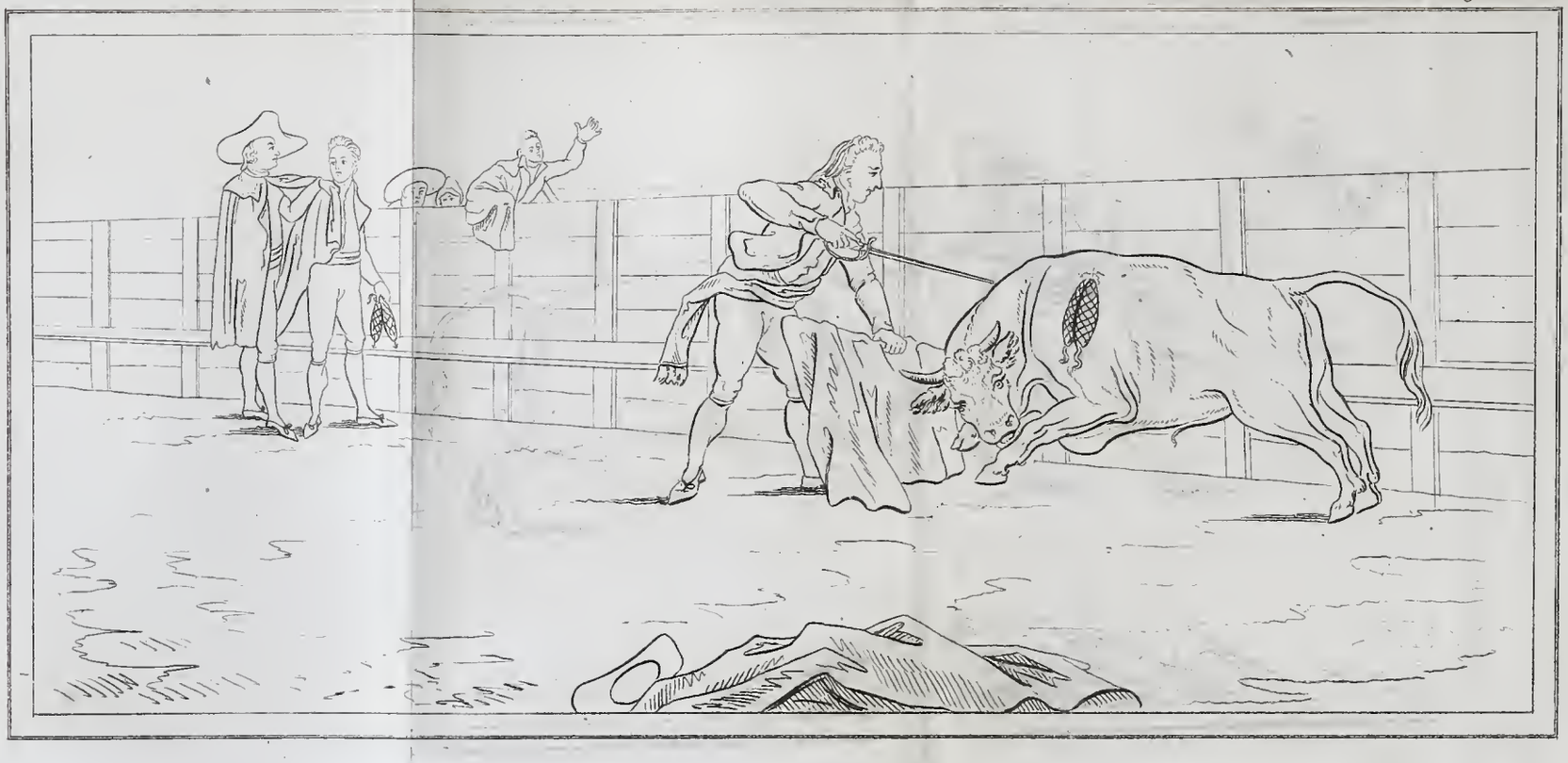

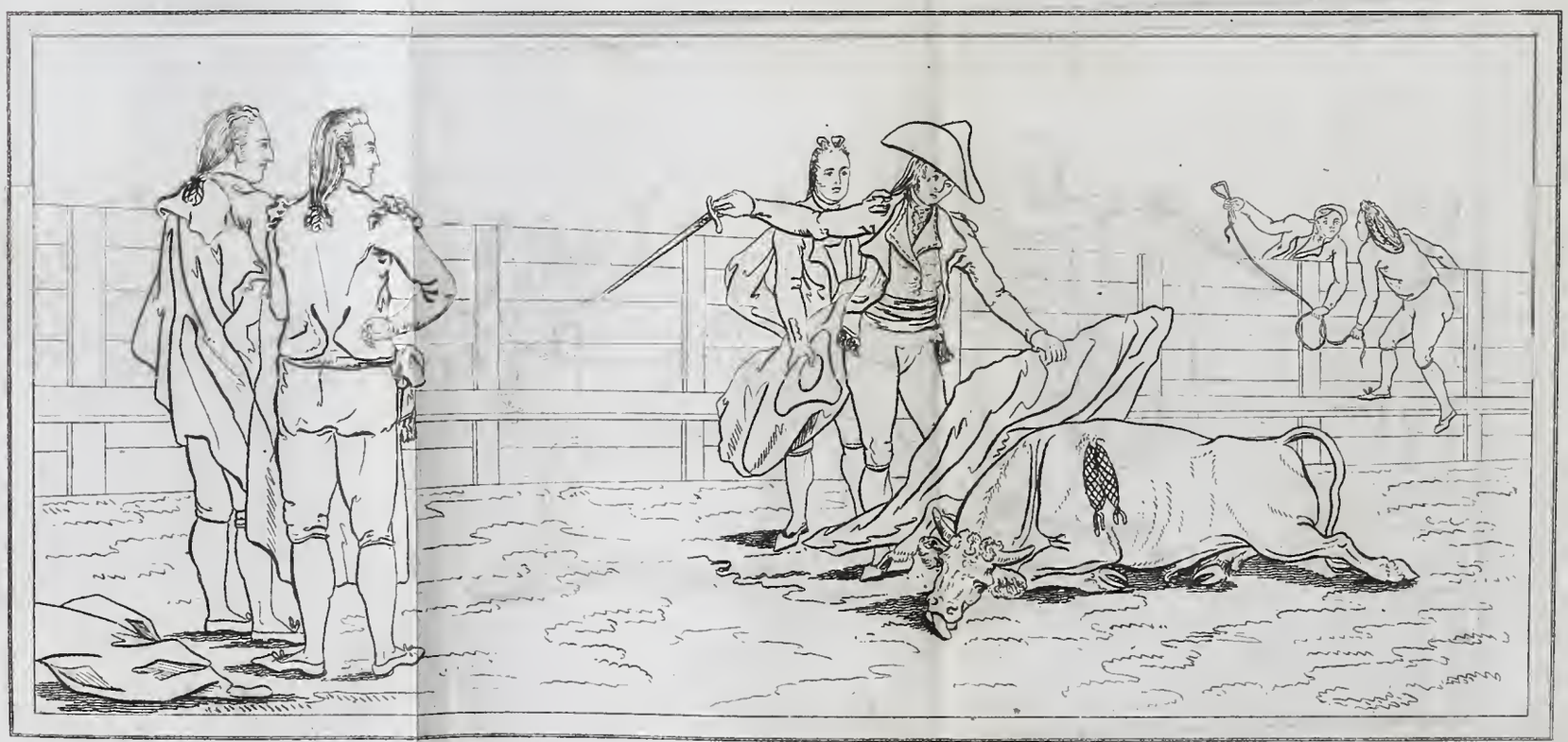

Cooper sculp.

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square, expecting the signal for battle, and exhibiting in their countenances every sign of joy and impatience, has in it something interesting if not pleasing.

The exhibition begins by a kind of procession round the square, in which the champions, as well on foot as on horseback, who are to attack the fierce animal, make their appearance; after these come two alguazils on horseback, gravely advancing, in wigs and black robes, who go to the president of the combat (the governor or the corregidor) for an order to begin. The signal is immediately given. The animal, until then shut up in a kind of cabin, the door of which opens into the circle, makes his appearance. The agents of Themis, who have no quarrel with him, prudently hasten their retreat, and their fear, but ill seconded by their horses, is the prelude to the cruel pleasure which the spectators are about to enjoy.

The bull is received and stunned with their cries and noisy expressions of joy. He has first to combat with the horsemen, *picadores* (as represented in the lower part of the Plate, numbered 52), who, cloathed after the ancient manner of the Spaniards, and as it were fastened down upon their saddles, wait for him armed with long lances. This exercise, which requires address, strength, and courage, has nothing in it degrading. Formerly, the greatest among the nobility disdained not to take a part in it; at present, even some hidalgos solicit the honour of combating on horseback, and upon occasion, are previously presented to the people under the auspices of a patron, who is commonly one of the principal persons of the court.

The picadores, whoever they may be, open the scene. The bull, without being provoked, frequently attacks them, from which circumstance, when it happens, all the spectators conceive a great opinion of his courage. If, notwithstanding the pointed steel which repels his attack, he again returns to the charge (Vide the Plate, Number 61), the cries are redoubled, pleasure then becomes enthusiasm: but if the animal be pacific, disconcerted, and cowardly runs round the circle, avoiding his persecutors, murmurs and hissings resound throughout the theatre. All those within whose reach he passes, load him with blows and execrations. It seems as if he were a common enemy who has a great crime to expiate, or a victim whose sacrifice is of consequence to all the people. If nothing can rouse his courage, he is judged unworthy of being tormented by men, and the repeated cries of *perros, perros*, bring on him new enemies.

Great dogs are then let loose upon him, who seize him by the neck and ears (Bottom part of Plate, numbered 53). The animal now finds the use of his natural weapons. The dogs, thrown into the air, fall stunned, and sometimes lacerated, upon the ground; they rise again, renew the combat, and commonly end by overthrowing their adversary, who then perishes ignobly. On the contrary, if he has presented himself with a good grace, his career is more glorious, but longer and more painful. The first act of the tragedy belongs to the combatants on horseback; this is the most animated but the most bloody and disgusting part of the whole. The irritated animal braves the steel which makes deep wounds in his neck, falls furiously upon the innocent horse who carries his enemy, gores his sides, and overturns him with his rider.

In this case, the latter, upon the ground and disarmed, is in imminent danger, until the combatants on foot, called *chulos*, come to his assistance, and provoke the animal, by shaking before him stuffs of different colours.

But it is not without danger to themselves that they save the dismounted horseman. The bull sometimes pursues them, and they then have need of their utmost agility. They frequently escape him by letting fall the stuff, which is their only weapon, and upon which the fury of the deceived animal is exhausted. But it sometimes happens that he is not thus to be imposed upon, and the champion has no other resource than leaping over the barrier six feet high, which forms the interior of the circle. In some places there are two barriers, and the intermediate space forms a kind of circular gallery, behind which the pursued torreador is in safety. But when the barrier is single, the bull makes efforts to leap it, which he sometimes accomplishes. The alarm of the nearest spectators may easily be imagined; their precipitation in retiring, and crowding upon the upper benches, becomes more fatal to them than the fury of the animal, which stumbling at each step upon the narrow and uneven space, rather thinks of saving himself than satisfying his vengeance; and besides, soon falls under the blows that are hastily and repeatedly given him.

Except in these cases, which are rare, he returns to the charge. His dismounted adversary having had time to recover himself, immediately mounts his horse again, provided the latter be not too much wounded, and the attack is renewed; but the cavalier is frequently obliged to change his horse. I have seen seven and eight horses gored, or their bowels torn out, by the same bull, fall dead upon the

Cooper sculp.

field of battle. No words can then sufficiently celebrate these acts of prowess, which for several days become the favourite subjects of conversation. The horses, astonishing examples of patience, courage, and docility, present, before they die, a sight at which I shall willingly permit my gay countrymen to shudder. They tread under their feet their bloody entrails which fall from their lacerated sides, and for some time obey the hand which leads them on to new torments. Disgust then seizes such of the spectators as possess any sensibility, and embitters their pleasure.

But a new act soon reconciles them to the diversion. When it is judged that the bull has been sufficiently tormented by the combatants on horseback, these withdraw, and leave him to the champions on foot, called *banderilleros;* who meet the animal, and the moment he attacks them, stick into his neck, two by two, a kind of arrow, called a *banderilla*, terminated like a fish-hook, and ornamented with little streamers of stained paper (See Plate, numbered 53). The fury of the bull is redoubled; he roars, and his vain efforts render more acute the dart which has been lodged in him. This last torment gives a fine opportunity for a display of the agility of his new adversaries. The spectators at first tremble for their safety when they see them brave the terrible horns of the animal; but their skilful hands give the blow so surely, and they escape so nimbly from the danger, that after a few times they are neither pitied nor admired; and their address appears nothing more than a trifling episode in the tragedy, of which the catastrophe is as follows.

When the vigour of the bull appears almost exhausted, and his blood, flowing from twenty wounds, and pouring from his neck, moistens his robust sides, the fury of the people, thus satiated upon him, calls for another victim; the president then gives the signal for his death, which is announced by the sound of drums and trumpets. The *matador* advances, and is seen alone in the circle (Plate numbered 53). In one hand he holds a long knife, in the other a kind of flag which he waves before his adversary. Thus together they stop and observe each other. The impetuosity of the bull is several times avoided by the agility of the matador, and the pleasure of the spectators is rendered more lively by their suspense. Sometimes the animal remains immoveable; he scrapes the ground with his feet and seems to meditate vengeance.

The bull in this situation, and the matador who discovers

his intention, and carefully observes his slightest motion, form a picture which an able pencil might not disdain to delineate. The silence of the assembly respects this dumb scene. At length the matador gives the fatal blow (Plate numbered 52); and if the animal immediately falls, the triumph of the conqueror is celebrated by a thousand exclamations; but if the blow be not decisive, if the bull survives, and again strives to brave the fatal knife, the murmurs are not less numerous. The matador, whose address was about to be extolled to the skies, is considered only as a clumsy butcher. He instantly endeavours to recover from his disgrace, and disarm the severity of his judges. His zeal sometimes becomes a blind fury, and his partisans tremble for the consequences of his imprudence. At last he gives a better directed blow. The animal vomits streams of blood, and struggling with death, staggers and falls (Plate numbered 52), while his conqueror becomes intoxicated with the applauses of the people. The bull is then tied by the horns which have betrayed his valour; and, although so lately furious and haughty, is ignominiously dragged from the circle he has just honoured, by three mules, ornamented with streamers (Plate numbered 53), leaving nothing behind but the traces of his blood, and the remembrance of his exploits, which is soon effaced by the appearance of his successor.

On each of the days dedicated to these feasts are sacrificed (at least at Madrid), six bulls in the morning and twelve in the afternoon. The names of the combatants of each are previously announced in the public prints. The three last of the animals are exclusively left to the matador, who, without the assistance of the picadores, employs all his dexterity to vary the pleasures of the spectators. He sometimes suffers an intrepid stranger, mounted upon another bull, to combat them; at others he turns a bear against them. The last bull is particularly devoted to the entertainment of the populace. The points of his horns are covered with a round case, which diminishes the effect of their strokes*.

In this state the bull, which is then called *Embolado*,

* A master worthy to compose a didactic poem on this subject, apparently so steril and yet so fruitful, was the famous torreador *Pepehillo*, whose death caused by a bull, was mentioned in an early part of this work. He published in 1796, a treatise entitled *La Tauromaquia, o arte de Torrear, a pié y a caballo; a very useful work*, as is said in the title, *for the torreadors by profession, and for the amateurs, unique in its kind, and acceptable to the public*. It may be said that the author thoroughly understands his subject.

Cooper sculp.

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loses the power of piercing and lacerating his adversary. The spectators descend in crowds to torment him, each according to his own manner, and often expiate their cruel pleasure by violent contusions. But the creature always falls at last under the blows of the matador. The few spectators who partake not of the general fury, regret that these wretched animals purchase not their lives, at least, at the expence of so many tortures and efforts of courage. They would willingly aid them to escape from their persecutors. In the humane few, disgust succeeds to compassion, and weariness to disgust: the uniform succession of similar scenes throws a languor upon the amusement which the spectacle promised at the beginning.

But to the connoisseurs who have studied the artifices of the bull, the resources of his address and fury, the different methods of alluring, deceiving, and tormenting him (for in some provinces this is a study from youth to manhood) no scene resembles another, and they pity frivolous observers who know not how to distinguish their variety. In this pursuit, as in others, the spirit of party confers reputation; and disputes or exaggerates success. When I arrived at Madrid, the connoisseurs were divided between two famous matadors, named Costillares and Romero, as people might be in other countries with respect to the merits of two celebrated actors. Each sect was as enthusiastic in its eulogiums and positive in decision as the *Gluckists* and *Piccinists* perhaps were in France. It is difficult to believe that the art of killing a bull, which seems to be the exclusive privilege of a butcher, should be gravely discussed, and extolled with transport, not only by the people, but by the most sensible men, and women of the greatest sensibility. Nothing, therefore, ought to be inferred against the morals of a nation from objects, whatever they may be, by which enthusiasm is inspired. The combats of gladiators, and the horrid contests of criminals with ferocious beasts, excited it in the Romans. Horse races produce in the English a kind of delirium. Shall we, on this account, refuse the title of a polished people to the former, or that of a philosophical nation to the latter? In like manner the Spaniards, notwithstanding their immoderate love of bull-fights, and the barbarous pleasure they take in seeing the blood of those innocent and courageous animals shed, are not therefore less susceptible of every amiable and delicate emotion. After leaving these bloody diversions, they enjoy not less the pleasures of domestic peace, the confidence of friendship, and the de-

lights of love; their hearts are not less susceptible of pity, nor is their courage more ferocious. I am of opinion, that in the ages when single combats and assassinations were more frequent, they were not more attached than at present to their favourite diversion. They are become much more pacific. Their manners are softened without their passion for bull-fights being diminished; it still exists in all its fervour. The day on which they are celebrated is a day of rejoicing for the whole district, as well as for the inhabitants for ten or twelve leagues round the place. The artist who can scarcely provide for his subsistence, has always a surplus to expend on this spectacle. The very chastity of the poor girl, whose poverty should exclude her from it, would be in danger; her first seducer would be the man who should pay for her admission.

Under Charles III. the government had felt the inconvenience of this kind of frenzy, as a source of the irregularities and dissipation of a people whom he wished to recall to industry; and as an injury to agriculture, by depriving it yearly of so many valuable instruments of cultivation. The king had personally an aversion to the bull-fights, and made successive attempts to wean the nation from them. His minister, Florida Blanca, entered into his views. They began to reduce the number of these fights in the country towns. At Madrid none but debilitated bulls were suffered to be baited; and this entertainment began to lose its principal attraction; but it was foreseen it would be revived under the reign of Charles IV.

There is in Spain another entertainment which is a feeble image of the true bull-fight. It is called *fiesta de novillos*. There the young bull, destined not to die, but to grow up for pleasures less innocent, tries his growing horns in the dangerous business for which he is reserved, and is delivered up to the provocations of a crowd of amateurs unexperienced as himself. The prince and the princess of Asturias, not daring openly to oppose the taste of the old Charles III. took the liberty of being present, as by stealth, at these parodies of the grand scene; and from thence it was conjectured they would patronise them. The beginning of their reign justified this conjecture. For a long while none of the festivals called *fiestas reales* had been given them by the court of Madrid. There were bull-fights for which the *plaza mayor* served as a stage. The military attendants of the king were present to preserve order. His halberdeers on foot formed the interior circle of the scene; and their long

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weapons were the only barriers they opposed to the curvettings of the bulls. There had been only one of these fêtes during the last reign, and they were thought abolished. But the crowning of Charles IV. furnished an occasion to revive them. From that time the bull-fights have in some degree come into favour, and permission has been granted to those towns that wished to re-establish them with an intention of applying the profits to charitable purposes. Those in the capital are become worthy of exciting the enthusiasm that began to diminish. Since the year 1789 more sanguinary fêtes have been given than for many years before, and more than once a single bull has remained in the arena after having ripped open the bellies of all the horses and wounded most of the combatants.

Hence there were still in Spain till very lately, two institutions*, of which the Spaniards are very tenacious.—Both are barbarous; one with respect to morals, and the other with respect to opinions.—Neither ought to have any apologists but executioners, and yet christian charity is the motive and excuse for both. By one, faith is armed with rigour against incredulity; and from the produce of the other, charity is enabled to assist the unfortunate.—The one operates as a check to the improvement of agriculture; and the other is the greatest obstacle to sound philosophy.—It will be clear that one is the *Inquisition*, and the other the *Bull-fights*.

I have nothing more to add concerning the manners and taste of the Spanish nation, and of my long residence in Madrid. After this impartial view of the customs, the pleasures, and the resources of this capital, it will easily be perceived, that when a foreigner has acquired the language, which is not difficult, if he wish to introduce himself in the Spanish circles, which are very accessible—when he is familiarised with the manners of the country, which have their singularities, but are in no way disgusting; or if he have nothing to solicit at Madrid but the good graces of some amiable Spanish lady, he may pass his time as agreeably in this capital as in any other place in Europe.

* One of the two exists no more, as has been said in a preceding note. When shall we be able to say as much of the other? *(Note to the edition of* 1805.*)*

CHAP. XXIV.

ACCOUNT OF TOLEDO.—THE ALCAZAR.—MUZARABIC MISSAL.—THE ARCHBISHOP AND HIS CLERGY.—INSTANCE OF THEIR TOLERATION.—ECCLESIASTICAL JURISPRUDENCE RELATIVE TO MARRIAGE.—CATHEDRAL AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF TOLEDO—CASA DEL CAMPO, VILLAVICIOSA, SAN FERNANDO, LOECHES, TOROS DE GUISANDO, BATTUECAS, AVILA, ALCALA.

As the attention of the reader will now be drawn towards the south of Spain, I shall previously introduce him to some of the most remarkable places in the vicinity of the capital, which from motives of curiosity, I had been induced to visit.—I shall begin with Toledo, a city of some celebrity, which was once the residence of the Moorish kings, and is now the seat of the primate of all Spain. It is situated upon the right bank of the Tagus, twelve leagues from Madrid, and seven from Aranjuez. Proceeding from Madrid, the principal places we meet with are Getafe and Illescas, two large towns, the environs of which are noted for the excellence of their cultivation, and the extreme fertility of the soil. Yet, here, and indeed generally throughout the kingdom of Castile, few or no trees are however to be seen.

The road to Toledo by Aranjuez lies through a much more picturesque country. Beyond this royal residence, the valley in which it is situated becomes broader. The course of the Tagus, which by turns approaches and recedes from us, presents some striking prospects; but in this district its banks are high, and covered with rocks; and the stream, which flows so smoothly when approaching Toledo, and under its mouldering walls, here roll with the blustering rapidity of a torrent.

To enter the city of Toledo, the traveller must cross the Tagus by a bridge of an almost terrific height.

Narrow, and winding streets, whose scanty inhabitants are destitute alike of affluence or industry, but ill agree with the idea we should form of this city, which has been honoured with the title of *imperial* since the period when

Alphonso VI. retook it from the Moors; a city which disputes pre-eminence with Burgos in the *cortes* of the kingdom of Castile; which has long been considered as the capital, and which contains a variety of monuments to attest its ancient splendour. However, Madrid, which has for some years increased its population at the expence of the neighbouring cities, contributed much to the depopulation of Toledo. The appearance of its ruinous buildings gives it an air of misery, which is, nevertheless, relieved in some measure by the interior of the houses: where every thing is neat and clean, qualities but rarely allied to poverty. The inhabitants of Toledo spare no pains to defend the entrances of their houses from the rays of the sun, and to obtain the coolness of the shade even in the heat of the dog-days. On entering their apartments in the hottest season, we think ourselves transported to the palace of Morpheus. With them the sun appears to set at three o'clock; the window-blinds are hermetically closed; the floors are moistened with frequent sprinklings of water; large sheets of canvass are extended above their courts; every thing in short conspires to produce an illusion, both as to the heat of the climate and the hour of the day.

Such precautions are indeed common to almost all the cities in Spain at that season of the year; but nowhere did they appear to me so remarkable as at Toledo. Indeed the industry of its inhabitants was nearly confined to the invention of these requisites of effeminacy. Within these few years, however, they have been roused from that perpetual listlessness to which they seemed condemned. Cardinal Lorenzana, who was their archbishop for upwards of twenty years, brought them to a sense of their duty, which produced the most beneficial effects. The Alcazar of Toledo, the ancient residence of the Gothic kings, had been nearly rebuilt under Charles V.; but by the damage it sustained in the conflagration at the commencement of the last century, it was in a ruinous condition. The archbishop raised it from its ashes. He established silk looms which afford employment to more than 700 people, and built an hospital for indigent women and old men. He collected two hundred children of the inhabitants, whom he caused to be educated, and for whom he had a drawing school: but his charity was particularly conspicuous in favour of the unfortunate French clergy, who were compelled to seek an asylum in his diocese. Not one of these unfortunate exiles ever implored his assistance in vain!

To such uses as these did this worthy prelate apply his superfluities; and as his truly apostolic simplicity had considerably circumscribed his wants, this superfluity was immense. Notwithstanding his punctuality in the fulfilment of his spiritual functions, he still found leisure for literary pursuits. Before he succeeded to the see of Toledo, he had filled that of Mexico, where he discovered a new collection of the letters of Fernando Cortez, which with some observations of his own, he published on his return to Europe. He also gave to the world some learned works, and among others, a new edition of the Muzarabic Missal. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that this is a collection of the offices of the church, as they were celebrated according to the ancient Muzarabic ritual adhered to by the Christians in such countries as were occupied by the Moors. Having fallen into disuse, it was revived by Cardinal Ximenes, who founded a chapel at Toledo, where divine service is still celebrated conformably to this ritual; it is also used in one of the churches of Salamanca.

Madrid and Aranjuez, being situated in the diocese of Toledo,* the cardinal archbishop of this city appeared frequently at court, even before his presence in the capital became necessary by his appointment to the office of grand inquisitor.† Madrid is however, as formerly, the residence of his grand vicar, who in his absence, performs the duty of the episcopal functions there. Towards the termination of my first residence in Spain, I had some intercourse with this worthy representative of the prelate Lorenzana, and I shall notice the result, because it will tend to prove that fanaticism and intolerance are not so incurable in Spain as has been generally believed; and that, in modern times, there are even among the clergy of this kingdom, individuals who are accessible to reason, and who can feel for the weaknesses of human nature.

A resident for a foreign power, attached by the laws of his country to the protestant religion, was captivated with the charms of an amiable Castilian beauty. An obstacle, which could not easily be surmounted, opposed their union, namely, the invincible repugnance of the family, which was catholic, to a heretic son-in-law. The father came to Ma-

* Madrid has no bishop, although this has been asserted by the anonymous author of the *Nouveau Voyage en Espagne*, which appeared in 1805. This is one of the little inadvertencies which has escaped that writer, who ought not to have been so severe in noticing those of others.

† This place, a few years ago, was conferred on the archbishop of Saragossa: Don Joseph de Arce.

drid to rescue his daughter from the dangers to which he thought her exposed, and forced her in tears thirty leagues from Madrid. The lover followed him, threw himself at his feet, and in vain implored him to relent; he remained unshaken in his resolution. I cannot, said the father, unite my daughter to a family which is the enemy of God and of my religion; turn from the errors of yours, and you shall be my son-in-law. The young heretic asked permission to plead his cause at least before the tribunal of the church, which he hoped to find less inexorable than the young lady's father. The austere Castilian applauded the expedient, satisfied in his own mind that it could not ultimately succeed. The gentleman, animated by hope, then returned to Madrid. He waited upon the grand vicar of the archbishop of Toledo, addressed him in an animated and rational speech; represented that the honourable employment which he filled was the only means of his subsistence, and that it would be incompatible with a change of his religion; and finally prayed, that the prelate would sanction his union with the lady.

His arguments softened the austerity of the grand vicar. "I must be convinced," said he, "in the first place, that you are free. How can you furnish me with a proof of this? I could wish, in the next place, to have proof that in your country, the protestant religion is so exclusive, that no person, who does not profess it, can hold any public situation. Lastly, I desire that it may be certified to me, that you are not strongly prejudiced against the catholic church; that you demand time only, in order that the influence of your future consort, and the instructions of the ministers of our religion, may bring about your conversion."

On this, the young foreigner fancied himself secure of success. "It will not be difficult," replied he, "to give you these three assurances, if you will but point out the mode of communication which will be satisfactory to you." "Let it be two public men," said the vicar, "who possess your confidence, and who are worthy of mine." He named the ambassadors of France and of the United States, who were agreed to. We were consequently invited to visit the grand vicar, who received us separately. He proposed the three questions to us; to each of which we answered in the affirmative. We signed this as a sort of public document, and the scruples of the grand vicar were removed, as were those of the archbishop and of the orthodox family. The two lovers were united at the catholic altar, without either being

obliged to abjure their creed. They were faithful to their vows, as well as to the religion of their fathers; and their time was more occupied in mutual endearments, than in useless attempts at each others conversion. If these lines should ever fall under the perusal of any of the personages in this short history; at the recital of the alarms, the dangers, and the success obtained by love over intolerance through the medium of friendship, perhaps a tear may glisten in the eye of a lover, a father, or a friend!

The worthy archbishop of Toledo and his clergy have adopted the same system of conduct for these twenty years. They exhibited on this occasion the first instance of toleration, as connected with matrimony, which had ever been given in Spain; and soon afterwards another couple, precisely in the same situation, urged the same precedent, and had their plea allowed.

In other cases which occur more frequently than those which have been mentioned, the interference of the grand vicar is implored in a way not very edifying to morality. I mean the formality known in the country by the words *sacar por el vicario;* literally, *to be married by the vicar.* Every girl who has obtained the age of twelve, may compel a young man to marry her, provided he has reached his fourteenth year, if she can prove that he has anticipated the privileges of a husband with her, that he has promised her his hand, or even given her to understand in any way that he wished her to become his wife. These proofs are addueed before the ecclesiastical vicar. If the woman affirm that the young man has been intimate with her, and the latter admits the fact, he must not refuse to marry her. If he denies the charge, the woman is bound to substantiate it by proof; and for this purpose it is enough that some neighbours attest that they have seen them together at unseasonable hours. A ring, a trinket, a present, but above all, a love letter, in which the word marriage is not even mentioned, is considered as sufficient proof to enable a girl to make good her claim to the husband.

It is difficult to say in what spirit such laws were enacted. Was it meant that one sex should be put on its guard against the seduction of the other, even at the tenderest age? Or do these legislators wish it to be understood, that encouragement must be given to marriage, even at the risk of forming many an unhappy union? Be this as it may, no sooner does the complainant apply to the vicar, than he orders the defendant immediately into prison, where he re-

mains till the cause is decided. If the vicar pronounce *that the marriage ought to take place*, the prisoner does not obtain his liberty until after its celebration. The desire of recovering his liberty for the moment, frequently determines him to sacrifice it for life; but it may easily be imagined, that a yoke thus imposed does not long sit easy upon him who has been constrained to submit to it.

There is another way of employing the good offices of the ecclesiastical vicar, not less repugnant, perhaps, to decency, though more favourable to love. Suppose a man to be in love with a girl who is under the protection of her father, and she repay his affection; if they cannot obtain the consent of her relations, the lover goes to the vicar, reveals their mutual attachment, and points out the house into which he wishes his mistress to be received until the celebration of the marriage. The vicar, after having ascertained that the consent is mutual, sends a commissary to bring the young lady from her father's house, and he conducts her to the appointed place; she remains there until the cause is ended, when the lover conducts her to hear the nuptial benediction.

Such, in general, is the nature of the ecclesiastical jurisprudence relating to marriage, throughout the whole of the Spanish monarchy; but in its application to practice, the more or less rigorous execution of the laws depends much upon the prudence and opinions of the clergyman. Latterly, laws have been made there which, in restoring to paternal authority a part of its influence over the settlement of children, have had in view the prevention of the odium generally attendant upon marriages contracted without this justly respectable controul.

The cathedral of Toledo is one of the most precious sacred monuments in Europe. Consecrated during nearly four centuries to the Mahometan worship, even when ultimately recovered by Alphonso VI. it retained the form of the mosque until the time of St. Ferdinand, who gave it its present form. All the magnificence of the Gothic edifices is here displayed; and, under the succeeding reigns, it was enriched by decorations of every description. Several of its chapels are remarkable for their tombs. In the choir are to be seen those of four kings of Castile, vulgarly called *Reyes viegos*, "the old kings," and the tomb of cardinal Mendoza, one of the most illustrious prelates who ever filled the see of Toledo. In the chapel of the Virgin, car-

dinal Portocarrero is interred, whose tomb bears an epitaph which, for its simplicity, is peculiarly striking :

Hic jacet pulvis, cinis et nihil!

In the chapel of St. James, we are irresistibly attracted to the tomb of Don Alvarez de Luna, the celebrated and unfortunate favourite of John II. who perished on the scaffold abandoned by his patron, whose short-sighted weakness had raised him to the summit of prosperity. If but a trifling attention be paid to the pompous inscriptions with which this magnificent tomb, and that of his lady, are loaded, the mind naturally indulges itself in reflections upon the instability of the favour of princes.

This chapel also contains several other tombs worthy of attention; but I shall only notice those of ten kings or queens of Castile, placed in the chapel called *de los Reyes Nuevos*, "of the new kings," the most magnificently decorated of the whole.

In the hall belonging to the chapter, are portraits of all the archbishops of Toledo, among which that of cardinal Ximenes is a striking likeness. These portraits are valuable in other respects, because several of them are of a date coeval with the revival of painting in Spain, and by comparing them, the progress of this art may be traced in that kingdom.

In the cathedral are a great number of valuable pictures. The sacristy contains one by *Carlo Maratti*, and another by *Dominichino;* the roof is painted in fresco by *Luke Jordan*.

The cloister of the cathedral contains a picture by an artist, *Blas de Prado*, who deserves more celebrity than he has yet enjoyed. The most superficial connoisseurs are struck with the correctness of his design, the excellence of his colouring, and particularly from the sweet expression communicated to his figures. This cloister is of vast extent and excellent proportions. Bayeux and Maella, the two best painters in modern Spain, have traced upon its walls the principal events in the lives of Saint Eugene and Saint Leocadia, patrons of the cathedral, and of some other saints famous at Toledo, by their zeal for the Christian religion.

The see of Toledo is one of the richest in Christendom; it has often been filled by pious prelates, who would have reproached themselves had they made a profane use of their

opulence, and it has always experienced the royal munificence. Behind the choir of the cathedral is a wretched piece of sculpture, called the *transparente*, by the exhibition of which the monks attempt to excite the admiration of the curious: it is a modern work, which disfigures instead of embellishing the church. The superstitious are here at liberty to adore a stone whereon is said to be preserved the impression of the feet of the Virgin, since the day when she descended from Heaven for the express purpose of passing *in propria persona* the first chasuble to St. Ildefonso; a miracle which a modern sculptor has consecrated in one of the chapels of this cathedral. The miraculous stone is exposed to the admiration and devotion of the faithful behind an iron grating, which repels all profanation, without intercepting the homage of the devotee.

Besides the cathedral, Toledo has also twenty-five parish churches and many convents and pious foundations. Several of the latter deserve the attention of travellers; particularly the hospital of St. John the Baptist, which, from the beauty and judiciousness of its proportions, is a proof of the taste of its founder, cardinal Pavera, whose ashes are there inclosed in a magnificent tomb. It is the last work of Alphonso Berrugnete, an eminent sculptor, who was educated in the school of Michael Angelo.

Toledo is also indebted to one of its prelates, cardinal Mendoza, for a very fine hospital for foundlings, in the church belonging to which, are six large pictures after the manner of Rubens.

Another asylum devoted to human suffering, is the lunatic hospital. There are two great establishments of this description in Spain, one at Saragossa, the other at Toledo. I was surprised at observing the neatness and regularity which reign throughout the apartments. Recollecting many other similar establishments, I have often wondered how that superstition and Christian charity, which in our days has been thought to be treated with indulgence only if suffered to exist unattacked by ridicule, can render men so different from what they really are, and rescue them from the most ordinary failings. On contemplating the pious and charitable foundations of the Spaniards, we forget the apathy, the indolence, and the want of cleanliness, with which we have been accustomed to reproach them. Had religion conferred no other benefits upon mankind than disposing their minds to assist the miserable, its divine origin would have been

proved: indeed superstition, and other evils arising from the abuse of it, must on this account be pardoned and forgotten.

At Toledo the traveller may also admire the remains of an ingenious machine, formerly invented by the Italian *Juanelo*, to raise the waters of the Tagus into the city. Near these ruins are some others still more ancient, which must have formed part of an aqueduct destined to convey water to the height of the Alcazar, from springs which are seven or eight leagues from Toledo; a legacy at once useful and magnificent, by which the Romans have marked their residence in more than one place in Spain. We also recognise, in the environs of the city, the traces of one of their ancient roads, and the remains of a circus.

Thus, in their turns, have the Romans, the Arabs, the Goths, and the Spaniards under Charles V. contributed to the embellishment of Toledo. So much cannot be said for the modern Spaniards. Houses unoccupied, magnificent buildings falling into decay, few or no manufactures, a population reduced from 200,000 souls to 25,000, the environs naked and barren; such is the melancholy picture presented to the eye of the traveller, whom the reputation of Toledo has attracted within its walls. Under the last reign, besides the steps taken by the archbishop to inure the inhabitants to labour, he made some successful efforts to rescue their city from universal decay. The polished sword-blades of Toledo were once renowned for their temper and durability. Charles III. built an edifice of great dimensions for their manufacture upon a large scale; and trials have been made, which indicate that the modern citizens of Toledo will soon restore to this branch of industry its ancient reputation.

I ought not to pass over in silence their *cigarrales*, or small country houses, which have some resemblance to the *bastides* of Marseilles, only they are less ornamented and less numerous. Here, in the heat of the dog-days, they retire after dinner to seek coolness and repose amidst the shade of the orchards; but they cannot reach them, without feeling the perspiration run down their brows, as they traverse the soil of some scorched meadow, or climb some rugged hill; and yet to the inhabitants of Toledo these are the gardens of Eden.

At the *Casa del Campo*, an ancient pleasure-house of the kings of Spain, which is only separated from the new palace by the Mançanares, strangers will find large trees, some good pictures, and a fine equestrian statue of Philip III.

Villa-Viciosa, three great leagues from Madrid, is another royal residence to which Ferdinand VI. was much attached, but it has been abandoned by his successors.

San Fernando, another village at the same distance, has enjoyed a few years of celebrity, on account of the cloth manufactures which were formerly established there. They have been transferred to Guadalaxara; but the cloths still preserve their ancient name. San Fernando, formerly animated by the presence of industry, now resounds with the vulgar tones of those unfortunate beings whom the police of Madrid has snatched from vice, to condemn them to a life of penitence. Twenty years ago this was the *Abbeville* of Spain. It is now the *Salpétrière*, or salt manufactory.

Three leagues from Madrid, there is a place less known, but more deserving of being so. It is called *Loeches*. Here are buried some chefs-d'œuvres unknown to the Spaniards themselves. The church of a small convent of nuns, founded by the count duke d'Olivarez, contains six capital pictures by Rubens, of the largest dimensions, and of the most magical effect. The principal piece is an allegorical representation of the triumph of religion. It decorates the high altar, and combines all the beauties, and even the defects which characterize its author; richness of composition, brilliancy of colouring, liveliness of expression, and carelessness of design. After this picture, the most striking is that in which Elijah is represented standing in the desert, at the moment when an angel appears to strengthen and encourage him.

Another object of curiosity, still less known to the Spaniards themselves, is to be found in the heart of the mountains of Old Castile, four or five leagues from the Escurial. It is a monument which has puzzled several antiquarians, and which bears the name of *Toros de Guisando*. Guisando is a convent of Hieronymites, placed mid-way in a chain of broken precipices, where, according to an ancient tradition, the sons of Pompey were defeated by the partisans of Cæsar, and where the conquerors sacrificed a hundred bulls, afterwards placing four of these animals in stone upon the theatre of their victory. Tradition asserts, that these pretended bulls are elephants, and that they attest the passage of the Carthaginians, who have, in fact, left the clumsy effigies of these animals in several parts of Spain. But do the figures in question represent bulls or elephants? This is a question I attempted to decide several years ago, in company with three strangers who were as curious as myself. We found,

in a vineyard belonging to the convent of Guisando, four enormous blocks of hard stone, similar to granite. They appeared to us so shapeless, that we were rather inclined to regard them as a *lusus naturæ*, than as productions of art. On considering them more closely, we thought we could guess at the intention of the sculptor, but the effects of his chisel have almost entirely disappeared under the file of time: no traces are left of the horns of the bull, or the proboscis of the elephant. The form of the ears, however, seems to indicate this last animal rather than the former; but the contours of the shoulders and flanks are so degraded, that we could not judge from their appearance. In short, after an hour's consideration, we left the question undecided. We were almost ashamed of our fruitless journey. We ascended towards the monastery which overhangs this hieroglyphical monument; and here, at least, we found that no doubts were entertained as to the interpretation to be given on the subject. The first of the two traditions is consigned to posterity upon a plate, where we read distinctly the Latin inscription engraved upon the flanks of one of the blocks, and of which hardly any traces are to be discovered upon the original. The principal inscription is: *Bellum Cesaris et patriæ ex magna parte confectum fuit; S. et Cn. Pompeii filiis hic in agro Bastetano profligatis.* Another: *Exercitus victor, hostibus effusis.* They sufficiently indicate that the object of these monuments is to celebrate a victory over the sons of Pompey. It remains to be ascertained if this territory be the *Ager Bastetanus*, and to reconcile this version with the authority of the historians who place the defeat of Pompey's party in Andalusia.

The good Hieronymites, jealous of the reputation of their soil, found us an answer to all our objections; and that nothing might be wanted to produce conviction, they shewed us the caverns where the sons of Pompey sought a refuge after their defeat, and where they were put to death. Immediately afterwards they observed, that these very asylums of the martyrs of liberty, afforded a refuge fourteen centuries afterwards to the martyrs of repentance; and we were obliged to listen to the history of the retreat of the founders of their order, till they led us to the bottom of these caverns, with the detail of their austerities, and to look at the traces of their footsteps.

The *Toros de Guisando*, of which many people, even at Madrid, do not know the origin, are frequently introduced into familiar conversation to express, in a burlesque manner,

the courage of a man capable of facing the greatest dangers; and in this sense, the phrase is put into the mouth of one of the heroes of Cervantes. When I said, upon my return, that I had seen and touched these famous bulls, I was supposed to be a most extraordinary personage. The illusion vanished when I described the enemies I had approached.

There is another district farther from Madrid, which occupies a still more distinguished place than the *Toros de Guisando*, in the fabulous history of Spain: this is the Battuécas, to which Montesquieu alludes in his *Lettres Persanes*, when he says, that the Spaniards have in their own kingdom, whole provinces with which they are unacquainted. According to old traditions, the religion, language, and manners of the Spaniards were unknown in the Battuécas. In neighbouring villages had been heard extraordinary voices; shepherds were afraid to lead their flocks to the place. Could any thing more be wanting to proclaim it the retreat of demons, or at least of some savage people? Every one related the history and particulars of it in his own way. The Battuécas furnished additional food for the gloomy imaginations of the Spaniards: they shone in their plays and romances; and Moreri did not disdain to give some of these ridiculous tales a place in his dictionary.

Father Feijoo, an enlightened monk, was one of the first who successfully combated these absurdities. From his enquiries, and from my own journey to the *Battuécas*, it appears, that they are two uncultivated vallies, scarcely a league in length, and so narrow, so hermetically closed on all sides, that the sun scarcely ever shines there in winter. This small district is remarkable for its groups of rocks curiously shaped, for the variety of the trees, the windings of the small river which waters these vallies, for the excavations of the mountains, and the number of animals of all kinds for which they serve as an asylum. The only human habitation which deserves to be remarked, is a convent of barefooted Carmelites, whose cells are almost buried beneath the overhanging rocks, and by the trees which shade them. We may make the tour of Europe without finding a place so well adapted for the asylum of silence and of peace. This district, which is almost inaccessible, and entirely out of the road to any town, is quite unfrequented. The few inquisitive persons who present themselves here, are regarded as eccentrics by the peaceful inhabitants, who cannot conceive the motives which could induce them to come hither. Their territory, which they seldom or

never leave, is situated in the bishoprick of Soria, eight leagues from Ciudad Rodrigo, and fourteen from Salamanca.

Avila and *Alcala* are also two cities not far from Madrid, which a traveller might be inclined to visit, on account of their reputation.

Avila is situated upon an eminence, nearly twenty leagues from the capital. Its thick walls, its towers, its Alcazar, and the dome of the old Gothic cathedral, give it an imposing appearance at a distance. But it would be difficult to exaggerate its state of depopulation and poverty. The absence of a great number of landed proprietors, who have removed to other places, and have left their estates to stewards, is the principal cause of its decline. At the beginning of last century it had a manufacture of cloth, which has fallen into decay, and which the council of Castile has in vain attempted to revive. In 1789, however, two Englishmen, expert in the manufacture of cotton cloths, were induced to come to Spain. In order to be near the sea, they were desirous to settle in Gallicia or Catalonia. But the Spaniards wished them to be near the court, and they were obliged to settle at Avila, in the edifice occupied for some years by the military school, since transferred to Port Santa Maria. Their outset was not promising. They found the strongest prejudices existing against them at Avila. The people threatened to stone them. The priests succeeded in making the common people believe that these heretics devoured catholic children: so that those who did not absolutely persecute, at least shunned them. The peasants of the neighbourhood made a great circuit rather than pass near their house. Gradually, however, these prejudices vanished. The people were gradually accustomed to see them, and they began to restore abundance to the province. In 1792, more than 700 persons were employed in their manufactory, or its dependencies, and there was no longer a single pauper in Avila. I saw these two Englishmen presented at court, in 1792, and their reception was such as in some degree to make amends for the persecutions of fanaticism and of ignorance.

Alcala maintains its reputation rather better than Avila. The six leagues which separate it from Madrid are pleasant; after the first, we find the village of *Canillejas*, surrounded by orchards and gardens; a real phenomenon in the environs of Madrid. A league farther on, we cross the Henares by a fine stone bridge, and we leave upon its right *Leganes*,

one of the quarters of the regiment of Walloon guards; *Vicalvaro*, which has always a detachment of the regiment of Spanish guards, and *San Fernando*.

On the other side of the Henares, begins a fine sloping bank, from which we perceive the town of Torrejon, beyond which is another stone bridge over the Tojote, a small river, which in summer scarcely deserves the name of a brook. A little lower down it flows into the Henares, which winds in a picturesque manner, as it approaches Alcala, and its banks are shaded with trees.

The Henares, from which Alcala takes its surname, lays at some distance from this city, at the foot of a range of craggy hills. Alcala is still surrounded by walls. It is very narrow in proportion to its length, but is well built and clean: although it contains many churches and convents, and has few other branches of industry than the culture of its fields, which produce excellent wheat, it has not, like many other towns of Castile, the repulsive appearances of poverty. The university would scarcely deserve to be named, if it had not been founded by cardinal Ximenes. In order to prepare the famous edition of the Bible, known among churchmen by the name of the *Biblia Complutensis*, he invited hither some true scholars, who have had but very few successors worthy of the reputation which Alcala thus acquired.

CHAP. XXV.

ROAD FROM MADRID TO SARAGOSSA.—ARRAGON AND ITS CORTES.—ITS NEW CANAL.—ROAD FROM LERIDA.

ALCALA lies upon the road from Madrid to Saragossa, a considerable city of Spain, which I visited in 1792, in order to examine more minutely the wonders I had heard respecting the canal of Arragon.

Four leagues beyond Alcala is the interesting city of Gaudalaxara, seated upon an eminence, a little beyond the Henares. A fine road afterwards leads to the miserable village of Torrija; and thence to *Grajanejos*: the soil is barren and stony, and the road very bad in rainy weather. From

the top of the hill upon which this town is situated, you perceive the prospect of a small valley, very narrow, but beautiful, and cultivated like a garden. This is the most picturesque point of view in the journey. But after passing *Grajanejos*, we have to traverse a most dull and naked country until we come to Bujarraval, a gloomy village surrounded by rocks, two leagues from Siguenza. The appearance of this country grows still worse as you proceed by an abrupt and stony descent, to the bottom of a dale, where on the banks of a rivulet is situated *Fuencaliente*, another village belonging to the duke of Medina Celi, whose chief residence is in front upon the summit of one of the circular mountains forming this valley. Here, some fine houses, verdure, and fields of hemp, which are prolonged through the valley, give an agreeable appearance to the eye. Meadows covered with cattle, and well cultivated plains, now conduct the traveller to the hamlet of *Londares*; a league beyond which we find a village lately built under the direction of the bishop of Siguenza; for, throughout all Spain, the prelates stand at the head of the benefactors of their country. A little further, on the summit of a mountain, is an old castle, worthy of the most flourishing era of the feudal system. It must have been formerly a military destination. At present it is one of the peaceful appendages to the bishopric of Siguenza.

From Londares to Arcos, the road is intersected by abrupt windings and broken precipices, passing through a terrific country which is the north-eastern extremity of New Castile. Arcos, a miserable town, but finely situated, is the last in the province, and one of the thirteen belonging to the duke de Medina Celi. For the three leagues which separate it from *Monreal*, another wretched town in ruins, and the first upon entering Arragon, the country and roads are equally terrific; we must however except the approaches to *Huerta*, a village belonging to a monastery of Bernardines, who have produced around them an appearance of affluence, a luxuriant cultivation, and plenty of trees: the difference is always very striking in Spain between the possessions of ecclesiastics and those of rich lay proprietors, and which is easily accounted for, by the constant residence of the former, and the perpetual absence of the latter. This monastery contains some remarkable tombs, and among others, those of several French gentlemen who came with the constable du Guesclin to the assistance of Henri de Transtamare. The traveller who wishes to pass a

few hours in visiting these curiosities, will no doubt praise the hospitality of the monks, and will find at their table sufficient to make amends for the wretched appearance of the country.

Monreal belongs to the family of Ariza, whose principal seat is a league further off. The old family castle is on an eminence, at the bottom of which they have an elegant modern residence. The river Xalon, which we shall so often meet with, flows very near it, enlivening and embellishing the neighbourhood where it forms a cascade. We cross the Xalon by a handsome bridge. The scenery here is worthy of the traveller's pencil.

After leaving Monreal, we find a rapid descent, after which, the road is very good as far as *Cetina*. From this village to Bubierca we have two long leagues of a charming road, between two rows of hills. At the foot of those on the right, the Xalon waters a valley in high cultivation. Half way on, we pass this river by a small stone bridge, and proceed along it to Bubierca, a village in a picturesque situation in the midst of rocky eminences.

From this place to Calatayud, you change horses once at *Ateca*, a village surrounded with fertile vineyards. Travellers who stop at Ateca should ask for a sort of wine called *Cerinana*; in colour it is something like the eyes of a partridge, its taste is mild and pleasant, and will make amends for the black, thick wine, which they will meet with in this part of Arragon, to the very gates of Saragossa, and which is the most unwholesome beverage ever given to human beings.

On leaving Ateca, the valley becomes broader, but is still fertile; it is watered by the Xalon, the road following the windings of that river at a distance along the hills. I have not seen throughout Spain a more agreeable part than this valley, which is cultivated with the greatest care from Cetina to Calatayud.

Branches have been cut from the Xalon in a very simple way, which diffuse its benefits over all the adjoining lands through which they pass; and you must not come to this delightful valley to seek proofs of indolence or want of ingenuity in the Spaniards.

Half a league before you come to Calatayud, appears a chain of rugged and uncouth rocks, which rather disfigure the pleasing landscape. This city itself, is as it were encrusted in the midst of these rocks. The most agreeable part of it is situated at their foot, and overlooks a valley

towards the south, of considerable breadth, adjacent to the town.

The productions of this valley, are corn, wine, vegetables, and particularly hemp, a great quantity of which is exported to Old Castile, but still more to Bilboa and St. Sebastian. The hemp is used for cordage for the navy; and is purchased by commissaries stationed at Calatayud for the purpose.

There is not any oil produced in this neighbourhood.—There are, however, twelve or thirteen soap-works at Calatayud, which send great quantities of their commodities to C[illegible]: they procure their barilla from the eastern part of Arragon.

The city is not as it was formerly: it contains scarcely 1500 houses, nevertheless there are ten parish churches and fifteen convents, some of which are remarkable, from their magnificent appearance and extraordinary size. Calatayud and Tarraçona have one bishop for both, who resides at the latter place. The former is very near the site of the ancient Bilbilis, the birth-place of Martial.

About a half a league before reaching Calatayud, the Xalon receives the Xiloca, which then loses its name, although Lopez, the principal geographer of modern Spain, gives it that appellation until it reaches the Ebro. I think it best to follow the enstom of the country, and the opinion of abbé Ponz, in this respect.

The country is extremely unequal from Calatayud to the gates of *Fresno*, situated in a pleasant and well-cultivated valley. After having ascended some eminences, there appear in front the town of *Almunia*, surrounded to a great distance by vineyards, olive and fig-trees, interspersed with fields of hemp and maize; part of M. d'Aranda's estates lie in this delightful country. This fine scenery continues to the distance of a league beyond Almunia; but afterwards we see nothing but heath and a very naked country, extending to the miserable *Venta de la Romera*, and even to the very entrance of *Saragossa*.

When you arrive at a half a league beyond the last stage but one (the *Muela*) we begin to have a view of this celebrated city in the midst of a wide and extensive plain upon the right bank of the Ebro.

I shall not pretend to enumerate the sacred edifices contained in Saragossa; the most remarkable are the two cathedrals; one of them is called the church *de la Seu*, and is of a majestic simplicity; the other is famous in Spain, and even,

throughout the Catholic world, *as Nuestra Senora del Pilar*, and even cardinal de Retz has not scrupled to dedicate some pages of his Memoirs to an account of it*. It is a large gloomy edifice, crowded with ornaments in a wretched style, although rebuilt at the end of the seventeenth century. But the miraculous image, around which there is not one of the *ex votos*, or silver lamps, mentioned by the cardinal, is in a modern chapel formed by superb marble columns of the Corinthian order. The devotion of the Arragonese could not pay less homage to the pious tradition which records the appearance of the Virgin to St. James, in order to impart her wishes to him, than that her image should be placed in a temple on this bank of the Ebro.

The arches of the rebuilt part of this church have been recently painted in fresco, by the two brothers, Bayen, and don Francisco Goya, all three natives of Saragossa.

For another trait in the history of human stupidity, we must descend into a cavern of the church of *Santa Engracia*. Here are deposited the ashes of a crowd of martyrs immolated by persecuting emperors. Silver lamps burn here day and night in honour of them; but the smoke which they emit does not blacken the roof, and in order to prove this to the curious, they shew the roof, which, although very low, is certainly not smoked. They invite those who are doubtful of it to put a piece of white paper over one of these lamps. I tried this experiment, and I must confess I saw, or thought I saw, that my paper was not blackened. I had still my doubts, but I took care to conceal them from my bigotted

* The following is the passage alluded to in Retz's Memoirs. "This same attendant upon the viceroy shewed me every thing remarkable at Saragossa. I was always concealed, as I have already said, under the name of the marquis de Saint Florent. But he never reflected that *Nuestra Senora del Pilar*, could not be seen under this title. This miraculous image is never shewn but to sovereigns and cardinals. The marquis de Saint Florent was neither the one nor the other; so that when they saw me in the balustrade with a close-bodied black velvet coat and a cravat, the multitude collected from all parts of the town, at the sound of the bell, which is tolled for this ceremony only, and thought I was the King of England (Charles II). There were, I think, more than two hundred carriages full of ladies, who paid me a thousand compliments, and which I answered like one who could not speak good Spanish. This church is beautiful of itself, but in addition to this the ornaments and riches of it are immense, and the treasure magnificent. They here shewed me a man, who was employed in lighting the lamps, which are in prodigious numbers, and they told me this man was seen seven years ago at the door of the church with only one leg: I saw him now with two. The dean and all the canons assured me that the whole city had seen him, and that if I waited two days longer I might converse with 20,000 country people who had seen him as well as those in the city. He had recovered his leg, they said, by rubbing himself with the oil of these lamps. Once a year this pretended miracle is celebrated by an immense concourse, and it is true, that at a day's journey from Saragossa, I found the high road covered with people of all descriptions running to this pious festival."

conductors. I was however, tempted to say to them: God has not thought proper to work any striking miracle to accelerate the end of the French Revolution, or to calm the passions which it has roused, and do you think that he would condescend to perform here, a miracle as obscure as your cavern, and useless as your own existence?

I shall call the attention of my readers with more pleasure, to the new *Casa de la Misericordia*; the building of which was finished in 1792. It stands close by the old one, and does equal honour to the intelligence and to the patriotism of don Raymond Pignatelli. Young persons of both sexes, who are without work and without friends, here find some subsistence and employment. They wind silk, spin, and card wool; the latter is a valuable production for the country, although of inferior quality. They also weave some coarse woollen cloths, camblets, and even silks. Of 700 persons who exercise their industry in this building, more than half work for the manufacturers of the city; for it was the opinion of its generous founder, whom Arragon and Spain have now lost, that without this expedient, the manufactures of charitable foundations would retard rather than promote industry. There are besides at Saragossa some manufactries, with the productions of which several regiments are clothed.

There are at Saragossa an academy of fine arts, an insignificant university, and a patriotic society. The latter deserves every encomium. It encourages every branch of industry, and particularly new plantations. It has established schools for mathematics and commerce. Don Martin Goyecochea, one of its members, some years ago, founded a school for drawing at his own expence. Saragossa, in a word, is gradually awaking from her long lethargy, and is rendering herself worthy to be the capital of the fine kingdom of Arragon.

The population of Arragon was formerly greater than at present. A great number of its towns and villages have entirely disappeared. Its population is now reduced to 614,000 inhabitants, of which number Saragossa contains 42,600.—Arragon has made an honourable figure in the history of free governments. Although the royal dignity was hereditary, the title of every new king was confirmed by the states, and no sovereign could mount the throne without swearing to maintain their privileges. In order to balance the authority of the sovereign, they had established a magistrate by the name of the *Justicia Mayor*, who was accountable to the states only for his conduct. At the inauguration of the king this supreme magistrate was seated upon an elevated tribunal,

with his head covered. The king appeared before him uncovered, and on his knees took an oath to govern according to the laws. It was then that the proclamation so often quoted of late years, was pronounced in the name of the Arragonese: *Nos que valemos tanto como vos, os hacemos nuestro rey y Senor con tal que guardeis nuestros fueros y libertades;* SI NO, NO. "We who are each of us as good as you are, have received you for our king and lord, on condition that you maintain our rights and liberties; IF NOT, NOT."

The admiration at first inspired by the recollection of this imposing ceremony is a little weakened, when we learn that it was not so much before the people or their representatives that the king thus humbled himself, as before an assembly of noble *(ricos hombres)* who were indebted for their estates to the force of arms. At first twelve of the ancient families only were admitted into this assembly, but they increased in number gradually, and were divided into *superior* and *inferior* nobility. In this meeting of the states, the clergy were represented by prelates, and the large cities by deputies. But the mechanics, artisans and shop-keepers, were excluded from the rank of citizens. So that the commonalty was very imperfectly represented; but the assembly thus constituted made laws for the whole nation. The *Justicia Mayor* was the only barrier opposed by turns to the usurpations of the *cortes* of Arragon, and to those of the king. But at length the prelates became the devoted slaves of the monarch; the deputies from the cities were frequently corrupted; and the king, by successively increasing the number of his partisans in these two orders, swayed the nobility, and became what he is at present, an absolute monarch. There still existed however, a shadow of the *cortes* of Arragon. In 1702, Philip V. in a moment of embarrassment assembled them, as well as those of Catalonia, who had not been assembled for two centuries. In the absence of the king the young queen presided over the *cortes* of Arragon. She found that they would scarcely listen to her applications, and with great difficulty obtained 100,000 crowns.

The success of Philip V. and the resistance opposed to him by these two provinces, made them lose their feeble claims to his regard. They were treated as conquered provinces; and of their *cortes* nothing now remains except the ruins of which we have spoken in another place. The court of Madrid, however, is not even at this day, entirely freed from the alarm inspired by Arragon and Catalonia, peopled with in-

habitants of a splenetic cast, and extremely difficult to mould to the yoke of despotism. At present, all those who are not absolutely devoted to the Bourbon dynasty are considered as belonging to the *Arragonese faction*, or discontented party; and it is to these salutary fears of the crown, that the Arragonese and Catalonians are indebted for the respect shewn by foreigners to a constitution, which no longer exists except in their regret.

Arragon contains several well built cities, which deserve to hold the next rank to Saragossa.

Huesca, which is twelve leagues from it, is situated in a district remarkable for its fertility.

Tarracona, thirteen great leagues from Saragossa, is in the midst of a district well supplied with wood and water.

Terruel is situated between Saragossa and Valencia. Its name recalls the advantages of two lovers, who are introduced into one of the most affecting Spanish dramas, and whose ashes are preserved with religious respect in one of the churches of this city.

The small river Turia, before it reaches Terruel, passes through Albarracin, traversing and fertilizing a beautiful plain which extends beyond that place.

Daroca, situated upon one of the roads from Madrid to Saragossa, is a place which deserves mention. Being at the foot of the mountains, and on the banks of the Xiloca, it is exposed to frequent inundations. To preserve it, if possible, from this evil, a subterraneous passage has been dug, 780 yards in length, in order to give a vent to the waters which menace it. The banks of the Xiloca are unusually fertile in every kind of fruit, and produce a quantity of hemp of an excellent quality.

The principal riches of Arragon consist in its oil, which is mild, nutritive, and of an excellent flavour. There are several olive-mills in Saragossa. The most remarkable of them belongs to a worthy patriot, whose name I have already mentioned, pon Martin Goyecochea. To him the proprietors of olive plantations who have no mills, bring their olives. This venerable gentleman has combined under his own roof, every thing which is necessary for the country people, who come to borrow the use of his mill. His establishment proves what can be done by an individual, even in Spain, if he has the good of mankind at heart. I remarked, with pleasure, that twenty or thirty workmen employed in this mill were all Frenchmen, who came annually, about the month of December, from our southern provinces

The Spaniards confess, that their own workmen would make bad substitutes for these strangers, who are not less remarkable for their good conduct than for their intelligence. In other mills, however, Spanish workmen are employed. At Monte Torrero, a spot near the city, which has been recently levelled and planted with vines and olives, there is a mill for the olives produced by the lands bordering on the canal of Arragon, or for those paid as tribute by such proprietors whose grounds it supplies with water.

Some details respecting this canal, the principal object of my visit to Arragon, will now be interesting. It passes within half a league of Saragossa, at the foot of *Monte Torrero*. Here are magazines, where corn, timber for building, iron, and other utensils, are deposited. These edifices, remarkable for their convenience and solidity, contribute much to embellish the canal. Here I embarked in a yacht, in order to visit six fine locks, which are a great league below Saragossa. Half a league higher up there are four more, which succeed each other on its leaving a vast bason, where we embark in order to ascend to its source.

Having been introduced to don Raymond Pignatelli, the real founder of this canal, one of the master-pieces of Spanish industry, I obtained, through him, the means of making this little voyage with much personal convenience, and with great success in point of information. I set off at eight o'clock in the morning, in a large bark, in company with don Juan Payas, director of the canal. At noon we stopped at the most remarkable place, being where the canal is carried by an aqueduct of hewn stone, 710 fathoms in length, over the river Xalon, which pursues its course under this stupendous piece of masonry. This was the most expensive part of the canal, having cost nearly thirteen millions of reals. We slept at the *Canaleta*, another point worthy of attention. The old canal for watering the soil, which has been cut from the Xalon, coming from the west, takes its course through the midst of a stone bridge built over the new canal, and after having thus crossed it, proceeds eastward towards *Lucena*.

Next day we viewed the works at Gallur, a village upon a barren eminence, on the banks of the Ebro, which approaches near to the canal at this place. The inequality and roughness of the ground over which it has to flow here, has occasioned some very extensive works. A little lower down, the canal is carried by a tunnel of masonry through some very high hills, but this work is not modern. Under

Charles V. the first founder of the canal of Arragon, this part of it was under ground. It has since been exposed to view.

Half a league lower down than Gallur we have a view of the Ebro, and in the back ground, beyond its left bank, the village of Tauste, which gives its name to a canal completely modern. That which we are now describing, and which is properly the imperial canal, was begun under Charles V., who, by his restless ambition, was obliged to suspend its further execution, and it was not again thought of until 1770. From this period it has made but slow progress, and perhaps would have made none at all, had it not been for the extraordinary perseverance of the celebrated don Raymond Pignatelli. At its approach to the Bocal, or the spot where the canal commences, it is separated into two branches by a small island. On the right is the old canal of Charles V. that on the left being the modern one. Soon after we pass under the bridge of Formigales, on approaching which the modern canal grows wider, and presents a superb sheet of water. It is under this bridge, of a single arch, that we find the first outlet of the canal. *(Almanara de Desague.)*

There are, or will be, five bridges over the canal between Gallur and the Bocal. They are at first built of wood, but afterwards of brick.

At two leagues from the Bocal, after having passed the old castle of Mallen, we enter the kingdom of Navarre. Here the canal passes through a vast plain planted with vegetables and maize.

Below Formigales, we come to the bridge of Valverde, the boundary of Arragon on this side. We afterwards arrive at the Bocal, which is a short quarter of a league beyond Formigales. Here the Ebro, restrained by a dyke 118 fathoms long by 17 broad, enters the bed of the canal by eleven inlets, but which never supply it with water all at once. Close to its banks the new palace has been built. From one of the fronts of this edifice, we have a view of the fine sheet of water within the dyke, and on our right is a cascade.

The first floor contains apartments for the governor of the establishment, which were not finished until 1782; the adjoining edifices are magazines for timber, planks, and iron work. The inn, which is spacious, clean, and kept by a native of Thoulouse, the chapel and the old castle, are a quarter of a league further near the bridge of Formigales.

After examining this canal in all its details, and seeing how every thing has been provided for, every thing well conceived and well executed; when we find that to this great enterprise must be added several other monuments or establishments scattered throughout modern Spain, it is impossible to retain against its inhabitants the unfavourable prejudices still cherished by a great part of Europe, and not to admit, that if they act slowly, they at least act with wisdom, and execute their projects with solidity, and even with magnificence. The canal of Arragon seems to combine all these qualities, and its utility is attested by an experience of more than twenty years. In August 1792, it yielded two millions of reals, more than one half of which was devoted to the payment of the workmen; and the balance was to be set apart for the continuation of the work. The sources of this revenue are the produce of a tract of ground several fathoms broad on each of its banks, besides contributions in kind levied upon all the fields near which it passes. Those which were before in a state of cultivation pay one-fifth of the crop; lands recently brought into tillage one-sixth; vineyards, olive plantations, and orchards an eight or a ninth. At the same period an hundred thousand acres were watered by this canal; and a few years afterwards lands, formerly sold at from 100 to 150 reals an acre, rose to the value of four or five thousand. Can there be a stronger argument in favour of canals in general, and that of Arragon in particular?

This canal, it is said, is to have thirty-four locks. None of them are required however between Tudela and Saragossa; but from the latter place to Sastago, where the canal will enter the Ebro, the elevation of the ground renders them indispensable. In 1793, six only were finished, the expence of the twenty-eight others is not so very alarming; each of those already made cost no more than 200,000 reals. Hence it will require only six millions for those still remaining to be executed.

When it is necessary to cleanse the canal, it can be drained dry in four or five hours. At one and the same instant all the sluices are opened, and the water runs off into the Ebro.

The cut made from this river below Tudela, does not perceptibly diminish its waters; and it requires much greater care to guard against an overflow than a scarcity; but every thing has been so well arranged, that they can furnish almost to the tenth of an inch the quantity of water required

for the canal.—On the whole, it may be said that there is not a more useful establishment in Spain. For a long time the course of the Ebro had been an insufficient medium of communication for the three provinces through which it runs, Navarre, Arragon, and Catalonia. The canal in question will be twenty-six great leagues in length, from Tudela to Sastago. At the latter place the Ebro begins to be navigable, with slight interruptions, as far as Tortosa, and thence to the sea. There is another canal, that is supplied by this river: it is twelve leagues in length, and was finished even before the reign of Charles V. This is the canal of *Tauste*, but being intended merely for watering the neighbouring grounds, it was neglected, and consequently not of much utility. The directors of the new canal undertook to restore the old one; but in the expectation that the new dyke would serve both canals at once, they have allowed the old canal to remain, although half a league higher.

Notwithstanding all these improvements, the Ebro is not totally useless to the country through which it runs; but being navigable for four or five months in the year only, from Saragossa to the sea, it is a precarious resource, even for navigation, and contributes nothing towards irrigation. The new canal, on the contrary, serves both purposes. Its least depth is nine feet, and the largest barks carry about 2700 cwt. or 135 tons.

The Bocal is very near Navarre. The village of *Fontellas* is situated towards the east, upon an eminence adjoining the canal. We cross it to go to *Tudela*, which is only two leagues off, and is the principal town of this part of the kingdom of Navarre.

On leaving Fontellas, we have a specimen of the capital roads with which it has been provided before any other part of Spain, by the care of its viceroy, the count de Gages; these roads traverse Navarre from one extremity to the other. It is well known that one of the roads leading from France into Navarre, is that from French, or Lower Navarre to Upper Navarre. Proceeding on horseback, or on mules, from St. Jean Pied-de-Port, a small town, situated at the foot of the very rugged Pyrenean mountain, called *Altocizar*, we are two or three hours ascending it before we reach Ronceveaux, which lies at the foot of the Pyrenees on the other side. Roneeveaux, the name of which is famous in romances and in fabulous history, is at present nothing but a village, where there are some good inns, and a monastery of regular monks.

From hence to Pampeluna, the distance is only six

leagues of good road, through deep vallies and among high mountains, partly covered with wood. In this stage we have, upon the right, the valley of Bastan, which has been, up to the present time, the theatre of the quarrels of the respective frontier powers. We may easily conceive it to be an apple of discord, when we have passed through it. It is five or six leagues in diameter. The Bidassoa here has its source; it does not produce much corn, but it abounds in fruits, maize, and meadows covered with flocks.

Pampeluna, the capital of Spanish Navarre, and the seat of the governor and viceroy, is built upon an eminence, on the banks of the small river Arga. It contains only about 3000 houses; it is protected by a citadel and fort, and, in 1795, preparations were here made to oppose some resistance to our victorious armies. Six leagues between Pampeluna and Tafalla pass through a fertile and populous country. There are eleven leagues between Tafalla and Tudela, the last six of which also pass through a highly cultivated country, if we except the *Bardena del Rey*, a wild district, but abounding in pasture.

Tudela, which is little more than a league from the frontiers of Arragon, is an inferior kind of city, but it is well built. At the extremity of the broad street, which runs through it, is a stone bridge over the Ebro, which leads to the excellent road leading to Pampeluna, a distance of seventeen leagues. The ground around Tudela, hitherto little known, except for its produce of red wine, would be fit for every kind of culture; but the ill judged avidity of the rich proprietors, among whom it is divided, has devoted it almost entirely to that of the vine. *Peralta*, the wine of which is also in repute, lies but a few leagues from Tudela, very near the road from Pampeluna.

The kingdom of Navarre, conquered by Ferdinand the catholic from Jean d'Albret, forms, like Biscay, a separate province, preserving its customs, particular privileges, and tribunal; and, in several respects, it is considered as lying beyond the frontiers. Here many kinds of foreign merchandize find free admission without paying any duties. They are not inspected until they arrive at *Agreda*, the first custom-house of Castile, on the side of Navarre.

We will now return to Arragon, and quit this canal, which deserves the attention of all the admirers of useful enterprises, and of all those who interest themselves in the public welfare; indeed if it were never finished, it would be sufficient to immortalize the name of Raymond Pignatelli;

who, regardless of the two circumstances which invited him to idleness, his ecclesiastical profession, and his noble birth, has proved himself, in spite of intrigues, and the forbidding reserve of the court, one of the most active and enlightened gentlemen of whom modern Spain can boast*.

Saragossa stands upon one of the two roads from Madrid to Barcelona; but this road is the most disagreeable in Spain, and gives no favourable idea either of Arragon or of Catalonia. No tract indeed can be more desert, more depopulated, more dreary, than a great part of the country, after leaving Villa Franca, where we begin to lose sight of Saragossa, until two leagues beyond the dull town of Fraga: this is situated on the banks of the Cinca, at the foot of a rugged mountain, of difficult ascent, on the way to Lerida. Next to Villa Franca appears the *Venta de Santa Lucia*, the most wretched inn throughout all Spain. Proceeding from this place through the town of *Bujaraloz*, we arrive at the miserable village of *Candasnos*, separated from Fraga by five dismal leagues, after which we enter Catalonia. Lerida is nearly the same distance from it. But we shall now proceed towards the south of Spain, beginning with the beautiful residence of Aranjuez.

* On the death of don Raymond Pignatelli, the count de Sastago, an Arragonese noblemen, interested himself in the success of the canal of Arragon, and was appointed to preside *ad interim*, over the continuation of these works; but he only filled this place about three years, when it was entrusted to the general superintendants of roads and bridges, established at Madrid. It was then discovered that the enterprise could not succeed under the auspices of a distant council, which was occupied with other business. One of the judges of the court of justice at Sarragossa, was appointed director of the canal. He was zealously and successfully fulfilling these new functions, when he was promoted to a higher situation, which obliged him to remove to Granada; and it is from the latter city that he has to direct the works at the canal of Arragon, which cannot make much progress under such changes. Besides this, the want of money has thrown out new obstacles. The present director had, indeed, succeeded in reserving a fund of about five millions of reals, from the produce of the canal; but the minister of the finance seized it, in 1803, and applied it to more urgent purposes. In 1804, the principal canal of Arragon did not pass beyond the Carthusian convent, which is a league from Saragossa. They had, however, recently made some small sluices for watering the fields, one of which goes as far as the village of Burgo, two leagues from Saragossa, and another to the beginning of the district of the little town of Fuentes, which is three leagues from that city. Nevertheless, Arragon begins to enjoy the benefits of its canal. Its agriculture is improved, and in 1804 it was enabled, by the transmission of grain from Saragossa to Madrid, to contribute in relieving the horrors of the famine which then desolated Castile.

CHAP. XXVI.

ACCOUNT OF ARANJUEZ.—ITS ROYAL PALACE, GARDENS, PUBLIC WALKS, HORSE-RACES, THE MENAGERIE, &c.

THE road from Madrid to Aranjuez is one of the finest and in the best repair of any in Europe. At first setting out, we come to the wide and long bridge of Toledo, a fine piece of architecture, the parapets of which are loaded with ornaments in a wretched style. We may avoid this bridge, however, and save a circuit of a quarter of a league, when the waters of the Mançanares are very low; and we then cross, by a small bridge, the canal intended to unite this river with the Tagus, begun under the administration of M. de Grimaldi, but abandoned after proceeding for about three leagues, for want of funds, and because such men as don Raymond Pignatelli are still very few in Spain. The only advantage derived from it was the produce of a few mills; and this is absorbed in the repair of bridges, sluices, and the salaries of the persons employed; for in Spain, as in other countries, scarcely is an establishment begun, before the expences of supporting it are as considerable as if it were completed.

The Mançanares is fordable a little beyond the bridge of Toledo, and on the other side begins the fine road of Aranjuez, whence are seen some groups of olive-trees, which announce to the traveller that he approaches their native soil, la Mancha, the kingdom of Valencia, and Andalusia. After having travelled six leagues, on a narrow and even road, you descend by a spiral declivity to the charming valley of Aranjuez.

The Xarama, which you cross over a very fine stone bridge, runs at the foot of the hills, by which the river is formed, to the north. As soon as you arrive in this valley, the dry and naked plains of Castile disappear, and are succeeded by a richer soil, where you travel in the shade, serenaded by the noise of cascades and the murmur of rivulets. The meadows are enamelled with flowers, and the pasture

display the most lively and variegated colours. Vegetation appears in all its richness, and proclaims a neighbouring river which, with its beneficent waters, fertilises and vivifies the landscape. The Tagus, which enters the valley at the east end, runs in meanders for two leagues, and, after having reflected the images of the most beautiful plantations, joins the Xarama.

The learned find in this junction the etymology of the name of Aranjuez. They tell us the ancients erected temples at the confluence of rivers; that there was one in honour of Jupiter at that of the Tagus and Xarama; and that thence is derived the name *Aram-Jovis*, whence *Aranjuez* by corruption. However ancient the name may be, the embellishments of Aranjuez are modern, as will appear by the Plate.

The first Spanish monarch who resided there for a considerable length of time was Charles V. He began to build the palace his successors have inhabited, and to which Ferdinand VI. and Charles III. each added a wing. In this new form, it is still less a royal mansion than a very agreeable country-house most delightfully situated, where art has done nothing more than make an advantageous use of the advances of Nature. The Tagus, which runs in a right line to the eastern front, glides by the parterre, and forms almost under the windows an artificial cascade.

A small arm of the river escapes from the cascade, and so closely washes the walls of the palace, that from the terrace the monarch may take the diversion of fishing. This arm afterwards rejoins the river, and thus forms a pleasant island, which is a vast garden of an irregular form, in which shade and fresh air are constantly found. In every season the warblings of birds, added to the murmurs of the waters of the Tagus, and of those which are spouted from the several fountains simply decorated, form a concert much less fatiguing to the mind than the languid and unvarying pleasures which magnificence leads in its train. While wandering amid the groves and thickets, or the labyrinth of the winding walks, and enjoying the luxury and calm of Nature, we imagine ourselves in the midst of rural solitude, and forget the vicinity of the court, the perplexity of intrigue, and the solicitudes of ambition. If we approach the palace, filled with the pleasing ideas inspired by the asylum we have quitted, we cannot but reflect on the vicissitude of human affairs.—This, we exclaim, is the peaceful retreat of a monarch, whose laws are obeyed beyond the immense ocean to the ex-

tremities of the Andes, and the most distant islands of the Indian Archipelago. In this palace was it that Charles V. and Philip II. agitated Europe by their turbulent politics. Hence was the league which disputed the crown of France with the prince called to it by birth-right and the wishes of the people, supported by the court of Madrid. Charles V. and Philip II. would find some difficulty in recognizing Aranjuez, which by the attention and improvements of the succeeding kings has been rendered one of the most pleasing palaces in Europe.

The principal alleys, that especially of the *Calle de la Reyna*, which is the favourite walk of the court, were planted long before their time. The height of the trees, their enormous trunks, and thick foliage, attest their antiquity and the fertility of the soil in which they have flourished for several centuries. But these are not the only ornaments of the valley of Aranjuez. Under Ferdinand VI. this palace consisted of little else than the castle. A few poor houses scattered over uneven and rugged ground at some distance from the royal habitation, served to lodge ambassadors, and the nobles and gentry who followed the court. These huts have given place to regular, though not magnificent, buildings. The streets are straight and wide, perhaps too wide for the height of the houses and the heat of the climate. The plan, after which the new village of Aranjuez was built, was given by the marquis of Grimaldi, who, before he became first minister to his Catholic Majesty, had resided at the Hague as his representative. He had there conceived the idea of forming in the centre of Castile a kind of Dutch village. His plan was accepted. The principal streets of Aranjuez are shaded by two double rows of trees, between which runs a river that keeps them continually fresh.

The village is separated from the Castle by a large, but irregular square, decorated with a fountain. To cross the square in the hot season, a part of which the court passes at Aranjuez, was a painful task, from which the beneficent magnificence of the sovereign has exempted those by whom he is approached. From one of the streets of Aranjuez there runs a covered portico, which is continued to the buildings adjoining to the palace.

It would require too much time to conduct the reader through all the fine plantations of Aranjuez; I shall speak only of the principal. Arriving from Madrid, we cross a circular space called *Las doce calles*, from twelve alleys which there terminate. One of the alleys leads to the entrance of

Las Huertas, a large enclosure, in which we cannot but admire the astonishing fertility of the soil of Aranjuez. All kinds of fruit trees, flowers, and vegetables luxuriantly flourish beneath the shade of trees whose tops are sometimes lost in the clouds. If the traveller wishes to see more rich cultivation, and on a larger scale, he must take the road for Toledo and cross the *Campo Flamenco*, which undoubtedly takes its name from the resemblance it bears to the fine fields of Flanders. The *Cortijo* is also worthy of his particular attention. This is a large enclosure shut in on the side to the north by hills, and on the other by a latticed barrier, within which the soil, cultivated with particular care, repays with interest the labours of the husbandman, and the attention of the king, who has caused it to be planted with vine-suckers, brought from different parts of his kingdom.

Lastly, the *Huerta de Valentia* presents the traveller with various new and successful modes of cultivation, and, as it were, a foretaste of that kingdom. Besides fields of flax, vineyards, and artificial meadows, there are mulberry plantations, and a building consecrated to the produce of the precious insect which feeds upon their leaves. But the *Calle de la Reyna*, which may be said to form the angle of the plantations of Aranjuez, is that which is most known and remarkable in them. Its direction, for about half a league, is from east to west, and its termination at the foot of a stone bridge lately built over the Tagus. It is renewed on the other side, continues to much the same distance, and again terminates by a bridge over the same river, the windings of which can only be discovered by the imagination, while it wanders through a valley shaded with groves of high trees, which at intervals conceal its course. Behind one of these thick curtains is a cascade heard at a great distance, the noise of which is the only disturbance suffered by the tranquillity of this solitary place. If with intention to discover this cascade, we pass the second bridge of the Tagus, and follow the course of the river, it is impossible not to be delighted with the beauty of the prospects from the banks. In the happy confusion of the trees which line its borders, we recognise that Nature which Art, taking for her model, imperfectly imitates in her feeble productions. Nature is no where more varied in her sportive caprices. Here the trees seem to have changed their element, and plunge their green tops into the waters of the Tagus. There knotted trunks, placed as in equilibrium on the banks, are ready to escape from the earth, and wait but for the northern blast to ob-

struct with their spreading branches the course of the river by which they are watered. As we advance, the stream reflects the tufts of waving shrubs, which, according to the idea of the abbé de Lille, receive verdure in exchange for the decoration they afford.

If we retire from the banks, the same pleasing disorder reigns in the wood, which is sufficiently thick to afford a shade, without making it too difficult to find a passage through it. At length we approach the cascade which had awakened our curiosity. We arrive at it through thick bushes, and by zigzag paths; the object of it is to take from the Tagus a part of its waters. The arm turned from the bed of that river, runs in a deep ditch between artificial banks, and goes to water some of the plantations of Aranjuez, and to provide more at hand for the wants of the inhabitants. But shade and verdure instantly cease. Nothing is here seen but the naked hills which form the enclosure of the valley; and the spectator cannot but admire the art with which the picture is finished, to recompense, as much as possible, the coarseness of its frame.

At the foot of these hills are stables of breeding mares, belonging to the king of Spain, and in which the breed of Spanish horses is still preserved in all its ancient beauty. The building has for inscription, *Vento gravidas ex prole putaris. By their race or breed you would imagine them prolific by the winds:* the swiftness of the horses bred here justifies the inscription; but they are exclusively reserved to the service of the king and his family. The king attaches much importance to the prosperity of the stud at Aranjuez; the embarrassments of the war however suspended the care which this establishment requires. But in 1796, a council was appointed exclusively for this purpose, under the title of Supreme Junta of the Horse. The stud at Aranjuez contains at present, about four hundred mares and twenty stallions. Besides these, the prince of the Peace, who is particularly fond of every thing connected with the cavalry, keeps here, on his own account, 18 stallions and 150 mares. Aranjuez has also a stud of mules, for the court is not inclined to dispense entirely with these animals, ignoble perhaps, but yet serviceable, and which have also their particular features of beauty. Under the same roof with the stallions, eight male asses are kept, and 300 beautiful mares are exclusively set apart for them.

Leaving this building to the left, you enter large walks which terminate at the *Calle de la Reyna.*

The high trees, of which I have spoken, are not the only ornaments of this alley. It is edged on both sides with tufted copses, which render its regularity more agreeable. Here the numerous herds of deer which furnish amusement for the royal family, and, as at St. Ildefonso, seem conscious they have obtained a security that Nature appeared to have denied them, bound and run. They are seen peaceably feeding by the side of the great walk, and when they fly at the approach of any person, they seem less under the influence of their natural timidity than desirous to display their agility.

But the garden of the *Primœvera*, or of the spring, is the greatest ornament of the *Calle de la Reyna*, at the same time that it delightfully perfumes the air during the season of which it bears the name. Under Charles III. it extended for the space of a mile only; but Charles IV. has carried it on, along the whole of this alley, to the banks of the Tagus. Nothing can be more charming to the view, than the garden during the season from which it takes its name. The fertility of the soil of the valley appears in all its richness in this garden. The greatest part of it is dedicated to useful cultivation. Pomona and Flora reign jointly, and mutually present each other their charms. Fruits and flowers flourish there in perfection. The groves oppose their hospitable shades to the noontide heat. Copses of odoriferous shrubs perfume the morning air, and the balmy vapours they exhale, fall at sunset to add to the charms of the evening walk.

When I first arrived in Spain, about twenty years ago, all the ground between the enclosure of the garden and the primitive banks of the Tagus, was uncultivated. The present sovereign, when prince of Asturias, by his taste and attention, converted this into one of the most pleasing parts of the valley. He ordered some useless trees, which shaded this fertile soil, to be cut down; grass-plats, shrubberies, and parterres, have succeeded them, and paths wind across this new treasure of vegetation. From one spring to another a vast garden was produced, infinitely varied in its form as well as productions, which bears the name of its projector.

A little dock-yard is formed within its enclosure, and communicates by an easy descent with the Tagus. In this yard are carried on the works of a navy in miniature, which has its builders, sailors, and vessels. Farther on was a kind of port, defended by a battery proportioned to the place. A few handsome gondolas are anchored under its protection, and serve for the recreation of the younger branches of the

royal family. There are likewise little frigates, elegantly decorated, the guns of which reply to the artillery of the port. The noise of their cannon, the huzzas of the sailors, and the display of the flags and streamers, almost induce the spectators to believe they are contemplating the contests of Mars and Neptune. Happy would men be, did they but content themselves with representations only, and had not a thirst after fame and riches converted into means of destruction the properties of elements which Nature, perhaps, had designed only for their pleasures! Those of the court of Spain at Aranjuez are not confined to the amusements afforded by a river, the banks of which present the most enchanting landscapes, whilst the peaceful stream never deviates from its course but to fertilize the adjacent soil. The residence of Aranjuez favours all the innocent diversions of the country; walks are no where more varied; whether with a book in your hand you wander in the shrubberies, or pass through the long alleys on horseback or in a carriage, you may securely indulge in meditation and reverie.

In this spot the deer forget their timidity, and even the wild boars are less ferocious. They run in the streets as familiarly as domestic animals. The first time I quitted the inn, after my arrival at Aranjuez, I was obliged to make my way with my cane through a herd of wild boars, who blocked up my passage. Some of them, still more familiar, enter the houses, and there dispute with the dogs the spoils of the kitchen. At Pardo they carry their assurance still farther; at certain hours, to which they are very exact, they run from the neighbouring forest to receive food from the hands of the domestics of the palace.

The wild boars are not the only animals naturalized at Aranjuez. The buffalos, brought thither from Naples, have taken the place of the oxen, as working cattle. A part of their labours were performed by camels, which could not long resist the baneful influence of a foreign climate. At the same time two zebras grazed in a meadow near the high road, as also two guanacos or Peruvian sheep, which seemed as perfectly at their ease as in their own country; whilst an elephant calmly moved his huge body without being in the least discomposed by the crowds of people, whom curiosity brought about him. It is, perhaps, in this manner that sovereigns should openly expose all the foreign animals which they crowd together in their menageries. Such magnificent prisons accuse man of tyranny without proving his power, and the beasts which there roar in their chains, would,

perhaps lay aside their ferocity on recovering their liberty. But man is every where too much inclined to abuse his power; and rather chuses to reign over furious slaves than govern happy subjects.

The horses at Aranjuez contribute to its embellishment in a particular manner. It is here that they develope all the beauty of their movements and all their velocity. The king in person here exercises the fine horses furnished by his stud. Formerly the *Calle de la Reyna* was the course where the race-horses exhibited their powers in presence of the court, the different branches of which betted with eagerness upon the agility of these animals. The present king, when prince of Asturias, substituted, in place of races, a kind of spectacle called the *Parejas*. He formed a squadron of four in front and twelve deep. The four files were directed by himself, the two infants, his brothers, and one of the most distinguished noblemen of his court, and each had a particular colour. The forty-eight horsemen were clothed in the genuine Spanish costume, which gave an antique military appearance to the spectacle, and seemed to recall to the mind of the spectator what he had read of the tournaments of their ancestors. They proceeded in columns to one of the great courts of the castle, to the sound of trumpets and kettle-drums, and preceded by elegantly dressed grooms leading spare horses richly caparisoned. Here they would break their ranks, separate and form again; when sometimes galloping round the circumference of the court, at others crossing diagonally, they displayed their skill in horsemanship and the beauty of their rich caparisons. This puerile image of the ancient tournaments, recalled them in a slight degree to the recollection of the spectators; but made them regret those festivals at which, in presence of the princes and the fair, the chevaliers acted under the double impulse of love and glory; festivals where the applause of those who reigned over their hearts was the inestimable prize of their address and courage. Accordingly the most devoted of the courtiers received no kind of pleasure from this *Recreation of Centaurs*, except they were permitted to take part in it with the sons of their sovereign, and to contribute to their pleasures.

The king has for some years laid aside these amusements at Aranjuez, and has substituted others more agreeable to his own taste. One of those to which he is most partial is, to make experiments with artillery in the *Huerta de Valencia;* the noise of which disturbs the tranquillity of this

charming residence much oftener than is agreeable to the softer sex, or those who partake of similar feelings.

The sovereign, however, takes the greatest pleasure in embellishing his garden, which is partly bounded by the Tagus. On the inside has been formed a small lake, out of which rises a *kiosk*, a small Greek temple, a heap of rude stones, or, if you please, a rock, surmounted with a marble statue of Apollo. Near it is a Chinese bark, prepared for the navigation of this lake in miniature; exhibiting an incongruous assemblage of objects which, notwithstanding a profusion of ornaments, make but a mean appearance. Yet nature has done so much for this spot; flowers and exotic plants are so profusely scattered; foreign trees, remarkable for their beauty or singularity, and particularly the long alleys of weeping willows and of catalpas, have succeeded so well, and afford such a refreshing shade; there are so many fertilizing streams, such varieties of situation, although upon an entirely plain surface, that the garden of Aranjuez certainly forms one of the most agreeable promenades in Europe. I owe it this tribute of praise, in gratitude for the delicious hours which I have spent under the shade of its bowers; for while wandering among the beds of flowers and lawns of Aranjuez, I have frequently enjoyed amidst the vegetable treasures of both hemispheres, the sweetest recreation from the fatigues of an arduous diplomatic duty.

The palace and other buildings at Aranjuez are handsome, but not magnificent. The royal apartments contained few pictures of any value during the reign of Charles III. They have been lately enriched, however, with the spoils of St. Ildefonso, and now contain upwards of 400 pictures, among which are several by Guido, Guercino, Lanfranc, Poussin, &c. The chapel of the castle is new, and built in a good style, and the sculpture and gilding are distributed with taste and without profusion. It contains some pictures by Mengs, which contribute not a little to its decoration.

There are three churches in Aranjuez: the most modern belongs to a convent of Franciscans, called the Church of San Paschal; it was founded by the confessor to Charles III. in the highest part of the *Sitio*. We read upon the walls of the vestibule of this convent some pious stanzas in the most oracular style. I have translated a few of them, from a conviction that the reader will be pleased at seeing the language of devotion in Spain when it means to speak that of poetry. A penitent soul confesses its sins to God, and comforts itself in its contrition by the following stanzas.

Oh! leave me, my sins, in God's name leave me! I have used you so much that you are unable to support yourselves any longer; neither you nor myself can go farther: I have so exhausted you, that to sin to-morrow, I want desire, as you want power to make me do it.

Who would believe that thou thyself, my God, hadst retarded my conversion? Thou hast wronged thyself by thy patience in waiting for me; I could not persuade myself (this between ourselves) that thou wert God; thou appearedst to me too offended and too patient for a God.

Thanks to thy cares, Oh my God, I am now converted. I yield to lassitude if not to repentance: I have so often followed the ways of vice, that to adopt another manner of life, having sinned as much as it is possible to do, at length, I sin no longer.

I have offended thee to so great a degree that I thought, being unable to do any thing with me, thou wouldst be forced to pardon me. Here only is there still mercy, the most immutable law of thy eternal throne; for such is my perversity, that thou must either not execute justice on me, or increase the pains of hell.

This convent stands in the highest and most healthy situation of the valley; and hence the palace and plantations appear in the most agreeable point of prospect. Some of the views of Aranjuez were taken from this elevation. They form a pleasing collection, although but indifferently engraved. The late king used to make presents of the sets to such strangers of distinction as were desirous of having them.

Opposite to the church is a royal hospital, excellently situated, and worthy of being held up as an example, for the relief it affords to every description of disease.

The residents at Aranjuez are very subject to sickness, although it is so delightful a spot in other respects. While the temperature is here moderate, every thing is enchanting to the senses, and we relish the happiness of existence. But when the dog-days approach, when the hot air pervades, and the valley is filled with the exhalations of a muddy and almost stagnant river, and with the nitrous vapours taken up by the sun from the hills between which the Tagus flows, then is this vale of Tempe pregnant with disease and death. The people then withdraw from it, to seek a more wholesome atmosphere upon the neighbouring heights, and particularly in the little town of *Ocanna*, a village two leagues from the valley. Aranjuez, which, during May and June, was the rendezvous of all who were eager for pleasure and

for health, containing a population of 10,000 souls, now becomes as it were a desert, where only those remain who are prevented from leaving it either by their avocations or their poverty.

Charles III. did not visit Aranjuez until after Easter, and remained there till the end of June. The new court, preferring Aranjuez to all the other palaces, makes this place its resort in the beginning of January.

Aranjuez is upon the road from Madrid to Cadiz, the route to which shall form the subject of the following Chapter.

CHAP. XXVII.

JOURNEY FROM ARANJUEZ TO CADIZ.—ACCOUNT OF LA MANCHA.—COLONIES OF THE SIERRA MORENA.—BAYLEN.—ANDUXAR.—CORDOVA.—DESCRIPTION OF THE KINGDOM OF GRANADA.

IT was not till the year 1785, that a post-chaise could travel from Madrid to Cadiz, this mode of travelling being formerly entirely unknown in Spain, except upon the roads between the capital and the royal country residences*.

On proceeding two leagues from Aranjuez, you first come to the small town of Ocanna, remarkable for its riding school for cavalry, which has prospered for several years past, under the auspices of General Ricardos.

On leaving Ocanna, the view extends over a vast and perfectly level plain, the first specimen of La Mancha. We arrive at *Guardia*, which, with the exception of the church, seems a vast heap of ruins; then at *Tembleque*, a town with

* Within these few years, however, people have travelled post in Spain in several directions, particularly between Madrid and Cadiz, in small chaises, furnished by the establishment of the general post-office; but the custom of travelling short journies in *coches de colleras*, with six mules, or in *calesines*, with two, also very generally prevails. One may travel still more economically upon a mule, the owner of which follows, or precedes it, on foot; or with messengers, called *ordinarios*, who at stated times travel from one great city to another. But there is not any regular stage coach throughout all Spain, that from Bayonne to Madrid having been discontinued for some time.

1500 houses, and not without appearances of industry. A little saltpetre is procured from the country around it; but this is no embellishment to the place. *Tembleque* has a very fine promenade, an object that cannot be too highly prized in the arid plains of La Mancha.

The next stage is a solitary house, called *Canada de la Higuera*, the most wretched inn on the road. Two leagues farther is Madridejos, a fine village, on leaving which we are agreeably surprised to find, in the midst of plains totally deprived of verdure, an alley of white elms, and some clusters of trees, which reminded me of the old quotation, "*Rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*"

After traversing three leagues of an uniform and unvaried country, we arrived at *Puertolapiche*, a small village, at the foot of two hills, near which Don Quixote is represented to have armed himself, on entering upon his career.

Some manufactures of coarse cottons are established at *Villalta*. Before we reach this place, we cross a long narrow stone bridge, on each side of which is a large fen, covered with plants peculiar to marshy situations. This is the river Guadiana, which at some distance, suddenly hides its almost stagnant waters under ground, afterwards re-appears at a place called *los ojos de Guadiana*, passes through Estremadura and part of Portugal, and empties itself into the sea, forming the boundary between that country and Spain.

Between Villalta and *Mançanares* the distance is five leagues: the latter is one of the largest towns in La Mancha, where the carbineers have one of their principal quarters, and where the abundance which they diffuse through the district, is counterbalanced by their violations of the rights of hospitality at the expense of the morals of private families.

The wine in the neighbourhood of Mançanares is very little inferior to that of *Val-de-penas*, another town five leagues distant. Two kinds of wine are produced; the first is of a fine deep ruby colour; it is stronger and much richer than any of our French wines, except those of Roussillon and the banks of the Rhone; but there is scarcely a drop of Spanish wine which does not taste of pitch, contracted from the casks. White wine is not so frequently to be seen as red. The former resembles Champagne in colour, but it is rather tart. It is exported to England and America, but the red is almost entirely consumed in the country.

Santa Cruz, two leagues beyond Mançanares, is the chief

town in the domains of the Spanish grandee of that name. We next find the small village of Almoradiel, where the immense plains of La Mancha terminate towards the south.

Perhaps in all Europe there is not a country more uniform than the twenty-two tedious leagues between Tembleque and Almoradiel; and nothing can be more monotonous than the view of such a dreary horizon. For two and sometimes three hours, not a single human dwelling appears to relieve the eye; and the view extends without interruption over immense plains, the vegetation of which has always a gloomy appearance, more from the heat of the sun than the nature of the soil. Only a few thinly-scattered olive plantations occasionally appear, to break the horizon.

This tedious uniformity, however, does not prevail throughout the whole of the province. To the westward of Tembleque and Madridejos it has some extensive vallies of a more lively appearance than the plains we have described. Charles III. usually visited *Yevenes*, a village twelve leagues from Aranjuez, once in two years, to enjoy the amusements of the chase. It commands a beautiful and spacious valley profusely embellished with olive plantations, and on the opposite side of which the old castle of Consuegra rises from the top of a chain of hills. The town of that name is at the bottom of the eminence on which the castle stands, and has 1500 houses. It belongs to the grand priory of Malta, once held by the Infant Don Gabriel. This prince will be long regretted in Spain; he patronized the arts and loved his country; and his chief delight was to embellish the environs of Consuegra.

La Mancha, so famous for its wines, and still more celebrated for the fabulous exploits of Don Quixotte, whose historian has displayed equal fidelity as a topographer, and a painter of the manners of this part of Spain, contains several places still more remarkable than those described by Cervantes. The capital is *Ciudad Real*. It was formerly the chief place of the ancient *Santa Hermandad* (the holy fraternity) prior to the reign of king St. Ferdinand, whose object was to clear the country of the robbers that infested it. It now has to boast of a charitable institution, originating in the humanity of the last archbishop of Toledo, and which he erected for the inhabitants of his diocese in La Mancha; it is a magnificent edifice, and in 1792 upwards of two millions of reals had been expended in building it. *Almagro*, another town, containing 3000 inhabitants, is situated in the middle of an extensive plain, four

leagues from Santa Cruz. From the latter place to Almagro, the road lies entirely through a desert country, chiefly used as pasturage.

We will now return to the route to Cadiz. On leaving Almoradiel, we approach the Sierra Morena. Twenty-seven years ago, the district upon which we are about to enter, was the terror of travellers, and when passing through it, they generally proceeded westward, to the chain of mountains known by the name of the Sierra Morena, or Black Forest. After having passed the town of *Viso*, they ascended the Sierra Morena at the risk of their lives, over one of its most rugged and uneven precipices, called *Puerto del Rey*. In the year 1779, Le Maur, a Frenchman who belonged to the corps of engineers in Spain, was chosen by count Florida Blanca, to endeavour to render practicable a road more frequented than any in the kingdom. Notwithstanding the difficulties presented by the ground, Le Maur constructed one of the finest high roads in Europe. This he accomplished by means of bridges and masonry, with which he faced the declivities on the one hand, while on the other, he erected walls breast high; feeble ramparts, it is true, but which enable the traveller to roll along the brink of precipices without danger and without apprehension. Such is the nature of the road until we arrive at *Despennaperros*, a spot where the rocks approach so as to form a kind of arch over the heads of the passengers. At the bottom of the valley runs a stream, the waters of which were intended to feed a canal projected by Le Maur. A little farther on, we find the stage of *las Correderas*, a cluster of cottages in the midst of the mountains.

From this place we ascend without difficulty to *La Carolina*, which is a modern town, and the chief place of the colonies of the Sierra Morena. The flourishing state into which they were brought by don Pablo Olavide did not long continue after his disgrace. The moderate sums allotted for their support were not punctually paid: their zeal diminished and their operations were interrupted: besides this, the ministers were too severe in exacting taxes from the new colonists, in order to shew the court that this establishment would be capable in the course of a few years to indemnify it for the sums which it had advanced. So many discouragements gave a check to agriculture, and even had the effect of causing several families to emigrate. In 1785, however, there were 5044 persons in this small capital and the adjoining hamlets. The German colonists, who abounded at first,

have mostly disappeared. Those who remained were gradually incorporated amongst the Spanish natives, and for these twelve years past there has not been a priest here who spoke the German language. Of late, however, this interesting colony, a striking example of what a government may effect when sincere in its wishes to do good, has again begun to justify the encouragement bestowed upon it.

After leaving La Carolina, we next come to Guaroman, a town built at the same period, and the inhabitants of which are in easy circumstances. We leave the Sierra Morena on descending to Baylen, an ancient town, the territory of which still contains one of the fine breeds of Andalusian horses. A league beyond Baylen, we observe, on the left, a large venta, or inn, begun by M. Olavide, but given up at the time of his disgrace, as if it was involved in the same anathema with its founder.

We afterwards cross, by a stone bridge, the Rumblar, which half a league farther falls into the Guadalquivir. From the Casa del Rey, an inn standing by itself in the midst of the woods, we begin to discern this river, which we reach shortly before we arrive at *Anduxar*.

Six leagues from *Anduxar* is *Jaen*, the bishop of which was several years grand inquisitor, and which is the capital of one of the four kingdoms of Andalusia. At Jaen, we find various Roman inscriptions, which are a proof of its antiquity. The country between these two cities is extremely fertile in seasons which are not too dry.

Anduxar, is one of the richest and most ancient cities in Spain; but its unwholesome situation exposes the inhabitants to diseases, for which they might find ample remedies in the abundant and spontaneous productions of the vegetable kingdom. As rich internally as on its surface, the whole territory of Anduxar abounds with metals, minerals, marbles, rock-crystal, &c. The immediate environs are pleasant, and bespeak the vicinity of a river. The Guadalquivir flows at some distance from the walls, and it has been long in contemplation to render it navigable; but it would previously be necessary to remove three mills which obstruct the stream throughout its whole breadth.

A stage of three leagues and a half conducts us from Anduxar to *Aldea del Rio*, a large village upon an eminence on the banks of the Guadalquivir. Four leagues farther, we find *El Carpio*, a town with about 1500 inhabitants, upon the left bank of the Guadalquivir. Before reaching it

we discover from the road the handsome town of *Bujalance*, situated in the centre of an extensive plain, rich in vines, corn, and olives.

El Carpio is five leagues distant from Cordova; half of the road passes through a country naked but not altogether barren. When nearly half way we cross the Guadalquivir at *las Ventas de Alcolea*, by a bridge which is one of the finest works in this new road. Thence to Cordova, we have the Guadalquivir on our left, and the back of the Sierra Morena on our right. This long chain of wooded mountains (which we never lose sight of until we enter Andalusia) affords some relief to the absolute nakedness of the country. We are now however in the heart of that Betica, so celebrated by the ancients, and which the luxuriant pencil of Fenelon has represented in such enchanting colours as the abode of felicity and abundance. Modern Betica might be so still; but, notwithstanding the most genial climate and the most luxuriant productions of nature, it now only excites our regret.

Cordova, on the side towards Madrid, has nothing of importance; but on the Cadiz side it forms a gently-sloping and semicircular amphitheatre along the banks of the Guadalquivir.

Although the native city of the two Senecas, of Lucan, of Averroes, and several learned Arabians, and of the great general Gonzalvo de Cordova, there is at present nothing remarkable here, except the cathedral, which is certainly one of the most curious monuments in Europe. It was formerly a mosque, begun by the Moorish king Abderama, who from a wish to make it the chief temple of the Mahometans next to that of Mecca, displayed upon it an unusual degree of magnificence. It is twenty-nine naves in length, and nineteen in breadth, supported by more than a thousand columns, including one hundred which form the inner enclosure of the cupola. The eye surveys with astonishment, a forest of columns, perhaps unexampled in the world. They are of various coloured marbles, or of jasper, but a little tarnished by time. The whole edifice, which on the outside appears a massy and shapeless building, occupies an area of 620 feet in length, and 440 in breadth. In part of its length extends a large court-yard, at the bottom of which there is a capacious arched cistern. The court is dismal, being planted with trees, and particularly with orange trees, whose aged branches and tufted

foliage afford an asylum to a multitude of birds, and cover with their shade several fountains which maintain a perpetual coolness near the spot.

After the conquest of Cordova, in 1236, St. Ferdinand converted this mosque into a cathedral, and it preserved its ancient form until the time of Charles V. In subsequent periods, it underwent several changes, and received many additions. On the two sides of one of its sixteen doors are placed two mile-stones, dug up within the cathedral in 1532. Besides this building and a collegiate church, Cordova has fifteen parish churches, forty convents, and a great number of pious foundations. Are not these the sole causes of its depopulation and misery? Enjoying the finest climate in the world, in the midst of so many sources of prosperity, it now scarcely contains thirty-five thousand inhabitants. Once celebrated for manufactures of silks, linens, &c. Cordova has now no other branches of industry than some trifling manufactories of ribbands, lace, hats, and baize. The adjacent country is extremely fertile in corn and olives, but in other respects it is one of the most naked districts in all Spain. Travellers should not quit Cordova, however, without visiting the royal stud of horses, which is the finest and best regulated in Andalusia: in 1792 the stables contained 612 horses of all ages, among which were twenty-one stallions.

The kingdom of Cordova adjoins that of Granada, and in travelling from one capital to the other, we pass over a great part of the territory of Cordova. The most remarkable places on this road are the following: *Feran-Nunnez*, whence one of the late ambassadors from Spain to France, took his name, and where he founded some useful establishments; *Montilla*, which produces an excellent wine, little known out of Spain, but much esteemed by connoisseurs; *Baena*, a town containing 1000 houses; *Alcala la Real*, situated on an eminence, and having eight or 9000 inhabitants; and *Pinos de la Puente*, at the entrance of the magnificent plain of Granada.

Perhaps there never was a country so well worth the notice of travellers, and where nature is at once so sublime and beautiful: it contains the most picturesque situations, high mountains, with their tops at all seasons covered with snow; fertile valleys, where a perpetual coolness prevails, even during the heat of the dog-days. Torrents of limpid water fall from the rocks, fertilizing the plains without overflowing them, so that here, under the united influence

of a burning sun and natural moisture, the most delicious fruits of every climate are produced, while plants of either hemisphere seem equally indigenous. In short, we may here see the hemp of the northern regions flourishing under the shade of olives and chesnuts.

I was not fortunate enough to visit this ancient city, which retains in all their pristine beauty, the magnificent monuments of the Arabs, and where every thing brings to recollection an active and industrious people, whose expulsion was the chief cause of the downfal of the arts in Spain. But I shall supply the want of my own observations by introducing those of one of my friends, now no more (M. Peyron), in his *Nouveau Voyage en Espagne*, published in 1782. I shall here insert a few extracts from his description, with some little abridgment.

"Granada," says he, "is situated at the foot of the Sierra Nevada; it is built upon two eminences, separated by the Darro. The Xenil bathes its walls; both these streams are formed by the melting of the snows with which the Sierra is always covered. The Darro is said to carry with it small particles of gold, and its name, derived from *dat aurum*, may be alleged as a proof of this: the Xenil, in like manner, rolls with its stream little pieces of silver. When Charles V. came to Granada, in 1526, with the empress Isabella, the city presented him with a crown made of gold gathered from the Darro. Some authors give Granada the epithet of illustrious and celebrated, while others assert that it is still the largest city in Spain. The plain in which it stands is a terrestrial paradise. We see nothing but enchanting scenes around us, but they are so much neglected, and nature is left so completely to herself, that her admirers sigh at every step, lamenting how little the inhabitants have profited by the excellent opportunities presented them for embellishment and delight.

"The Moors, it is said, regret none of their misfortunes in Spain so much as the loss of Granada. They mention it every Friday, in their evening prayers, and beseech heaven to restore it to the faithful. The last Moorish ambassador who was in Spain, obtained permission from the king to visit Granada. He wept upon entering the Alhambra (which will be presently described), and exclaimed: '*My ancestors lost this delightful country very foolishly!*'

"Granada had formerly twenty gates. A few of these only are now entire, but the ruins of all the rest still remain.

"The Moors have left more monuments in Granada than

in any other city in Spain. From the great number of inscriptions in and about the city, and the fine edifices of the Alhambra and the Generalif, it might be supposed these people intended to make Granada the great depository of their religion, manners, customs and magnificence. There is not a wall which does not bear some marks of their power; but notwithstanding this abundance of monuments, the reign of the Moors in Spain is still buried in confusion and obscurity. The ignorance of the Spaniards, their superstition, and the hatred they bore the Moors, have much contributed to this darkness; they have either destroyed, or suffered to be effaced by time, every thing which bore the mark of Mahometanism, instead of preserving the monuments of antiquity, which at the same time were those of their own glory; and it may be said, that chance alone, and the solidity of their construction, much more than curiosity or a love of the arts, has preserved those which still exist, although daily going to ruin. What information might not history have derived from them; and how many fables would have been refuted and erased from our writings! But we must here do justice to the corporation of the city of Granada, who, many years ago, caused all the Arabian inscriptions in that city to be faithfully copied, and an authentic translation to be made, and deposited among the public records.

"I shall first speak of the monuments within the city. The most distinguished is the edifice called the Mint, founded by king Abi-Abdallah, as an hospital for the insane. Some have thought the Arabian inscription over the gate contained a reference to a mint; others maintain that it was neither a mint, nor a house for the reception of insane persons, but an hospital for the poor. The date of the foundation is in the 778th year of the Hegira, or the year 1376 of the Christian æra. The purpose for which it was intended may be judged of by the following inscription:

"'Praise be to God. This hospital, an asylum of 'mercy, was built for the benefit of poor and sick Moors, 'a work, the piety and utility of which, no tongue can 'sufficiently praise. It stands a monument of the faith and 'charity of the founder, and will be his recompense when 'God shall inherit the earth, and all that it contains. The 'founder is the great, the renowned and the virtuous Abi 'Abdallah Mahomad, may he prosper in God; the zealous 'king, the friend and benefactor of his people; who em-'ploys his minister for the glory of his religion and of

'God; the courageous prince, the propagator of pious 'works; the prince protected by angels; the pure soul, the 'protector of the laws and of morality, the worthy emperor 'of the Moors; may he prosper in God. He is the son of 'our Lord, the just king, the high and powerful, the con-'queror, the fortunate, the pious governor of the Moors, 'Abialhageg, who bears witness to the law, son of the re-'nowned, of the sublime Abi Algualid, the destroyer of 'those by whom companions are given to God; son of Na-'zar the privileged, happy in his works, and in every thing 'which is resolved in the decrees of God for his service and 'with him; he projected this edifice from the moment the 'Moorish nation became sovereign of this city, and thus 'made a provision of merit. He filled his arch with charity 'and good works, and his whole intention was directed in 'the presence of God. God is he who inspires good thoughts, 'and who communicated to him his light, that it might be 'communicated to those who should come after him; and 'for the day when riches and ancestors will avail us nothing, 'and when nought will remain to us but that which God in 'his mercy shall have given us. The plan of this hospital 'was drawn in the ten days of the middle of the month Mo-'harram, in the year 777, and finished in the ten days in 'the middle of Xaguet, in the year 778. May God pre-'serve the pious work of the founders, and never leave, 'without recompense, the meritorious labours of these illus-'trious princes. God be with Mahomet and his adherents 'for ever.'

"This house is at present inhabited by an individual. In the first court there is a fine reservoir, and two lions, rudely sculptured in marble, through which the water runs into the reservoir. The edifice is not remarkable, except from the long and pompous inscription just given.

"The architect of the cathedral was a person of the name of Siloë, who died before the building was finished. The principal front is noble and simple. The date of the building and dedication are placed over the little door, which opens to the street of the prison; and above are two well executed figures representing Faith and Justice, with the following inscription:

Post septingentos, Mauris dominantibus, annos
Catholicis dedimus populos hos regibus, ambæ
Corpora condidimus hoc templo, animasque locamus
In cœlis, quia justitiam coluere fidemque.
Pontificem dedimus Ferdinandum nomine primum,
Doctrinæ, morum, vitæque exemplar honestæ.

"The architect, in building the cathedral, is said to have taken the human body for his model: the great chapel is the head, the breast and stomach are represented by the nave, the two collateral naves are the arms, and the rest of the choir form the feet. I confess, that in examining this magnificent building, I could not perceive these resemblances. The dome over the great altar is supported by twenty-two Corinthian columns, in great and majestic proportions. Gilt colossal statues of the twelve apostles are placed upon the architrave, and, between the columns of the second order, are several paintings which represent the life of the Virgin Mary. In a word, the whole of this dome is magnificent: it is an hundred and sixty feet high, and eighty in diameter; the choir is as many in length and about fifty in breadth. The most sensible defect of this edifice is the breadth not being proportioned to the length, which arises from the royal chapel and the parish church, or *Sagrario*, having been taken into the cathedral; by which means three churches have been made into one. The length of the whole is four hundred and twenty-five feet; the breadth only two hundred and forty-nine; it has five naves, divided by twenty detached pillars; those of the principal nave are twelve feet in diameter, the others but eleven.

"The chancery, or court of justice, has a front equally elegant and majestic; it were to be wished the inside corresponded with this fine exterior. The inscription upon the pediment is by the famous Ambrose Morales, historiographer to Philip II.

Ut rerum quæ hîc geruntur magnitudini non omnino impar esset tribunalis majestas, Philippi II. regis providentia
Regiam hanc litibus dijudicandis amplificandam & hoc digno cultu exornandam censuit, anno MD.LXXXVII. Domino Fernando Nino de Guevara præside.

"Martin Diaz Navarro and Alonso Hernandez, were the architects of this front; to which was added, in 1762, a second body of building which accords but little with the first.

"There are but two chanceries in Spain, before which,

in case of appeal, come all the causes that are judged in the kingdom; from these, in cases foreseen by the law, they are carried before the council of Castile. One of the chanceries is at Valladolid and the other at Granada.

"The gate of the Alhambra is near the court of justice, and leads to a delightful walk in which there is a fountain, built in the reign of Charles V. It is ornamented with imperial eagles, and bears a simple inscription in the Roman style and taste. CAESARI IMPERATORI CAROLO V. HISPANIARVM REGI. Four bas reliefs, half destroyed by time, accompany the inscription; one represents Hercules in the moment of his killing the hydra, and has this motto: *Non memorabitur ultra;* another the rape of Europa, with the words: *Imago mysticæ honoris;* the third, Apollo pursuing Daphne, with the following legend: *A sole fugante fugit;* the fourth, Alexander on horseback completely armed, and these words: *Non sufficit orbis.* In a few years nothing of these bas reliefs will remain.

"The principal entrance of the castle of the *Alhambra* is a few paces from the fountain; this gate, now called that of the Guard, on account of a few invalids posted there, is a strong tower, built by the king Joseph Abulhaggehg, as the Arabian inscription indicates.

"'This gate, called the gate of the Judgment or Tribunal (may God cause it to promote the happiness of the Moorish people, and perpetuate it to the end of nations), was built by our lord the emperor and king of the Moors, Joseph Abulhaggehg, son of the just and warlike Abigualed, son of Nazar; God give a happy end to his works for the good of the Mussulman nation, and prosper the edifice built for its defence. It was finished in the month of Maulen Almuadam, in the year seven hundred and forty-nine. God render it lasting upon its foundation, and perpetuate, in the memory of men, the epocha of its completion.'

"The year 749 of the Hegira, and the month Maulen Almuadam, corresponded with the 4th of April, 1338, of our era. This gate was built to serve as a tribunal, according to the custom of the Arabs and the Hebrews, who erected their tribunals at the gates of their cities; and from this ancient custom in Asia, the court of the grand seignor is called the *Porte* (or gate) by way of distinction.

"On each side of the inscription is a piece of marble, upon which are the following sentences in Arabic.

"'Praise be to God. There is no other God but God,

'and Mahomet is his prophet. There is no strength but 'from God.'

"A key and an open hand are placed over the inscription; these are the two great symbols of the Mahometan religion. The Alcoran continually speaks of the almighty hand of God which conducted the faithful in the way of righteousness; and of the key of God, which opened to them the gates of the world and of religion.

"The key among the Mussulmen is nearly what the cross is with Christians: the chief sign of the faith. Among the Arabians it had much the same functions and power as the keys of Saint Peter with us; the power of binding and loosening, and of opening and shutting the gates of heaven. We read in the Alcoran: 'Is not God almighty and mer-'ciful in favour of men who believe in him and write? 'Did not he give to his legate the power of heaven which 'is above, and of fire which is beneath? With the key, 'did not he give to him the title and power of a porter, 'that he may open to those whom he shall have chosen?' The key was, besides, the armorial ensign of the Andalusian Moors. As soon as they entered Spain, they bore it on their standards, and *Giblaltath*, now Gibraltar, the name given it by the Moors, and which signifies the *mountain of the entry*, was thus named, because it was looked upon as the key of the strait through which the ocean enters into the Mediterranean; and for the Moors, it was the gate also through which they found an entry into Spain. Therefore the key over the gate of the Alhambra may be taken in several accceptations, either as asymbol of the Mahometan faith, or as a simple armorial ensign.

"The hand near the key had, among the Moors, three mysterious significations. It was a designation of Providence, and the prototype or rather abridgement of the law. The hand is composed of four fingers and a thumb, and each finger has three joints; the thumb but two; but all are combined in the unity of the hand, which serves as the foundation. The law of the Mahometans contains five fundamental precepts: the first is, '*to believe in God and in his prophet;* the second, *to pray;* the third, *to give alms;* the fourth, *to fast during the month of Rahmadan;* the fifth, *to visit the temple of Mecca and that of Medina.*' Each of these dogmas or precepts have three modifications, except the first, which has but two, and answers to the thumb; these are the *heart and works.* Words are useless in the law of Mahomet; all its doctrines and their derivatory precepts

are founded on the profession of their faith in the unity of God, which the Mussulmen have continually in their mouths, *La allah illah allah;* 'there is no God but God;' and consequently the whole of Mahometanism may be confined within the hand, the five fingers, and the fourteen joints.

"The third signification is quite superstitious. The Arabs still believe, that the hand, by its form, being an abridgement of their religion, became a powerful defence against the enemies of the law, and might operate miracles by knowing how to give it certain figures, and changing them according to the course of the stars, planets, and constellations. Represented open, like that over the gate of the Alhambra, it had, said they, the power of weakening the strength of the enemy.

"The hand was honoured with equal respect amongst us, during the ages of ignorant credulity: it has been made the foundation of the idle dreams of fortune-tellers. The professors of chiromancy have pretended, that every man carries in his hand the marks of his destiny. The lineaments Nature has traced there, and others occasioned by accident, have furnished a subject for many learned volumes. The Spanish women still put round the necks of their children a kind of collar, made with little hands, of box, ebony or ivory, to preserve them from enchantments; a superstition which they have received from the Moors.

"The first edifice within the walls of the Alhambra is the famous palace of Charles V. The architect, by whom the plan was formed and the building begun, was the celebrated Alphonso Berruguete, born in the village of Paredes de Navas, near Valladolid. It was continued by Machuca, another Spaniard, pupil to Raphael, who, in his turn, left the undertaking to Siloe, the architect of the cathedral, a Spaniard like his predecessors, and born at Burgos. This palace was built with the money the emperor had the art to obtain from the Moors, under the pretence of allowing them liberty of conscience. They advanced at two payments sixteen hundred thousand ducats, for which they received nothing but promises; for in the end they were ruined, converted and persecuted*.

* The means employed by the Spaniards, to convert the Moors of Granada, may be judged of by a letter, which still remains, of the famous Aben Humeya; in which he conjures his subjects, his brethren, to persevere in their religion, and to wait for more happy days. We might imagine we hear St. Paul, or the fathers of the primitive church, exhorting the faithful, and supporting them

"This palace was abandoned at the death of Charles V. It is a perfect square of two hundred and twenty feet. No greater extent was given it, that the Moorish palace might be preserved, which was designed for a summer residence.

"The principal gate is of grey marble, and of the doric order. The frieze is ornamented with this simple inscription:

IMPERATORI CES. KAROL. V. HISP. REG.

"Near the house called that of the *Contador* (the receiver) not far from the palace, is an ancient elm, which, if tradition be believed, served as a throne to the chief of the Mahometan religion, to give audiences, and to interpret obscure points of the law: thus, among the Jews, we find the tribunal of Deborah under a palm-tree.

"The first court of the Moorish palace, called the castle of Alhambra, and which is adjoining to the palace of Charles V. was called the *Mesuar:* the Spaniards now

under persecutions, so much do the paths of error resemble those of truth. The letter cannot be displeasing, I have therefore translated it entirely.

"'The unhappy, the sorrowful Molesma, despoiled of the kingdom which 'belonged to him, as the only remaining branch of the race of the kings, the 'defenders of the nation and the law, Molesma, who took pleasure in the la-'labours of a sovereign, without losing sight of justice and religion, Aben Hu-'meya, son of Thali, and descendant of the high, mighty and faithful Mulcy 'Hacen, to the honourable and zealous Mussulmen his brethren of Granada, 'health and benediction.

"'We weep and shed bitter tears at the disgrace and misfortunes which the 'faithful Mussulman Ab Hami has seen fall upon you, and we rejoice to 'learn with what firmness you resist the importunate intreaties, and cruel 'threats and perseeutions of those who wish to make you renounce the truth, 'wretched men that they are. If the voices of two or three of the Christian 'Imams be a torment to us, what must you suffer who are exposed to so great a 'number of their Imams, who daily preach to, surround you, and even enter 'your houses? We know that the most severe among them are they who, 'with their profane mosque, are placed in a collected body in the midst of you. 'These are the persons who most defame our patience and courageous fidelity. 'We congratulate ourselves upon the means you employ to keep them at a 'distance, and especially to prevent their destructive poison from infecting the 'tender minds of your feeble children. Fear nothing; arm yourselves with 'new strength; power will manifest itself to destroy this race of infidels; and 'we shall one day possess this power. He who, with a steady eye, watches 'over us and our works is Almighty; he will multiply his faithful and zealous 'servants like the stars of heaven and the sand of the sea. In the midst of 'all the evils with which you are surrounded, you are happy, since you have 'before your eyes that splendid city and the flowery fields, which were the 'native country of our forefathers; may they enjoy peace and receive the 'benediction of heaven. Time presses; neglect not the education of your 'children, that throughout their lives they may know the truth. We are be-'come opprobrious in the eyes of our neighbours, the slaves and objects of 'mockery to those by whom we are abhorred. Be firm, and hope for every 'thing from time and from God; he is merciful and almighty.'

call it *Los Arrayanes*. It is paved with great squares of white marble, that are now broken and covered with grass and moss. In the middle is a kind of bason, narrow and almost as long as the court; at the two extremities are four gothic columns, which support a charming gallery. The whole extent is decorated with ornaments, serving to join several Arabic letters, which, united, form different inscriptions. Some of those the most frequently repeated are,

" 'God is the sovereign good, the universal support; he 'is full of goodness and mercy for compassionate hearts.'

" 'God only is the conqueror.'

" 'Honour and happiness to our lord Abd-Allah.'

" Above the two principal cornices are several festoons, well finished, with Arabic characters forming the following inscription, which occupies the greatest part of the wall at the entrance of the tower of Comares.

" 'Let God be extolled; he has given to the nation a go-'vernor who has brought it to the highest degree of glory 'and renown. Oh! from how many and from what here-'sies has he delivered the people! He has affectionately 'conducted them to their inheritances; but they who have 'shut their eyes against his light, have been reduced to 'slavery, and made useful to the welfare of the kingdom. 'With his sword and invincible courage has he reduced 'nations to obedience, and conquered provinces. Thou, '*Nazar*, hast achieved heroic deeds before unheard of. 'Thou didst enter and conquer twenty renowned cities; 'thou didst return crowned with victory and immense riches, 'with which thou hast rewarded thy brethren and people. 'If they know how to direct their prayers, when their soul 'becomes elevated, they will ask of the great, the sublime, 'and the only God, length of days for thee, and for thy 'states duration and prosperity. O Nazar, although born 'in the midst of greatness, thou shinest by thine own lustre 'like the star of heaven; thou art our fortress, our sup-'port, and our arm of vengeance; thou guidest us like a 'flambeau, which dissipates darkness from before us. The 'stars fear thee in their course, the great star of heaven 'lights thee with respect, and the highest tree which can 'bend gains by thy side.'

" Over the door of the same apartment, but on the out-side, is a circle filled by the following inscription:

" 'If thou admirest my beauty without thinking of God, 'who is the author of all things, I warn thee that it is a

'folly, because thou mightest make thy admiration turn to 'thy profit, and God may bring thee to death. O ye, 'who look upon this marble of perfect workmanship and 'beauty, watch over its defence, and that it may be lasting, 'protect it with your five fingers and your hand*.'

"This inscription seems to indicate that there was formerly a statue, bas-relief, or some precious marble over the gate.

"The tower of Comares took its name from the Moorish architect by whom it was built. But Marmol and Pedraza, who have written the history of Granada, say that *Comares* is derived from *Commarragia*, the proper name of the Persian ornament with which the principal hall is embellished. The architect, whoever he was, after building his tower, made an experiment upon it; he measured the height as soon as the building was finished, and having measured it a second time the year after, found the tower to have sunk three feet. It is the highest and most magnificent tower of the Alhambra.

"The door of the great hall is an arch, in a good taste, embellished with festoons which are in stucco. On each side of the door are two little niches, in which persons who entered left their sandals. This hall is worthy the attention of the curious by its height, the boldness of its arched roof, and the ornaments and inscriptions it contains.

"The walls and cornice are covered with festoons and Arabic characters: those of the cornice are a repetition of the following words: 'Celestial cheerfulness, ease of heart, 'and eternal delights to all believers.' The cornices were, undoubtedly, cast in a mould, in which the words were engraved; whence it comes that most of the borders of the doors and windows are but a continued repetition of the same phrase.

"The inscription round the cabinet, to the left on entering, is as follows:

"'Observe, that all the kings who have been and now 'are in this palace, render justice to Abu Nazar, and take 'pride in him; he is endowed with such majesty, that, 'placed in the heavens, he would have obscured the pla-

* See what has been said upon the fingers and the hand, and the opinion of the Moors on this subject. The manner of employing the hand as a defence against fascination, as still received in Spain, is to shut it, and pass the thumb in the form of a cross between the middle and the fore fingers. In this manner a young and handsome woman imagines she screens herself and preserves her children from the malicious looks of an old one.

'nets, and the signs of the zodiac. His looks strike terror 'into the minds of kings; but without violence, he attracts 'them to him, and protects them by his own glory, for to 'his terrible look he always joins greatness of mind and be-'nevolence; he served not Arabian and Andalusian kings 'only, but all the sovereigns of the earth.'

"This *Abu Nazar* is, undoubtedly, the famous *Miramolin* who reigned in Africa, and in whose name the conquest of Spain was made.

"The other cabinet has also an inscription, which is longer, more elegant, and better written.

"'Glory of the kings who have disappeared from the 'earth, honour of those by whom thou shalt be succeeded, 'wert thou compared to stars they would be humbled; were 'splendour and nobility wanting to thy dignity, thy person 'would give it sufficient lustre. Thou art the depository of 'the books which have purified the sect*, and which will be 'such evidence as none shall ever contradict. How many 'former nations, how many of those which now exist, have 'been saved by thy zeal! Thou concealest sublime ideas, 'and thy virtues are so necessary that thy end ought never 'to come; they have all chosen an asylum in thy breast; 'but especially clemency and oblivion of injuries.'

"The following inscription is upon the window in the middle of the hall.

"'Oh, God! hasten to my assistance. May he who *stones* '*the demon*† be with Mahomet and his generation, let him 'keep us from the wrath and snares of the evil spirit, that 'we may make war with hell; may he deliver me from the

* When the famous Ximenez de Cisneros came to Granada to co-operate with the first archbishop of that city, Fernando de Talavera, in the conversion of the infidels, it is said, they collected a million and twenty-five thousand copies of the Alcoran, which were burnt in the public square; several works of taste and erudition, worthy of descending to posterity, were confounded with the law of the prophet, and partook its fate: the press upon which this inscription is written, probably contained the Alcoran.

† This expression originates from a tale told by Mahomet to the inhabitants of Mecca. He persuaded them that a mountain in the neighbourhood of the city, called *Hod Hud Ar Aram*, was the Mount Moriah to which Abraham led his son to sacrifice him, and that the demon, jealous of the progress of true religion, came every night to haunt the mountain, and do some evil to the real believers; but that the angel Gabriel had taught Abraham certain words, by repeating which, walking seven times round the mountain, and throwing stones at the devil, the evil spirit would not only run from that place, but from every other where the same religious act should be performed. Hence arose the custom of the pilgrims to Mecca; who never fail to roll a stone every night round the mountain, and to stone the devil: many indulgences are attached to this nocturnal ceremony, and the power of stoning the demon is in an especial manner attributed to God.

'adversities which are followed by misfortune*, and may he 'avert the evil which the envious is about to do me in the 'moment of his envy. There exists no other divinity than 'that of God. Praise be to the father of all ages and of 'the world; eternal praise.'

"Over the window to the right is written:

"'I am like unto the sweet exhalation of plants, which 'satisfies, captivates, and enchants thy senses. Behold the 'vase I support, and, in its purity, thou wilt see the truth 'of my words. If thou shouldst desire to give me one 'like it, thou canst find it no where but in the Moon when 'at the full; and Nazar, who is my master, is the star which 'communicates to me its light: as long as he watches over 'me, I shall never be eclipsed.'

"This inscription is undoubtedly an eulogium on the court and bason upon which the window opens.

"The following is over the window to the left in the hall:

"'Well may a sublime name be given to me, for I am 'fortunate and magnificent. This transparent and liquid 'reservoir which presents itself to thy view, will, if thou 'pleasest, quench thy thirst; but were the water to stop 'in its course, and never more to fill up these fortunate 'banks, it would not less testify the praises of Nazar, the 'man, liberal beyond measure, whom no one leaves with 'the want which brought him into his presence.'

"The little cornice above the window is not without its inscription; it has the following words:

"'Praises to God, to the Prophet, to Nazar who gave 'empires; and to our king Abi-Abd-Allah, peace, elevation 'and happiness†.'

"The frame of the principal door contains the following words:

"'By the sun and its splendour, by the moon which 'partakes of it, by the day when he presents himself with 'all his pomp, by the night by which we are deprived of 'him, by heaven and him by whom it was created, by the 'earth and him from whom it received its extent, by the

* The explanation of this idea is found in the second volume of the Letters of M. Guis, upon Greece, in which he comments upon the Greek proverb which is so philosophical: *O misfortune, if thou comest alone, thou art welcome!*

† This inscription proves that Nazar, who is mentioned in the preceding inscriptions, is the same with Miramolin Jacob Almanzor, whom several historians call *Nazar*, a name of greatness and dignity, like *Augustus* among the Romans, and *Pharaoh* with the Egyptians.

'soul and him by whom it was predestined, there is no 'other God than God*.'

"On each side of the entrance there is a short inscription: that on the right is as follows:

"'My peace is with God, to him have I attached my-'self; I have put my trust under his protection.'

"And to the left:

"'There is no real grandeur but in God, the great being 'and the lover of justice.'

"The little niches also, in which the sandals were placed, have their maxims.

"'God is our strength in tribulation: the nourishment 'contained in our food comes to us from God.'

"And round the niches are these words:

"'Vigour and length of days to our lord Abulgaghegh, 'king of the Moors: may God guide his steps and give 'lustre to his empire.'

"And over them, 'Praise be to God' is three times repeated†.

"In examining this abode of magnificence, the observer is every moment astonished at the new and interesting mixture of architecture and poetry. The palace of the Alhambra, may be called a collection of fugitive pieces: and whatever duration these may have, time, with which every thing passes away, has too much contributed to confirm to them that title. If the simplicity of early ages, ideas frequently sublime, although expressed with emphasis, and manners not our own, and marked with the stamp of several centuries, can excite the curiosity of those by whom my book may be read, they will not blame me for having transmitted to them the minutest details of this kind; they will regret with me my inability to preserve the full blown flowers of the imagination of a valiant and voluptuous people, with all their freshness and natural elegance.

* These Arabic verses are taken from the beginning of the ninety-first *sura* of the Alcoran, the title of which is the *sun*. This sura is one of the most elegant and poetical of the whole book. The inscription quoted contains seven verses.

† The reigns of Abulgaghegh and of Abi-Abd-Allah are distinct and separate, so that it may be conjectured from the eulogiums of these kings transmitted to us by the inscriptions, that the edifice was begun by one and finished by the other: or that Abi-Abd-Allah, who reigned after the former, had a great affection for Abulgaghegh, whose reign had been glorious, and wished to partake of the eulogiums given him, as all his predecessors had partaken of those bestowed on Nazar.

" Over the window to the left, on the outside of the hall, we read :

" ' Praise be to God : because my beauty vivifies this ' palace, and I attain from the circle with which I am ' crowned, the elevation of the highest plants. My bosom ' contains springs of pure water. I embellish these scenes, ' pleasing of themselves. They who inhabit me are power- ' ful, and God protects me. I have preserved the remem- ' brance of the great actions of men who believe in God, ' and whom he calls to himself. The liberal hand of Abul- ' gaghegh has ornamented my outlines ; it is a moon in its ' full, the clearness of which dissipates the darkness of ' heaven, and at the same time, acts upon the whole extent ' of the earth.'

" The characters in the inside of the same window signify :

" ' Praise to God only, who by his five powerful fingers ' puts away every thing that might do harm to Joseph ; ' and say with me, that God protects us from the effects of ' his anger. Praise be to God. Let us return thanks to ' God.'

" Over the other window is written :

" ' Praise be to God : my architect has elevated me to ' the height of glory, I surpass in beauty the bed of the ' bridegroom, and am sufficient to give a just idea of sym- ' metry and conjugal love. He who comes to me with ' the complaint of an injury finds in me an immediate ' avenger. I yield myself to such as desire my table. I ' resemble the bow in the heavens, and, like it, am deco- ' rated with the colours of beauty. My light is Abulg- ' haghegh, who, in the paths of the world, continually ' watches over the temple of God, encourages pilgrims, and ' loads them with gifts*.'

" The inside of the window is filled up with the following words :

" ' Praise be to God : praise him by whom Joseph was ' delivered from peril with the five precepts, and God thus ' delivered me from his wrath, praise be to God†.'

* The expression, *I surpass in beauty the bed of the bridegroom*, alludes to the custom of the great among the Moors, of being married in presence of the king. In all the royal mansions there was a hall destined to this ceremony The poet, to celebrate the beauty of the hall of Comares, compares it to the bed of a bridegroom, ornamented with flowers and garlands.

† The Joseph here mentioned is the patriarch to whom Mahomet gives a distinguished part in his Alcoran. We are told in this book, that Joseph being upon the point of committing a sin, God revealed to him five words, by means of which he acquired strength sufficient to resist the temptation.

"A modern little staircase leads from the hall of Comares; the old one, which corresponded to the beauty of the edifice, having been destroyed. At the top of the staircase is a gallery, a part of which is inclosed with an iron railing: this kind of cage is called the prison of the queen. It was here the wife of the last king of Granada was imprisoned. The Gomels and Legris, two families of distinction, bore false witness against her virtue, and occasioned the destruction of the greatest part of the Abencerrages, another powerful and numerous family of Granada, of whom they were jealous. As the whole of this history is interesting, I shall present it to my reader; it is indeed necessary to the understanding of several facts relative to the Alhambra.

"In the year 1491, Abdali, surnamed the Little, still reigned in Granada: but this city was upon the brink of ruin, for the principal families were divided against each other. The Moors had carried their arms against Jaen, and had been bravely repulsed. Abdali was consoling himself in one of his pleasure houses for the ill success of his enterprise, when the Zegris, who long had been the secret enemies of the Abencerrages, took the opportunity of this defeat to represent them to the king as rebellious subjects, who employed their immense riches to gain the favour of the people and dethrone their sovereign. They accused Albin Hamet, the most rich and powerful among them, of having an adulterous commerce with the queen, and produced witnesses who asserted they had on a certain festival seen, at Generalif, under a bower of rose trees, Albin Hamet in the arms of that princess. The fury of Abdali may easily be imagined; he swore the destruction of the Abencerrages. But the Zegris, too prudent to let his anger break forth, advised him to dissimulate, and not to suffer it to be known to that numerous and powerful family that he was informed of their perfidy. It will be better, said they, to entice them into the snare, and, before they can unite and put themselves into a state of defence, revenge upon their heads the insult offered to the crown. This advice was followed: Abdali went to the Alhambra, having ordered thirty of his guards to arm themselves, and the executioner to attend. The Abencerrages were sent for one by one, and beheaded as soon as they entered the hall of the lions, where there is still a large vase of alabaster, which was quickly filled with blood, and the heads of expiring bodies. Thirty-five heads had already been struck off, and all the Abencerrages would have died in the same manner, had not a page, who had

followed his master, and remained unperceived in the hurry of the execution, taken an opportunity of withdrawing, and giving information to the rest of the unhappy family, of what had passed. These immediately assembled their friends in arms, crying out through the city of Granada, Treason! Treason! Let the king die! He unjustly puts to death the Abencerrages! The people, with whom they were favourites, did not hesitate in assisting them: fourteen thousand men were soon found in arms, and immediately proceeded towards the Alhambra, shouting all the way, Let the king die! Abdali, surprised his secret should have been so discovered, and severely repenting of having followed the pernicious councils he had received, ordered the castle gates to be shut; but they were presently set on fire. Muley Hacen, who had been forced to abdicate the throne in favour of his son, hearing the tumult of the people, had one gate opened, and presented himself to appease the rage of the citizens; but he no sooner appeared than he was lifted up by the multitude nearest the gate, who cried out: Behold our king, we will have no other, long live Muley Hacen; and leaving him surrounded by a strong guard, the Abencerrages, and other nobles, entered the castle, accompanied by upwards of an hundred soldiers. But they found the queen only, with her women, and in the utmost consternation at the sudden revolution, of which she knew not the cause. They asked for the king, and being informed he was in the hall of the lions, entered it furiously, and found him defended by the Zegris and the Gomels, and in less than two hours killed upwards of two hundred of them. Abdali had the good fortune to escape. The bodies of the beheaded Abencerrages were laid upon black cloth, and carried to the city. Muza, brother to Abdali, and who, by his great actions, had gained the favour of the people, seeing the Abencerrages were revenged, found means to appease them; and having learned that the king had taken refuge in a mosque near the mountain, now called St. Helena, went and brought him back to the castle of the Alhambra. For several days nothing but sighs and groans were heard throughout the city. Abdali shut himself up in the castle, and refused to see the queen. Those who had accused her of adultery, however, persisted in their false accusation, and said, they would maintain, with arms in their hands, against all who should contradict them, that the queen was guilty. The unhappy princess was imprisoned, and the day arriving on which she was to perish by

the hands of the executioner, when none among the Moors offering to defend her, she was advised to commit her cause to some Christian knights, who presented themselves at the time appointed, and conquered her false accusers, so that she was immediately set at liberty. The taking of Granada soon followed this combat; Muza and the Abencerrages having, it is said, facilitated the conquest of it by Ferdinand and Isabella.

"To the account I have given of the death of the Abencerrages, I shall add the following translation of an Arabic manuscript of the year 1492, by which they are justified from the accusation brought against them. The manuscript is curious for its simplicity of composition.

"'In the name of God, who is merciful and inspires 'mercy. Praise to the most high: there is no other God 'than God; he will exalt the good, he protects them; he 'will pursue the impious; he abhors falsehood and the evil 'man does to his fellow creature. Good proceeds from 'God, evil originates from the tempter: he infuses his sug-'gestions into the heart of man, who suffers himself to be 'seduced by them, and then does the work of the demon, 'who operates in him, and has his will in the will of man; 'such a man is man in his external figure only. God gave 'wisdom to his creature, and endowed him with a spirit of 'uprightness; and if man be not blinded by pride and envy 'he will know the truth. The demon put envy into the 'heart of Zulem Zegri, because he saw the virtue of Ma-'homed Aben Zurrah exalted in the eye of his master. 'He saw with an eye of hatred the decendants of Aben Zur-'rah, who were beneficent, rich and powerful, and whose 'virtue shone forth like the stars in a fine night in summer. 'Aben Zurrah was constantly in the presence of our lord 'the king; the queen called him her council, and had the 'greatest confidence in his words, because his lips never de-'parted from truth. Zulem Zegri and Hacem Gomel came 'to the king, and said to him; O king, knowest thou not 'that the queen dishonours thy bed with Mahomed Aben 'Zurrah, and that he conspires against thy throne? Put 'away therefore the queen, if thou wouldst not be deprived 'both of thy crown and thy life. The king spoke not of 'this to the queen, but called Mahomed Aben Zurrah, with 'those of his kindred, and in one day beheaded eighty-six 'of them; and not one would have been left alive had not 'God protected the innocent. The queen entrusted her de-'fence to the hands of the Christians, and the most noble

'and valiant Christian knights came and fought before the 'king and queen, and before us and the people. They 'fought valiantly against the accusers of the queen; they 'fought for truth, and God inspired their souls with cou-'rage, and gave strength to their arms. Each overcame 'the accuser with whom he combated, and the vanquished, 'ready to render up their iniquitous breath, desired to be 'carried near to the king and the queen, to whom they dis-'covered the truth, declaring that by reason of envy which 'empoisoned their minds, they had invented and supported 'falshood: they testified truth of the family of Aben Zur-'rah, and expired. The Christians were in danger of being 'taken, but God delivered them; and the king, shedding 'tears of repentance, approached the queen, and besought 'her to restore him to her affection; but this she refused, 'and separated from him. We were desirous that these 'events should not be forgotten, for which reason we have 'related these particulars, we who have here subscribed our 'names———*Adalid Musach. Selim Hazem Gozul. 'Mahhamuth. Aben Amar.*'

"The iron railing of the queen's prison and the corridor appears modern, compared to the rest of the palace, and seemed to me to have been of the time of Charles V. The gallery leads to four apartments, built under the same emperor, on a base of Moorish construction. The following initial letters are often repeated there:

I. C. K. V. H. R. A. P. F. I. which signify, *Imperator Cæsar Karolus V. Hispaniarum Rex, Augustus, Pius, Felix, Invictus.*

"A superb cabinet, called the Queen's Toilet, joins these empty apartments. It is a room six feet square, having a prospect on every side, and surrounded by a terrace three feet wide: the floor of the cabinet and that of the gallery, by which it is surrounded, are flagged with red marble, and the terrace is supported by white marble pillars. In one of the corners of the cabinet there is a large piece of marble perforated in several places, which is said to have served as a perfuming pan; through the small apertures in it issued the sweet exhalations with which the sultana was perfumed*. However, those who are skilled in the Arabic, from

* It is certain, that this cabinet served for the toilet of the empress, wife to Charles V. and since that time was made use of for the same purpose by the queen Isabella.

the inscriptions which decorate this charming recess, say, it was intended for prayer, or, in a word, for the oratory of the palace. Another proof of which is, that the principal prospect from the cabinet is toward the east. The inscription upon the cornice is as follows:

"'In the name of God, who is merciful. God be with 'our prophet Mahomet. Salvation and health to his 'friends. God is the light of heaven and earth, and his 'light is like himself; it is a luminary of several branches 'and many lights, but which produce but one only bright-'ness: it is the lamp of lamps, a brilliant constellation fed 'with eternal oil. This constellation is neither to the east 'nor to the west; once lighted up it gives light for ever, 'without being renewed, and God with this light conducts 'him whom he loves; and he gives proverbs to nations. 'God is wise in all his works.'

"The court most to be admired of the Alhambra, is that called the *Court of the Lions;* it is ornamented with sixty elegant columns of an architecture which bears not the least resemblance to any of the known orders, and might be called the Arabian order. The court is paved with white marble, and at the extremities are two fine Mosaic cupolas, painted in gold colour and azure, and supported by several groups of columns. Portraits of several of the Moorish kings are preserved, under a kind of vaulted ceiling, at one end of the court. The *Cicerone* of the Alhambra says, they are the history of the king *Chico*, or the Little, when he imprisoned the queen accused of adultery. Near this place is a cross painted upon the wall, to indicate the place where the first mass was sung in the castle of the Alhambra after it was taken by Ferdinand.

"This magnificent court is surrounded by basons of white marble, which form a kind of cascade, ornamented with *jets d'eau;* but its principal monument, and that from which it took its name, is an alabaster cup, six feet in diameter, supported by twelve lions, which is said to have been made in imitation of the brazen sea of Solomon's temple. The cup is of one single piece, ornamented with Arabian figures, and bears an inscription composed of twenty-four verses in that language.

"'O thou who examinest these lions, fixed in their 'places, consider they want nothing but life to be perfect; 'and thou who inheritest this kingdom and this palace, re-'ceive them from the hands of the nobles, without employ-'ing violence. May God save thee by the new work

with which thou hast embellished me, and may thine enemy never be revenged of thee: may the most desirable 'praise fall from the lips of him by whom thou art blessed, 'O Mahomad, our king, for thy mind is ornamented with 'the most amiable virtues! God forbid, that this charming orchard, the image of thy amiable qualities, should 'be surpassed or equalled by any other in the world, but it 'is I who embellish it; it is the clear water which shines 'in my bosom, and bubbles like melted silver. The whiteness of the stone, and that of the water it contains, are 'unequalled. Examine well this cup, if thou wilt distinguish the water which runs from it; for it will first seem 'to thee, either that both run together, or that they remain 'immoveable. Like one of Love's captives, whose face is 'bathed with the tears which the envious have caused him 'to shed, so the water seems jealous of the stone by which 'it is contained, and the cup, in its turn, appears to be 'jealous of the limpid stream. Nothing but the generous 'hand of Mahomad can be compared to that which rushes 'from my bosom and flies impetuously into the air. A lion 'is not so strong and courageous as Mahomad is liberal.'

"The walls of the court bear several short inscriptions frequently repeated, which may be called the *Litanies* of Mahometanism*, such as, 'There is no other conqueror 'than God.' 'I hope in God.' 'Praise be to God for the 'good of the sect,' &c.

"The hall called *Las dos Hermanas*, or the two sisters, and that of the *Abencerrages*, with a third less remarkable, are in the same court. Upon the edge of the wall towards the north of the first, you read: 'A lasting reign, the 'esteem and aid of God to my master.'

"At the entrance is the following poetical inscription:

"'The garden which thou seest gives thee life. The 'harmony which proceeds from these shrubs joins with 'the perfume of the flowers to enchant the soul. And 'thou, charming vase which embellishest it, thou shalt be 'compared to a king decorated with golden chains and 'crowns.'

"This inscription is the eulogium of the garden called *Lindaraxa*, upon which the windows of the hall open,

* The name of Litany seems applicable to certain prayers of the Arabians. One cries aloud, "There is no other God than God;" the rest answer, "Praise "be to God;" the former adds, "He is great;" and the answer is always, "Praise be to God." In this manner they repeat all the attributes of the Divinity.

but by being neglected, it has lost its greatest beauties.

"In the two circles to the right, as you enter the same hall, is the following inscription, full of elegance, taste and poetry.

"'I am the orchard of pleasure, an assemblage of 'charms and graces. There is no work can be compared to 'me for beauty; a single glance is sufficient to discover the 'delights I afford. The tranquil heart can find no freshness 'sweeter than mine; I contain a precious alcove of which 'the purpose and the principles are pure. The sign of Gemini alone can give an idea of the perfect symmetry of my 'workmanship. The moon in the firmament embellishes 'me with lustre, and by her influence the most lovely of the 'sex are attracted unto me. Should the star of the day 'stop his course to enjoy the sight of my charms, it would 'not be to be wondered at. Simple apartment as I am, 'every thing that is beautiful may receive from me new attractions, and he who contemplates me may do it without 'fatigue: for I offer him a seat of voluptuousness. I am 'ornamented with white and precious pillars of the most 'elegant and delicate form; the shadow they put forth may 'be compared to the light, and they are covered with daisies 'not to be equalled. He who erected me cannot find his 'equal; his glory and magnificence have exalted him above 'the rest of mankind. If the sun at setting spreads over 'me his rays, you see me covered with diamonds, of which 'the splendour and form are found no where but in me. 'But still more delicious is my abode from the zeal of the 'faithful which respires in my bosom, and in this consist all 'my charms.'

"And between the two circles:

"'The perfection and beauty in me proceed from Mahomad, my lord: he surpasses in virtue beings who have 'disappeared and others who come. In five stars there are 'three which may yield to him the superiority. If the air 'be condensed, it may obtain lightness from my master. 'The stars of heaven die with love of him, and he can communicate to them the agreeable odour of plants and virtues: they would come to him were they not afraid of suspending their functions, which is to enlighten the horizon. 'The stones, at his command, receive a sublime base: by his 'influence they are embellished with delicate workmanship; 'and by his virtue remain immoveable. The marble is softened at his voice; and the light reflected from his eyes

'dissipates darkness. Where can a more lovely garden be 'found? it surpasses in verdure and perfume all that exist, 'and spreads its freshness to the centre of this palace.'

"The alcove of the same hall is not without its inscription.

"'Thou surpassest in beauty the beds of the most voluptuous; thou hast so many attractions that several might be 'borrowed from thee without diminishing thy powers: and 'the moon, when she penetrates where thou art, knows she 'has nothing that can equal thee.'

"From over the window, the hall itself seems to speak in its turn:

"'I am not alone, I join to an orchard, which to me is 'a field of light. It communicates this to me so incessantly 'that shade is never permitted to approach me. All this 'admirable work proclaims the praise of Nazar, who has 'continually gained friends to the prophet and to the Al-'coran.'

"The two windows by the side of the great door have their little pieces of poetry. That of the largest runs thus:

"'The freshness of the air, embalmed with perfumes, 'penetrates this enclosure, and, with its delicious odour, in-'spires health.'

"'This orchard, by the pleasures it affords, announces 'itself to be the work of a just, liberal, and magnificent 'master.'

"And upon the other window:

"'Observe the beauty of this glass, and behold how it 'colours and surpasses clearness; with what perfection it 'represents the figures and their attractions. At sight of 'it you would say, that light and colour were the same 'thing.'

"The hall of the Abencerrages is thus called, from the unhappy incidents already related of that family.

"The inscriptions which cover the walls, are short sentences and eulogiums already recited.

"The shut door, which is seen in the hall, communicates with the habitation of the vicar of the Alhambra. He is lodged in a kind of fortress, of which surprising things are related.

"The hall of the baths is preceded by a corridor; the cabinet has also an inscription trivial enough in itself, but as it relates to an amusing circumstance in the history of Mahomet, I shall here give it a place: it is repeated upon each of the walls:

" ' He who puts his confidence in God will have a good ' issue to his undertakings; there is neither strength nor ' breadth in creatures which proceed not from God, the ' most high, the great, he who covers the just with ver- ' dure.'

" From this hall of the Baths, a gallery leads to that of the *Nymphs*, so called from two female figures of white marble, sculptured with much art and exactness. The subterraneous chamber, in which they were placed, contains several large urns that formerly contained the treasures of the Moorish kings. The archbishop of Granada has lately forbidden these statues to be seen, lest their fine proportions and nakedness should be pernicious to good morals: he has taken away the key of the case in which they are. Opinions are divided concerning the sculptor; some think them remains of Roman antiquities, but they are generally supposed to be the production of an Arabian artist*.

" Before I take leave of the Alhambra, I must bestow some notice on the monuments of which tradition and the zeal of the curious have preserved the remembrance. The convent of the Franciscans, near the palace of Charles V. is built upon Moorish ruins; it was erected when Philip V. and the queen Isabella Farnese, his wife, came to Granada. The monks, without any respect for the noble marble which attested the ancient magnificence of their masters, have confounded it with the vile materials by which a voluptuous palace was transformed into a number of indolent cells.

" Among the inscriptions which were buried or mutilated, the two following are worthy of being preserved:

" ' God be with my king Abulgagegh, and with thee ' Joseph my king, my guardian and master; partake of the ' eulogiums which the beauty, grace, and perfection of my ' work inspire. In former times I served as a place of plea-

* " Two Englishmen, who were at Granada in 1775, wrote on the wall, near the hall of the nymphs, six verses, which, though not very good, are sufficiently expressive of the enthusiasm with which the palace had inspired them. Woe to their religion, had they in that moment been offered the turban.

" O most indulgent prophet to mankind,
If such on earth thy paradise we find,
What must in heaven thy promised raptures prove,
Where black-eyed Houris breathe eternal love?
Thy faith, thy doctrine sure were most divine,
And though much water, yet a little wine.

His regum, heu: mimis infelicium, deliciis mæstum vale dixerunt.
T. G. H. S. Angli,
Kal. Jan. 1775, die pro capta urbe Granata triumphali."

'sure to thy noble ancestors; and shall I be less delightful 'in thy eyes? My fame and my charms are increased, and 'I am embellished with new ornaments. Thou hast put fear 'away from me, thou hast made me a rampart by which I 'am protected; thy glory daily increases, time more deeply 'engraves thy illustrious deeds; thou art called, the great, 'the triumphant; kings and potentates strive to please thee, 'and each shelters himself under the wing of thy posterity; 'and I more than they all. I smile at the projects thou 'formest to embellish me, because I become a witness of thy 'magnificence. It was thou, O Joseph, who knewest how 'to embellish me; the treasures of thy imagination were 'poured upon me, and thou hast rendered me the object of 'general eulogium. Thy clemency and thy bounty con-'stitute my glory: from my fountain rushes pure and odo-'rous water; it seems to fly up into the air, and its murmur 'is a soft and tender melody; its fall is an humiliation for 'thee; the shiverings I feel are signs of respect; they mark 'to thee my fear, but it is not to fly from thee. Joseph is 'my support, he is my defender: in every thing I say to 'my honour, reason is my guide. I please them by whom 'I am seen, and the sight of me is to them a recompense. 'O ye nobles, grant me your admiration! and ye, brave 'and valiant knights, be not less zealous to give me praise 'whilst you behold me. Let my eulogium be sublime, 'because every thing I contain is sublime. O Joseph, my 'lord and my king, the living image of the prophet, thou 'hast accomplished with me thy promises, and hast shewn 'me all thy affection.'

"The second runs thus:

"'I am the place of delight, and am pleased with places 'which resemble me; they would excite my envy were they 'as perfect as I am. Observe that reservoir which embel-'lishes me, and thou wilt there see more lustre than in the 'polished and enamelled steel. To my beauty are joined 'the favours of Joseph; his affection spreads round me 'that pure and cheering air which thou respirest. This 'bason resembles a handsome cup, finished by the hands of 'art, whence the mouth of beauty draws the liquor by 'which it is refreshed and embellished; but the water rises 'with a spring, and spreads in undulated sheets; the bril-'liant drops press each other, and conceal a mysterious 'heart, which contains wonderful secrets: and thou, Jo-'seph, purifier of the sect and of the faith of believers; 'thou, the sublime point around which every kind of glory

'is assembled; thou, who livest like the best of kings; as 'the setting sun hastens towards the horizon, and afterwards 'rises again in the heavens with renewing fire, so thy name, 'which was declining, has regained its lustre in this garden. 'All nations have come to admire my magnificence, which 'for ever shall last. O Joseph! O my master! thou art the 'file of the law, and the asylum of such as observe it: thou 'art a fertile orchard, which, with its abundant juices, 'nourishes and gives life to plants and flowers: thou art a 'tuft of aromatic herbs: thou givest the enjoyment of life 'and happiness.'

"The Arabs never lost an opportunity of bestowing an eulogium upon water; there are basons and cascades in most of the halls of the Alhambra, so that, during the summer, it must have been a delightful abode. Water by its clearness and purity is always taken in the Alcoran for the symbol of a sincere and docile heart. In the Sura, of the cow it is said, 'I gave you a heart, which like water might reflect 'my revelation and receive the words of my messenger;' and it is from this comparison of the heart with water, which we meet with also in holy writ, and in the writings of the Rabbins, that in drinking water out of a glass of which another person has just drank, you are said to know his secrets.

"The church of the Franciscans was formerly a mosque: as appears from a marble on the ancient walls of the convent which contained the following Arabic inscription:

"'Say, there is no other God than God: let these words 'be in thy mouth as well as in thy heart. God, in thy fa-'vour, and at the prayer of his prophet, abridged the num-'ber*; diminish it not, pardon is in the place of prayer.'

"From the Alhambra you enter the Generalif by a low gate, which favoured the escape of Abdali, when Ferdinand took Granada. Generalif signifies, as I am told, in Arabic, the house of love, of dance and pleasure. It was built by a prince of the name of Omar, who was so fond of music, that he retired to this palace, entirely to give himself up to that amusement. The Generalif is the most pleasing situation in

* In the Sura, *journey by night*, Mahomet relates to his followers his extatic visions in heaven, and tells them that God delivered to him as a precept, that true believers should pray an hundred times a day: but that he, by the advice of Moses, made several representations to God, to prevail upon him to diminish this great number of supplications; till at length God was pleased to reduce them to four, of which the appointed times are at sun rise, noon, sun set, and midnight. To this the expression in the inscription relates; and the meaning is, since the number of prayers has been diminished, let Mussulmen be exact and faithful in the performance of those which are prescribed.

the environs of Granada. It is built upon a very high mountain, whence waters rush from every side, which escape in torrents, and fall in beautiful cascades in the courts, gardens, and halls of that ancient palace. The gardens form an amphitheatre, and are full of trees, venerable from their antiquity. I sat down at the feet of two cypresses, of which the height and whiteness attested the number of centuries they had stood there: they are still called the cypresses of the queen, because it was near them the perfidious Gomel impeached the virtue of that princess, and the honour of the Abencerrages. I admired them with a sentiment not to be inspired by monuments of stone. The writers of romances have never imagined a scene equal to this. How much did I regret so beautiful a situation should be inhabited by insensible proprietors! I sighed to behold the superb and natural terraces of these enchanting gardens laid out in apartments; and this place, formerly the center of Asiatic luxury, reduced to simple reeds and the steril retreat of a cloister of capuchins. The pure air of Generalif, the simple and Moorish structure of the edifice, and the clearness and abundance of the waters, called to my recollection the time when Granada was one of the finest cities in the world. At present it is melancholy and deserted; a defeat, different manners, and another government, have annihilated its glory.

"In the corridor, or covered gallery, which in the palace leads to the apartments, is this long inscription:

"'God be my aid against the devil the tempter: God is great and wise, powerful, and a lover of justice. He will torment both men and women who multiply God and render him deformed; he will throw them into the abyss, and there leave them for ever. Believe in God and in his messenger, he is sent that you may praise and honour him day and night. Sing his praises. To them by whom you shall be salnted render salutation, and in the name of God touch your beard, and let it be with affection; and may the tranquillity of him whose desire shall be to disturb yours be also disturbed: and he who shall add to the duties prescribed to him by God, shall receive a great reward.'

"In the first hall there are two inscriptions over the window; the following is on the right:

"'Ismael is the major, the great, the privileged. God gave him a reputation and an establishment; if thou contribute to his grandeur thou shalt be honoured like all the

'kings descended from him. He gives life to such as are 'thirsty, he unites and supports the sect *.'

" 'The window at the entrance of this delightful palace 'is destined to the pleasures of the nobility. The charm-'ing view from it enchants the eye and elevates the mind. 'Let us return thanks to God. That fountain discovered 'from the window is pleased when looked upon by its king, 'and thereby seems to be embellished.'

" The arcades in the court, called the Court of the Pond, are ornamented with one of the best inscriptions in its kind.

" 'Charming palace, thou presentest thyself with ma-'jesty; thy splendour equals thy greatness, and thy light 'shines upon every thing by which thou art surrounded. 'Thou are worthy of every eulogium, for thy ornaments 'have in them something divine. Thy garden is embellish-'ed with flowers which repose upon their stalks, and exhale 'the sweetest perfumes: fresh air agitates the orange tree, and 'spreads afar the sweet odour of its blossoms. I hear vo-'luptuous music joined to the rustling of the leaves of thy 'groves. Every thing around me is harmonious, green, and 'flowery. Abulgali; the best of kings, protector of be-'lievers and of the law, thou art the object of my esteem. 'God save thee, and confirm thy noble hopes; thou knowest 'how to ennoble the least of thy works. This apartment, 'which is dedicated to thee, possesses such perfection and 'solidity, that its duration may be compared to that of the 'faith itself: it is a triumph, a prodigy of art.'

" The Moors had academies and a university in Granada, which produced several good physicians, famous astrologers, celebrated botanists, accurate mathematicians, excellent painters and able sculptors; but the science in which the Arabs made the greatest progress was theology, because that requires nothing but imagination."

After these extracts from the *Recent Travels in Spain*, by M. Peyron, little need be added respecting the kingdom of Granada, and its renowned capital. I shall, therefore, return to the route to Cadiz.

From Cordova to Ecija is a distance of ten leagues, along a road which stood in great need of the repairs that it has recently received. The country itself has been peopled within the last thirty years by new colonists, whose habitations are scattered by the side of the road.

* "The thirst Ismael suffered when a child is well known: the Arabs believe themselves descended from him."

After changing horses at the new detached *venta* of Mango Negro, you proceed to Carlotta, a pretty village, built for the same purpose and nearly at the same time as Carolina. It is the chief settlement of the new colonists of Andalusia. Both these establishments are under the jurisdiction of one governor. La Carlotta, the principal place of the second colony, had only sixty inhabitants in 1791; but the district contained six hundred. Luisiana, another colony beyond Ecija, had no more than 240. Fuente Palmera, another chief place of these new establishments, comprehended in its district 350 habitations.

These colonies, the creation of humanity and wisdom, present a spectacle highly gratifying to the philanthropist. We cannot but be surprised, however, at the slowness of their progress. It must proceed from some radical vice, from that want of energy and perseverance, without which nothing but imperfect results are produced; or else it is solely owing to the repugnance of the Spaniards to leave their native place, and their aversion to changes, even though for the better. The vicinity of Ecija is one of the most fertile places in the world. We are assured, that corn there yields a forty-fold return; and that the kitchen gardens, which occupy in great numbers the banks of the Xenil, produce three or four crops a year.

Ecija is situated between Carlotta and Luisiana. It is a tolerably large place, and one of the most pleasant in Andalusia. Many of the houses, and even some of its churches, are painted on the outside, in a truly ridiculous manner. It contains about six thousand hearths or cottages. Fragments of marble columns, trunks of statues, stones covered with inscriptions, attest its ancient splendor. Its situation between two hills on the west bank of the Xenil, which traverses a prodigious plain on its way to Granada, renders it subject to intense heat and frequent inundations; nevertheless, this town and its territory possess all the principles of prosperity. Plantations of olive trees, fertile corn fields, vineyards and extensive meadows, supply the inhabitants with abundance of vegetable produce. But they are almost entire strangers to that industry by which they were formerly distinguished. At the entrance of the town the traveller may, by the way, remark, but cannot admire, on the one hand the venerated image of St. Paul, the patron of the town, and on the other the statues of Charles III. Charles IV. his queen, and the infant Don Louis.

From Ecija may be seen the town of Estipa, situated on

a hill, at the distance of five leagues, from the top of which appears a prodigious and very fertile plain, covered with plantations of olive trees.

Three leagues beyond Ecija is Luisiana, a new colony, the houses of which have for some years been in a state of decay. The traveller meets with the same painful spectacle a league farther on, at the last place belonging to these celebrated colonies of the Sierra Morena. They begin on the other side of the mountains at La Concepcion de Almuradiel, and comprise, in the whole, a space of more than forty leagues. The road which passes through them, and which has been so long wanted, is at length nearly completed. In order to render it fit for travelling in every season, it has been necessary to build about *four hundred bridges*, great and small, across the rivers, streams, and quagmires, which are often rendered impassable by the rains.

On leaving Luisiana, you perceive on the top of a naked hill some of the houses of the town of Carmona, which command a view of vast plains covered with olive trees, and producing abundance of wheat of the best quality. The town itself is pleasant and lively; but its principal steeple is awkwardly copied from that of Seville, and overloaded with ridiculous ornaments of different colours. The gate of Carmona is a monument of the solidity of the works of the Romans. It appears to be of the time of Trajan, and it has been in some places absurdly retouched in the modern style.

The distance from Carmona to Seville is six leagues. The road runs through vineyards, olive grounds, and rows of flourishing aloes, which serve both for a fence and an ornament to the fields. Yet this beautiful country is almost a desert!

The high road from Madrid to Cadiz does not lead, as formerly, through Seville, but through the village of Alcala, two leagues higher up on the banks of the Guadalquivir. Every traveller ought to turn out of his way to see that famous city, which is certainly the second in the kingdom, and of which the Andalusians, the Gascons of Spain, have long said:

"Quien no ha visto Sevilla
"No ha visto maravilla *."

This deviation is not unpleasant, the inhabitants of Seville having constructed an excellent road from that city to the high road.

* Those who have not seen Seville, have seen nothing wonderful.

CHAP. XXVIII.

ACCOUNT OF SEVILLE.—XERES.—ARCOS.—ROADS TO CADIZ.—DESCRIPTION OF CADIZ AND ITS HARBOUR.—THE CARACCAS.—ISLE OF LEON.—DOCKS, ARSENALS, &c.

THE situation of Seville is admirable, its climate delicious, and the surrounding country fertile. Yet the people avail themselves but little of such important advantages! How different, at least, is this city from what it formerly was! Cotemporary historians inform us, that, when it was taken by St. Ferdinand, three hundred thousand Moors quitted it, exclusive of those who had perished during a siege of sixteen months, and of such as chose to remain. If we may believe the complaints addressed by its manufacturers to the government, in 1700, Seville had contained sixteen thousand silk looms of all sizes, and one hundred and thirty thousand persons had been employed there in the silk manufactures alone. A few years since there were no more than 2318 looms. Its present population, was but too easily ascertained during the dreadful calamity which, in the year 1800 desolated this city, as well as the greatest part of the south of Spain.

The enumeration of the inhabitants of Seville, taken on this fatal occasion, gave for the interior of the city 60,0218, and 20,0350 for the seven quarters situated without the walls; making a total of 80,568. Of these 76,488 were attacked by the fever, which, between the 28th of August and the 30th of November, carried off 14,685 persons. This scourge renewed its ravages in the beginning of the autumn of 1801, and spread over all Andalusia, but at Seville it proved much less destructive than in the preceding year.

Few cities contain so many public edifices devoted to the purposes of religion, of charity, or of the government, as Seville. There are twenty-five parish churches, and five chapels of ease, a commandery of St. John d'Acre, exempt from the episcopal jurisdiction, thirty-one convents for men,

twenty-nine nunneries, three congregations of canons regular, three religious communities known in Spain by the appellation of *Beaterios*, two seminaries, eight hospitals, and two houses of correction.

The archbishopric of Seville, one of the richest prelacies in Christendom, is held, in conjunction with that of Toledo, which is still richer, by the son of the infant don Louis, who goes by the name of the count de Chinchon, and who has likewise been invested with the Roman purple. By thus loading him with wealth and honours, the government has placed him in a situation worthy of his birth, and prevented those difficulties, which, at some future period, might have arisen, had he not embraced the ecclesiastical profession.

The cathedral of Seville is one of the most remarkable religious edifices in all Spain. It contains a great number of statues, many of which are of merit; tombs more or less superbly decorated, and spacious chapels surcharged with ornaments. In that in which are placed the baptismal fonts, are exhibited two admirable pieces of that eminent artist, who was a native of Seville, and whose principal productions adorn this city—those of Murillo, whose works were long wanting in the rich collection of the kings of France, and who at length occupies a place in the National Museum. Nine other pictures by this painter are to be seen in the hall of the chapter. In the royal chapel, we remark, among other tombs, that of St. Ferdinand, covered with Hebrew, Arabic, Latin, and Spanish inscriptions: that of Alphonso X. surnamed the Wise, or the Astronomer, &c. But none of the tombs of these monarchs makes such a deep impression, or excites such interesting recollections, as that of Christopher Columbus, erected in front of the choir, with this inscription; which is at least striking for its brevity:

A Castilla y Arragon
Otro mundo dio Colon*.

Don Ferdinand, his son, who would be deemed a great man, had he sprung from a less celebrated father, has also a monument in one of the chapels; but his epitaph is not so beautiful, for it is longer, and less simple.

* It is, however, well known, that the remains of Columbus were removed from Seville, to the principal church of Santo Domingo; and though M. Moreau de St. Mery sought in vain to ascertain the spot were they were deposited, the tradition of the country scarcely leaves room to doubt the circumstance.

The steeple of this cathedral, denominated the *Giralda*, is one of the most elegant monuments in Spain. The ascent to its summit is spiral, and without steps. It is 250 feet in height, and is surmounted with a statue representing Faith. Over one of the five naves is placed the library, which comprises about twenty thousand volumes; and this collection is not one of mere ostentation. Excepting the capital, Seville contains a greater number of enlightened men than any city in Spain. Its Patriotic Society can boast of more than one member, not less distinguished for talents than for patriotism. A taste for the fine arts in particular is cultivated at Seville; its inhabitants with exultation claim as their fellow citizens several painters of the Spanish school, as Roelas, Vargas, Zurbaran, and especially the incomparable Murillo, whose merits cannot be duly appreciated but by those who have seen the numerous master-pieces which he has left in his native city. The Hospital of Charity contains ten which obtain the warmest admiration of connoisseurs. Eleven are exhibited in one of the cloisters of the convent of St. Francis. Among several pieces by this great master, belonging to the capuchins, the spectator is never tired of contemplating a Christ descending from the cross, with the expression of the most affecting tenderness to embrace St. Francis.

There are several other edifices at Seville worthy of the notice of the traveller. The first is the Exchange, or *Lonja*, a detached building, each façade of which is two hundred feet long. It has been lately repaired and embellished. Here it is intended to deposit all the old records and papers relative to Spanish America—the records of exploits, crimes, and miseries, where history and philosophy will long be able to find ample treasures.

The Alcazar is a magnificent structure, begun and for a considerable time inhabited by the Moorish sovereigns, enlarged by the king don Pedro, and afterwards by Charles V. who added to it embellishments in a superior style. It has been the residence of several kings of Spain; and Philip V. who passed some time here with his whole court, was tempted to make this palace his regular capital—a design which, but for political considerations, would probably have been put in execution before this time, to the great satisfaction of all Spain, except of the inhabitants of Madrid.

In this Alcazar have been deposited various fragments of antique statues, found at some distance from Seville.

Another spacious and handsome edifice is the tobacco and

snuff manufactory, completed in 1757; which is a prodigious establishment, as well for the size of the building as for the number of hands employed in it. On seeing the walls and ditches with which it is surrounded, and the drawbridges which you are obliged to cross in order to reach it, you would take this establishment, as Fischer observes, for a fortress. Here the tobacco is received in the leaf, as it comes from the Havannah, where a very small quantity is manufactured. The tobacco leaves are first reduced to powder, which is then mixed with a preparation of ochre, also made here, in order to give it a colour. The snuff thus composed is put into tin boxes, removed to the store-houses, labelled, packed, and sent to every part of the peninsula. A particular room is devoted to the making of the little rolls, called *cigaros*, the consumption of which is so prodigious in Spain.

The foundery of brass cannon, which, with that of Barcelona, supplies all the Spanish arsenals in Europe, is likewise a structure remarkable for its extent and the beauty of its arrangement. The method of Maritz, with some trifling variations, is still followed there; but a considerable saving might be made in the expences of this establishment. Each quintal of Mexican or Peruvian copper refined here, cost, some years since, fifty reals. Not long before, a Frenchman had proposed a method, by which twenty-two reals a quintal would have been saved: but his plan was instantly rejected. He nevertheless persisted to urge its adoption; and some experiments which were made, to avoid the appearance of determined opposition, proved the good quality of the copper refined and cast according to his method; but intrigue found means to prevent his farther success; and for some years the expensive establishment which he afterwards founded at Port Real, opposite to Cadiz, has done nothing but furnish the copper nails used in the sheathing of ships.

One of the most ancient buildings in Seville is the Mint: it was formerly remarkable for its activity. Writers of the time to which we allude, assert, that seven hundred marcs of gold and silver were there daily converted into money. For a considerable time it coined only on the account of private individuals; and it is only since 1718 that it has been employed for the king.

Amongst the other public edifices are the seminary of St. Elmo, which contains a school of navigation; and the Tower del Oro, an ancient structure, supposed to have been erected

by the Romans. It was doubtlessly designed for the protection of the shipping; as it was from this building that the Moors threw a chain across the Guadalquivir to the opposite shore, where is situated the suburb of Triana, which communicates with the city by a bridge of boats. This river rises on one side of the chain of mountains called the Sierra de Segura, and directs its course to the ocean; while the Segura, springing from the other side, proceeds toward the Mediterranean, and wafts to Murcia, Orihuela, Carthagena, and other places, the timber with which those mountains are covered.

In earlier ages it was to the Guadalquivir that Seville owed its splendour. The largest ships then ascended to the very quays of that city, and those of less burden went up as high as Cordova. At present, vessels of large size advance no farther than Bonanza, a village fifteen leagues from Seville; and only those of eighty tons or under can sail up to that city. The cargoes of the others are conveyed thither in small boats.

That part of the banks of Guadalquivir which faces the suburb of Triana, is adorned with some fine buildings. Here Lerena, while intendant of Andalusia, began a plantation which has since become a charming walk. When the foliage of its trees shall have grown a little thicker, the inhabitants of Seville will have no occasion to envy those of the capital. But to M. Olavidé this city is indebted for part of its quays and many public establishments. The anathemas of the inquisition have perhaps long prevented his name from being there uttered aloud, but they cannot prevent his memory from being cherished by the inhabitants. In the interior of the city there is a beautiful walk, adorned with fountains, and formed by five alleys of trees which are watered by little canals.

The environs of Seville, like those of most of the towns of Andalusia, are well cultivated. After passing through the desert and naked plains of Castile and La Mancha, the traveller beholds their orchards and country houses with pleasure. But what renders the vicinity of Seville particularly worthy of curiosity, is the ruins of Italica, an ancient Roman town, the native place of Silius Italicus. It was situated about a league and a half to the north of Seville, along the left bank of the Guadalquivir. The monuments of it which yet remain, were rescued from the ravages of time and ignorance by the monks, whose convent is situated

close to them. M. Broussonet has given, in his recent tour in Spain, some interesting particulars relative to Italica and its ruins.

From Carmona to Cadiz there is nothing worthy of notice till you arrive at Xerez, except the town of Utrera, which contains about two thousand hearths. The avennes to Xerez give a very favourable idea of that town. With a little trouble it might be made one of the most interesting in the kingdom. The situation could not be more agreeable, and its streets are in general straight and wide.

All the productions of the earth thrive here, though little cultivation is bestowed on them: the vineyards are the principal source of wealth to Xerez; and besides them it has plantations of olives, pastures, woods of pines and oak trees, hemp fields, &c. Its vineyards, notwithstanding they are badly managed, produce annually, on the average, 360,000 arrobas of wine, weight of 25 lb. of which about 200,000 are exported chiefly by the English and French. The quantity of corn raised in this district might be more than doubled: but from the neglect of this article, the country is frequently exposed to want. Still less progress has been made in the cultivation of olives. On an average, not more then 32,000 arrobas of oil are annually obtained. The situation is perfectly adapted to the culture of silk, which might employ thousands of women, but who, for want of occupation, languish in extreme indigence. Its breed of horses, like all the other sources of its prosperity, is on the decline.

The manufactures carried on at Xerez consist only of the coarse cloth made from the three thousand arrobas of wool which it produces, some linen and ribbons, which employ about twenty looms. These establishments are in general owing to the efforts of a patriotic school and of certain philanthropic individuals.

About half a league from Xerez is one of the most celebrated Carthusian convents in Spain, on account of its wealth and its agreeable situation, within sight of Cadiz. The lovers of the arts will not fail to pay it a visit, for the purpose of admiring the best works of Zurbaran, and some performances of the inexhaustible Luke Jordans. One might almost forgive the peaceful inhabitants of this charming retreat for their wealth and pious indolence, on account of their tender attentions to the two most interesting periods of life. They begin the education of thirty poor children of

the neighbouring town; and to twelve poor men, who are past work, they afford an asylum, where they may end their days in peace.

Two long leagues from this place is the town of Arcos. Before reaching it, you have to ford the Guadalete, the celebrated Lethe of the ancients. Arcos, a town containing 2500 hearths, is situated in the centre of a most fertile tract, amidst groves of orange trees, upon an inaccessible rock, from which you may discern the mountains of Ronda, Medina Sidonia, and Gibraltar. The Guadalete partly surrounds Arcos, and roars along the bottom of a deep, winding valley, where it seems to pursue the track which the poets have marked out for it.

Between the Carthusian convent of Xerez and the modern town, called *Island of Leon*, you travel four leagues without meeting with a single hamlet. After crossing the Guadalete, you come to a prodigious plain, on which was fought the battle which put an end to the empire of the Goths, and subjected Spain for several centuries to the yoke of the Arabs. You are then upon the confinès of ancient Bœtica, and are approaching the scene of the prodigies of commerce —you are in sight of Cadiz.

The first view of its bay appears from the top of a hill, situated half way between Xerez and Port St. Mary. Here the eye embraces the whole circumference of that bay, as though delineated upon a large map. It clearly distinguishes the two points which form the entrance, Fort St. Sebastian on one side, and the town of Rota on the other. Exactly in front lies Cadiz. You see the low, narrow neck of land which separates that city from the island of Leon, the irregular contour of the bay to La Carraca, Puerto Real, and Port St. Mary.

At Xerez you have your choice of two ways, one of which leads you round the bay by land, while the other crosses it, and conducts you straight to Cadiz. If you decide in favour of the former, after passing the Carthusian convent, you come to woods of pines, the owners of which endeavour to cut off the resources of the royal marine, by prematurely felling the trees. Beyond these woods you descry the handsome towns of Port St. Mary and Puerto Real. These you leave to the right, as well as the Gandalete, which, a little lower down, divides into two branches. You afterwards come to the excellent modern road which leads to Cadiz; you cross this little river by the bridge of Suazo, and enter the island of Leon, thus called because

the piece of ground, on which it is situated, is surrounded by a very ancient navigable canal, which at flood-tide is from twenty-two to twenty-four feet deep. If you determine to cross the bay, on your arrival at Port St. Mary, you hire one of the large boats, the owners of which vie with each other in offering their services to travellers, and in less than an hour you may be conveyed to the quay of Cadiz.

Port St. Mary is situated near the mouth of the Gaudalete, which, by the sands which it carries down into the bay, has formed a bar, that cannot be passed over without danger, especially in winter. The boatmen, whose interest it is to keep the passengers in terror, for the purpose of laying them under contribution, never fail to exaggerate the danger; and at the moment when it is most imminent, repeat a prayer, and afterwards make it a pretext for begging something: but the most timid passengers, however great may be their superstition, have more confidence in the skill of their conductors than in the efficacy of their prayers.

On my arrival at Cadiz, in 1785, O'Reilly governed, or rather reigned there; and it must be admitted, that during his reign that city underwent salutary changes of various kinds. To him it owes its embellishment, its increase, and its cleanliness, but I cannot add its security. Assassinations were very frequent at that period, and have not since become less common. Under his active administration, however, the old houses were pulled down, and gave place to new ones regularly built. The streets were paved, made straighter, and constantly kept clean; and the vacant places were soon filled with habitations. He even endeavoured to extend the city, by gaining land from the sea. The space occupied by the custom-house and the adjacent buildings, was obtained from that element, but at a period anterior to his administration.

Count O'Reilly, besides several other projects, likewise bestowed much attention on the embellishment of the approach on the land side, which was formerly covered with bushes, and served as a haunt for robbers. During the administration of one of his predecessors, gardens had been laid out, and several country-houses built there. But at the time of the dispute relative to the Falkland Islands, the pusillanimous governor, imagining the place in danger, and the enemy at his gates, entrenched behind the feeble efforts of his industry, ordered them to be demolished.

During the administration of the count de Xerena, the

predecessor of O'Reilly, they were rebuilt, but they received all their embellishments from the latter.

But nothing does more honour to the understanding and humanity of O'Reilly than the hospital, which owed to him, if not its first establishment, at least the admirable arrangements which were introduced previous to the year 1785. In the same edifice was afforded relief to persons of all classes who require either the succour or the superintendance of government; to the aged of both sexes, to incurables, to vagrants, to prostitutes, to the insane, and to children of either sex whose parents were unable to maintain them. Each of these classes was distributed in spacious and airy apartments; and every person was furnished with food and employment suitable to his age and condition. In this institution indigent families found an asylum, and yet the number of its inmates alarmed not the beneficence of the administration. To prevent abuses, however, the commissary of each quarter was obliged to deliver every week to the governor, a list of all the persons of both sexes in his jurisdiction who stood in need of relief. The governor examined the list, and wrote his directions in the margin. The result was, that in 1785, out of the seventeen quarters of which Cadiz is composed, there were fourteen, in which was not to be found a single individual unable to earn a subsistence, or destitute of that succour which might at least render life supportable; and before the disgrace of O'Reilly, the benefits of this establishment were extended to the whole city.

The good order which prevailed in this institution was chiefly owing to the continual attention of this gentleman. His views were zealously promoted by many citizens of distinction, who, either from motives of humanity, or to ingratiate themselves with him, had undertaken the direction of the different wards. Their presence seemed to inspire only confidence and respect; their visits restored serenity, hope and joy. Prostitutes and lunatics were the only persons confined; those of all the other classes had liberty to go out in companies at certain hours. None were exempted from work, but those who were absolutely disabled by age or infirmity. The rest were chiefly employed in carding, spinning, and weaving the cotton imported from the American colonies. In September 1785, there were more looms than hands to keep them at work; and the surplus of the stuffs thus manufactured, above the quantity consumed by the inhabitants of the house, was sold to augment the funds of the institution. To those which it possessed before M.

O'Reilly undertook the management, he had added the produce arising from the sale of certain pieces of ground belonging to the city. Besides this, the charity of the citizens increased them with ample contributions. Soon after the removal of O'Reilly, this institution degenerated; and some beggars again made their appearance in the streets. But more recently, and especially during the active and vigilant administration of the marquis de Solano*, the hospital of Cadiz has regained its former credit, and is a pattern for charitable institutions.

I cannot refrain from doing justice to the character of this officer, of whom so unfavourable an opinion was entertained by his contemporaries. Among other talents, he particularly possessed the art of rendering every circumstance and every passion subservient to his designs. His despotism was dreaded. The expression of one of his wishes was equivalent to a command; and by his insinuating manners, he prevailed on such of the inhabitants of Cadiz as were least attached to him, to devote their time, their carts, waggons, and horses to works undertaken, as he pretended, for the public benefit, but which were sometimes merely the offspring of his caprice.

Cadiz is farther indebted to him for the repair of the road leading to the island of Leon. This road, which, on leaving Cadiz, is a full quarter of a league in width, gradually grows narrower, till at the distance of a league, the sea, at flood-tide, washes the foot of the causeway which resembles a mole thrown by the bold hand of man across the abysses of the ocean. Du Bournial, a Frenchman, raised this road, made it shorter and more solid, and thus entitled himself to the gratitude of the inhabitants of Cadiz.

O'Reilly wished to employ him in the execution of a plan, if not of greater magnitude, at least more ostentatious. Cadiz, it is known, is totally destitute of fresh water: the deficiency is very imperfectly supplied by wells, the water of which is brackish and unwholesome, and into which runs the rain-water that falls in the inner courts of the houses. The rest of this water is collected on the *azoteas:* these are flat roofs in the form of a terrace, with which almost all the houses of Cadiz are furnished, or it might be said adorned, and which serve the double purpose of a walk and observatory for the inhabitants, who are extremely solicitous to dis-

* This marquis has since fallen a victim to his treachery, having taken part with the French, and been put to death by order of the Supreme Junta. Ed.

cover at a distance the fond object of their anxious hopes. From these azoteas the rain-water is conducted by pipes to the cistern which occupies the open space in the interior of the house, and is thence drawn into another reservoir in one corner of the court; for the identity of wants, arising from local circumstances, has produced in this city a perfect uniformity in the figure and arrangement of almost all its buildings.

These are the only resources which the inhabitants of Cadiz possess, for procuring the supply of water necessary for domestic uses. With respect to that for drinking, they are obliged to bring it from the springs of Port St. Mary, and in dry seasons, the quantity is not sufficient for their wants, though they pay, one year with another, ninety-six thousand piastres for this precarious supply—a serious inconvenience for such a populous city, for a port frequented by so many merchantmen and ships of war. In order to obviate it, O'Reilly had formed a plan for bringing fresh water to Cadiz from the heights of Medina Sidonia, a distance of eleven leagues. He had already ascertained from du Bournial, the engineer, that the expence of the intended canal would not exceed two millions of dollars; and in August, 1785, he had received subscriptions to the amount of more than half that sum. Du Bournial had surveyed and taken the levels of the whole distance, and had finished all the plans. He had even discovered the track of an ancient canal constructed by the Romans for the same purpose, and the bed of which would, in a great measure, have been rendered useful for this new project.

This splendid design, nevertheless, met with great opposition. The work was, indeed, begun, but not more than half a league was completed. It was prevented by the disgrace of O'Reilly, and the inhabitants are still obliged to procure their water from Port St. Mary.

Another project, however, not less brilliant, and still more useful, has recently been carried into complete execution, namely, the work designed to protect from the impetuosity of the sea, that part of Cadiz extending from Fort Sebastian to the Matadero. It was doubtlessly the force of the waves which in ancient times washed away a great part of the island on which that city is built. In the seventeenth century they carried away large portions of houses, and occasioned the formation of a design which is, at length accomplished. At the beginning of the last century a kind of rampart was raised in the form of a dyke, to restrain their

ravages; but in time this dyke was so undermined, that in tempestuous weather and high tides, this part of Cadiz was exposed to very imminent danger. Towards the end of the reign of Charles III., however, the government at length began to think of securing the city of Cadiz in a durable manner, from the danger with which it was threatened. Of several plans, the preference was given, in 1786, to that of the engineer of the navy, Don Thomas Munoz, a distinguished officer, who deserves a place among men of genius and the benefactors of their country. His plan consisted in forming, along the walls, a kind of solid beach, sloping towards the sea, against which the waves would expend their first fury, and then subside without violence at the foot of this rampart. Enormous piles were first driven in front, to break their force: and behind these begins the artificial beach. It rests upon large coffers, which it was found extremely difficult to fix upon the spot, and which were filled with a kind of stone that grows hard in water. This undertaking was begun in 1788, and finished in three years, though the works could only be continued during the ebb-tides, from the beginning of May to the end of September. The benefit derived from it is sensibly felt. The waves now either no longer reach the summit of the wall, or approach it in the gentlest manner; whereas formerly they broke over it with such violence as to shake and inundate the neighbouring houses, and even sometimes to advance beyond the cathedral. Yet, in 1801, a violent rising of the tide did it great injury. The whole is said to have cost fourteen millions of piastres; but the Spanish government could not have expended the money more usefully, or in a manner more honourable to itself.

The sea on the contrary side to that which was thus threatened, has receded in the same proportion as that to the south has advanced; so that certain parts of the beach over which ships formerly sailed, are now nearly dry.

The bay of Cadiz is of such extent, that places are assigned to the different vessels according to their destination. In front of the city, but at a certain distance, is the anchorage for ships coming from European ports. Farther to the eastward, in the channel of the Trocadero, the Indiamen are laid up and unrigged. At the extremity of this channel stands the handsome village of Puerto Real, and on its banks are the magazines, arsenals and dock-yards for merchant vessels. The entrance of the Trocadero is defended by two forts, the one, called Matagordo, situated on the continent, the other,

Fort Louis, erected by Duguay Trouin, upon an islet which is left dry at low water. The line of fire of these two forts is crossed by that of one of the *Puntales* on the opposite shore. All vessels are therefore obliged to sail within reach of these batteries, to pass from the great bay into that of the Puntales, or Puntal, at the bottom of which, near the magazines, are moored the unrigged ships of the royal navy.

The vast space upon which these magazines are erected, and the possession of which the sea appears to dispute with the land, is washed to the west by the river Santi Petri, and distinguished by the appellation of La Carraca, or the Caraccas. All access to this place is strictly forbidden by government to the inquisitive stranger, who is informed by the naval commandant, that he cannot be gratified with a sight of it, unless by the express command of the king. There are means, however, of accomplishing this object without it. You must go to the Island of Leon, a town nearly quite new, having been built only about the middle of the last century; and which in that short interval has grown to a prodigious size. In 1790 it contained forty thousand communicants, a *datum* from which an accurate calculation may be formed of the population of any town in Spain. Its principal street is a full quarter of a league in length, and makes a handsome appearance, though its houses are uniformly decorated and surcharged with ornaments in a bad style. The Island of Leon bears, in other respects, but little resemblance to the rest of the towns of Spain. It has the appearance of cleanliness and opulence, a market abundantly supplied, and a spacious and regular public square. The naval college has been removed from Cadiz to the Island of Leon, till the completion of the new edifice erecting for it in the new village of San Carlos, contiguous to La Carraca, where it is intended to comprise in one building all that belongs to a complete establishment for military marine.

The Island of Leon is separated from La Carraca, by a basin nine hundred feet long and six hundred broad, from which are cut two canals, the one running to La Carraca, and the other to the sea. From this town it is a short quarter of a league to the channel, which you must cross to go to La Carraca. You are admitted without much difficulty if you are accompanied by some privileged conductor, and are shewn all that the arsenals contain. The spectator cannot forbear admiring in particular the habitation of the gal-

ley-slaves, and the rope-walk, which is six hundred paces in length, and has as good an appearance as that of Brest. Those who have compared the cordage and cables of the principal dock-yards in Europe, assert that, in this particular, the Spanish navy is not inferior to any; that its cordage is better made and more durable, because in heckling the hemp, all the knotty parts are thrown out and made use of in caulking, which produces the two-fold advantage of stronger cordage and the better caulking of vessels. No great length of time has elapsed since the Spaniards imported almost all their hemp from the north, but they will soon be able to dispense with these foreign supplies. The kingdom of Granada, has, for several years, furnished them with great part of the hemp required for home consumption. They likewise receive some from Arragon and Navarre; and a few cargoes still continue to be imported from Riga. The arsenals contain a great quantity of sheets of copper; but they are all brought either from Sweden or Trieste. The Spaniards are not yet sufficiently acquainted with the art of refining and preparing copper, to use that of Mexico for sheathing their ships; a practice which they only began to adopt at the commencement of the American war. A few years since, however, the government ordered a flatting mill to be erected at Ferrol, which is very actively employed. A hammering engine, for the preparation of sheathing, has been set up at Puerto Real, and another at Algesiras.

Cadiz contains a school of navigation, a naval academy, and a commodious observatory provided with excellent instruments. It was for a considerable time under the direction of don Vicente Tofinno, who has not been dead long, and who there observed the transit of Venus over the sun's disk in 1769. On the whole, we may say, that it would be difficult to find in any country in Europe, a more complete establishment for a military navy, than that of Cadiz.

CHAP. XXIX.

DETAILS OF THE COMMERCE OF CADIZ.—TREATMENT OF THE FRENCH ON THE BREAKING OUT OF THE WAR.—PRIVILEGES ENJOYED BY FOREIGNERS IN GENERAL.—SMUGGLING.—TRADE OF CADIZ AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.—BAY OF CADIZ.—ROUTE TO ALGESIRAS.—AGRICULTURAL REMARKS.

THE circumstance which chiefly confers importance on Cadiz, and places it on an equality with the largest cities in the world, is its prodigious commerce. In 1795 it contained upwards of one hundred and ten proprietors of ships, and about six hundred and seventy commercial houses, exclusive of retail dealers and shopkeepers, and of the French who had been obliged by the war to retire from it. An idea may be formed of the extent of its commerce, from the number of vessels of all descriptions which enter its port. In 1776 it amounted to nine hundred and forty-nine, of which two hundred and sixty-five were French. The war with America and Britain, which soon afterwards broke out, relaxed for some time the activity of our intercourse with Cadiz; but on the return of peace, it appeared to have rather increased than diminished. Formerly no French ship arrived at Cadiz from any port of Europe to the northward of Calais; but for some years we have made ourselves more familiar with the seas of the north; so that many of our vessels have been dispatched from that port to Hamburgh and Amsterdam, and afterwards freighted again for Cadiz.

The extent of the intercourse of the port of Cadiz, with the rest of Europe in 1791, may be collected from the following particulars. The number of ships which entered it was one thousand and ten. Of these one hundred and eighty were English; one hundred and seventy-six from the Spanish dominions in America; one hundred and sixty-two from the Spanish dominions in Europe; one hundred and sixteen French; one hundred and four Portuguese; ninety from the United States; eighty Dutch; forty-one Danish;

twenty-five Swedish; twenty-two Ragusan; six Genoese; two Venetian; one Hamburgher; one Russian; one Imperial; and one Spanish ship from Manilla.

The one hundred and seventy-six Spanish ships from the colonies, including that from Manilla, brought gold and silver, coined, wrought and in bullion, to the amount of 25,788,175 piastres.

At that time Cadiz had an extensive and direct commerce with the Spanish Indies. In the course of the same year, 1791, thirty-five vessels sailed from that port for the Windward Islands; twenty for La Vera Cruz; sixteen for Monte Video; seven for Lima; eight for Honduras; five for Carthagena; making a total of one hundred and five.

The following are the ports of France which have commercial connections with Cadiz: Marseilles, Havre, Rouen, Morlaix, St. Malo, Bayonne, Bordeaux, Nantes, and St. Valery. I have named them in succession, according to the extent of their intercourse with that port. Previously to the French revolution, which has produced more than one alteration in the commercial relations between France and Spain, Marseilles annually sent thither commodities to the amount of nearly twelve million of livres (half a million sterling, principally consisting of silks and jewellery. The greatest part of the cargoes from Havre and Rouen were composed of woollens; and those from Morlaix and St. Malo of linens, which were likewise a principal article in the few shipments from Nantes; while Bourdeaux and Bayonne sent scarcely any thing but flour and bacon; and the woollens of Amiens were the chief contributions of St. Valery.

The foreign nations who have the greatest number of commercial houses established at Cadiz, are the Irish, the Flemings, the Genoese, and the Germans. The latter are chiefly Hamburghers, who are peculiarly favoured by their very ancient treaties with Spain, and who, quiet in appearance, but bold and persevering in reality, engage in every branch of commerce. They make, however, a good use of their profits. They form a kind of association, and have established a fund for the relief of their indigent countrymen.

The English and French, on the contrary, have the fewest houses at Cadiz, but they nevertheless take a considerable share in the commerce of that city. Twenty years ago there were at Cadiz upwards of fifty great French houses, divided into classes, according to the real, or at least the acknow-

ledged capital of each. Besides these great French mercantile houses, there were at Cadiz about thirty firms, in the retail trade, who formed with the others a national society, which was always an object of jealousy to the Spaniards, and often of the persecutions of the agents of government. This society had its funds, its meetings, and privileges, and sometimes assembled to consider the interests of its commerce under the auspices of the consul-general of its nation.

Cadiz contained nearly the same number of French milliners, and at least one hundred French mechanics of different professions. All the French settled at Cadiz, as well as in other parts of Spain, felt the indignation which our revolution, at its very commencement, excited at the court of Madrid. In July 1791, it enjoined all foreigners, to take an oath of exclusive allegiance to the sovereign of the country, which amounted to the same thing as a renunciation of their country. The formula of this oath required them to abjure all the privileges of foreigners, "all relation and union with and dependence on the country in which they were born, upon pain of the galleys, absolute expulsion from the kingdoms of Spain, and confiscation of property, according to the condition of the persons, and the nature of the offence." This related to foreigners considered as domiciliated in Spain. Those known by the denomination of *transeuntes*, were enjoined to quit the royal residences, and forbidden to carry on any trade or profession in any part of the kingdom, without a special permission from the court.

There are few examples of the adoption of so rigid a measure by any power of Europe towards civilized nations. It might have been supposed, that the throne of Morocco and its barbarous principles were all at once transported to Madrid. Charles IV. is nevertheless a just and generous monarch; and notwithstanding what has been said on the subject, he is not inimical to the French. But Charles IV. gave the sanction of his name to the measures of an irascible minister.

By the title of *Junta de Represalias*, however, a council was appointed for the sole purpose of taking cognizance of every thing relative to the sequestration of the property of the expelled Frenchmen, and the indemnities claimed out of that property by subjects of the king of Spain. In the ordinance by which this council was constituted, in order to palliate at least the singularity of its object, an allusion was made to the practice which had been several times adopted during the past century on similar occasions. But let us draw a veil over the temporary injustice of misguided anger

and fanaticism. I will not say that it was expiated by defeat, but shall merely observe, that the return of sincere friendship ought to cause it to be forgotten. Now that Spain is acquainted with her true interests, and her necessary friends, she will not merely restore to the latter the property of which they were despoiled.

The French have on the whole been very much oppressed in their commercial intercourse with Spain: but it is worthy of the equity of the Spanish government, it is consonant with the good understanding which has been more firmly established than ever between the two nations, to abstain in future from prohibitory regulations, which, taking at unawares those included in their operation, are liable to involve them in ruin. Governments possess the undoubted right of adopting such measures as they think proper, in order to encourage their commerce and manufactures; but if they are wise they will refrain from these surprizes, which bear the stamp of perfidy, and which infallibly tend to alienate the confidence of commercial nations, and to encourage and even excuse smuggling.

Smuggling, a word which is alone sufficient to make the Spanish government shudder, has not a more brilliant focus of operation than the port of Cadiz. It cannot fail to be naturalized wherever prohibitions are numerous, and the temptations to infringe them frequent and highly alluring; wherever the profits which it affords are considerable enough to be shared with those, who, being but indifferently paid to prevent, find it much more to their interest to connive at, these proceedings. Hence the contraband trade has not upon the whole any more active or faithful agents than the lower class of custom-house officers. The customs at Cadiz are under the superintendence of a director, who is in general extremely rigid. But I cannot say as much of the eight inspectors, or *vistas*, who are subordinate to him, and whose duty it is to examine the goods exported or imported, to value them, and charge them according to this estimate. It is unnecessary to observe how arbitrary all these operations are, and how many sources fraud discovers, especially when the persons appointed to prevent it become its accomplices. All Europe might learn a useful lesson on this subject at Cadiz. The severity of the director is of no avail, in opposition to artifices of so many agents conspired against him. In 1785, this place was held by don Francisco Vallejo, a man equally distinguished for rigour and integrity. The abuses which he complained of, but did not repress, occa-

sioned the appointment of a committee of inquiry. The rapacity and dishonesty of the officers of the customs were punished, and that department of the revenue was regenerated. Every branch of it was to be reformed, and the contraband trade was to be utterly annihilated by the energy and vigilance of the government. These brilliant expectations have been disappointed. Vallejo was soon afterwards superseded by don Jorge Francisco Estada, who was more rigid, if possible, than his predecessor. But smuggling is a plant which strikes deep root in the soil in which it is once naturalized; in vain you may cut down its stem to a level with the ground; it soon sends forth fresh shoots. Those engaged in this traffic conceal themselves in the moment of danger; but no sooner is it over than interest resumes its old habits, and cupidity its former boldness. Such, in spite of the severity of Estada, was the state of the contraband trade in 1793. If since that time it has somewhat diminished, the reason is, because the opportunities for carrying it on have been less frequent. The commerce of Cadiz suffered severely from the war in which Spain engaged: it has sustained still greater injury from the two successive wars in which she has been involved with England: but let the return of peace give new life to commerce, and we shall doubtless see the contraband trade appear again in its train.

Cadiz is incontestably the most opulent, and one of the finest cities in Spain. Though it is not large, and its situation prevents its farther extension, it contained in 1799 a population of 75,000 souls. It was diminished by the destructive contagion which raged in the following year. The disease attacked almost all the inhabitants of this ill-fated city. It was observed that most of those who were born in the West India islands or in Spanish America, escaped its influence; and consequently that it was not quite so dangerous to the old inhabitants as to those who had recently settled at Cadiz; and that the majority of foreigners fell victims to its fury. It was likewise remarked, that it raged with much greater virulence among men than among females. This difference was likewise observed in 1804. It was asserted to have been in the proportion of forty-eight to one; and the extreme inequality of the two sexes, which was perceived in the churches, in the public walks, and assemblies, seemed to confirm the accuracy of this calculation. It was between the 12th of August and the 31st of October that the contagion committed the greatest ravages at Cadiz; for, during this interval, it attacked 47,350 persons, and carried

off 7195 of that number, exclusive of the troops, who had recently arrived for the defence of the coast, and who alone lost 3000 men.

It was hoped that winter would put a stop to this calamity, but the unfortunate people were disappointed. Cadiz and the other cities of Andalusia were not wholly free from it till the end of April 1801. Every measure tending to prevent the spreading of the contagion was resorted to; every apartment and every place to which it had penetrated, was white-washed and fumigated, and the clothes and goods of the infected were publicly burnt, while the dead were interred at a considerable distance from the city, and in graves of sufficient depth.

During the height of the contagion in September and October, 1800, from 140 to 170 persons died every day at Cadiz. During this dreadful calamity, M. de Morla, the governor of the city, displayed the greatest zeal and activity, and manifested repeated proofs of the most courageous devotion to the public welfare. The contagion, however, extended to Chiclana, Puerto Real, and St. Lucar. It even spread to Xerez, Seville, and by degrees over the whole province of Andalusia. A body of troops was placed along the foot of the Sierra Morena, and was not withdrawn till the spring of 1801, after it had been ascertained that every part of the country was free from the infection.

At the end of September 1801, a new alarm was excited. At Medina Sidonia, and in its neighbourhood, several putrid fevers appeared, but it was soon discovered that they were not of an epidemical nature. No contagious symptoms were again observed till towards the end of the summer of 1804, when the yellow fever, called *vomito negro*, broke out at Malaga in the most terrific manner. It extended its ravages along the coasts of the Mediterranean, to Carthagena, Alicant, and even to the vicinity of Barcelona. It proved particularly fatal at Gibraltar, where in the month of October, 120 persons daily died. Cadiz did not entirely escape this new scourge, but it was much less destructive, and also of shorter duration, than the former. The greatest mortality amounted for a few days only to 70 or 72. These two calamities following so closely upon each other, together with the considerable emigration which they occasioned, at first seemed to have produced a great diminution in the population of Cadiz. It appeared to be reduced to fifty thousand souls; but the cessation of the alarm, the return of the emigrants, and other causes, have rapidly raised it to

nearly the same point at which it stood in 1799; and so early as the end of 1804, it was estimated at the lowest, at 70,000 souls.

It would have been impossible for such a large number of people to find habitations in a space so circumscribed by nature, had not the greatest economy in respect to ground been observed. All the streets of Cadiz, therefore, except a few, such as the *Calle ancha*, are narrow, and the height of the houses makes them in general dark; but the city is kept remarkably clean, extremely well paved and lighted, and adorned with handsome ramparts, which serve for a public walk. The proximity of the sea renders the heat much more supportable than it is at Madrid.

Cadiz, which may be called the emporium of the wealth of two worlds, possesses almost every thing in abundance. With the exception of water, you there meet with all the necessaries and conveniences of life; and in the near view of verdant meads and fertile corn-fields, you find all its charms. Those, however, which result from intellectual cultivation would be sought in vain. Pleasure, in the strictest sense of the word, absorbs all the physical faculties, and commercial calculations all the powers of the mind. The former is accounted for and excused by the climate; the latter is the result of a concurrence of circumstances to which Cadiz principally owes its prosperity and importance.

Nevertheless, though commercial speculations almost exclusively absorb the whole capitals and attention of the inhabitants of Cadiz and its environs, manufactures are not totally neglected. Cadiz contains about twenty looms for silk ribbons and netting, which do very little, and yet have a great demand for their reputed productions. The principal employment of these manufacturers, in fact, is to put their mark upon articles imported from other countries. It is in this way that the stockings of Nîmes are shipped as Spanish, for the Indies.

At Port St. Mary, at the Island of Leon, and at Xerez, there are linen manufactures, which for some years have been in a flourishing state. No linens but from this place, and those of Catalonia, can legally be shipped for the Indies; but to judge how this law is evaded, it will be sufficient to compare the quantity of goods exported to America, with what these manufactures are capable of furnishing. Port St. Mary is an establishment for bleaching wax, through which all the foreign wax sent to America ought

to pass. This, however, is almost always evaded by the gratuitous payment of two ducats, the sum required for each quintal of wax bleached there. One of the most extensive and the least hazardous of their speculations, is the exportation of foreign linens to America. They consist almost exclusively of those of Bretagne, Silesia, and Ireland. In 1787 and 1788, it was observed, that the demand for those of Bretagne had rather increased than diminished, but not so much as that for the Silesian linens. The sale of Irish linens, which hold a middle place between the two others, has been of late years warmly encouraged by the English government. Those of France kept their ground only by their excellent quality; but they have latterly met with very formidable rivals in the Silesian linens, in the manufacture of which great improvements have been made, as likewise in those of Westphalia.

The tables of the foreign commodities exported from Cadiz in the years 1792 and 1793, will afford an idea of the importance of the linen trade to that city. Out of a total of one hundred and sixty-four millions of reals, the article of foreign silks amounts to eight or nine millions, that of woollens to twenty-two or twenty-three, and the value of the linens alone exceeds one hundred millions.

The total amount of national commodities was not then equal to that of the foreign productions, but was gradually approaching towards it. In 1790, it scarcely exceeded one hundred and two millions of reals. In 1791 and 1792, it was between one hundred and fifteen, and one hundred and twenty; and out of this total, the value of the silks was upwards of sixty millions, of woollen stuffs near sixteen millions, and that of the goods manufactured from hemp and flax between seventeen and eighteen millions. In 1792, an idea began to be entertained, that Spain was capable of supplying her colonies with all the fine cloths which they wanted of the first and second quality, but not with the inferior stuffs. At the same period she was importing foreign silks to the value of between twenty-four and twenty-six millions of reals. In short, to give a summary of the prodigious extent of the commerce of Cadiz, it will be sufficient to observe, that in 1792, its exports to the Indies amounted to two hundred and seventy-six millions, and its imports exceeded seven hundred millions of reals. The capitals and credit which are necessary for such extensive concerns, must alone ensure to Cadiz, for a considerable time, the enjoyment of its mercantile prosperity. A proof that it has

not lately fallen off is, that in 1802 this city contained upwards of three hundred wholesale mercantile houses, among which there were much fewer foreign ones than formerly.

The manufacture of salt is one of the most productive branches of industry in the environs of Cadiz. The salt-pits are all that part of the bay between the Puntal and Port St. Mary. The manner of making salt in them is as follows.

The sea water is first introduced, by means of a little sluice, into a capacious bason, crossed by large canals of equal depth. Here it remains a certain time, during which the lightest parts are evaporated by the heat of the sun. From this first reservoir it is drawn off into other canals, not quite so deep, where it undergoes the same process. By this time it has become so sharp, that the workmen cannot stand in it with their bare feet, without burning them, the same as if they had been dipped into aquafortis. In this state it is conducted into a long narrow canal, which runs by the side of a square space, divided into quadrangular compartments or basons. From this canal, where it is exposed a third time to the action of the sun, it is thrown into small basons. Here it is heated for the last time; and the workmen keep constantly stirring it with long rakes. The sediment which it deposits, if it be suffered to acquire consistence, becomes as hard as stone, and it is in the operations of breaking, taking out, and pounding it, that the workmen are continually engaged. This incessant agitation produces on the surface a white scum, which is carefully taken off, and yields a white salt, but much weaker than what is formed at the bottom. All the rest is thrown into large heaps in the open air. From these the king takes the quantity necessary for his salt magazines, at the rate of two piastres per last of two hogsheads; but he sells it again at one hundred and twenty piastres, to all persons except fishermen, who obtain it cheaper. The salt manufacturers sell what they have left as they please, and dispose of it as speedily as possible, for fear of the autumnal rains.

This salt is exported by the Swedes, the Danes, the Dutch, the English, and particularly by the Portuguese. The latter carry the greatest part of their cargoes to the coasts of Galicia and the Asturias, which they have long been in the habit of supplying exclusively with their own salt. The fishermen of St. Malo, Dieppe, and Grandville, sometimes go to the bay of Cadiz to load with salt for Newfoundland; and when the salt-pits of France fail, the French

take off large quantities from the same place for their home consumption.

Every individual is at liberty to form one of these artificial salt-pits on his own ground. He may dispose of the produce to foreigners, but not to natives of the country; salt being in Spain sold exclusively for the king's account. Some guards are stationed round the heaps, but they are not always able to secure them from thieves and smugglers.

Cadiz contains few monuments of the arts. Of late years, however, some handsome edifices have been erected, but the greater number of them belong to foreigners. The old Italian opera-house has been converted into a sort of institution, or place of resort for the lovers of news and of fashionable amusements. It is called the *Camorra*; its apartments are spacious, but perhaps over-loaded with ornaments. The custom-house is a new building of a very good appearance. The national theatre is planned with taste. The new cathedral, begun in 1722, had cost in 1769 upwards of four millions and a half of reals, and will cost two millions of piastres before it is finished. Yet, notwithstanding this heavy expence, and the magnificence of its decorations, the inelegance of the plan on which it was begun, will always prevent its being considered a master-piece.

Another sacred edifice, the defects of which are still more striking, is the church of San Antonio, designed for an ornament to the beautiful square of the same name, but which it only serves to disfigure.

In the church of the Capuchins, is an *Ecce homo*, by Murillo, and several other master-pieces of his school.

A foreigner, on his arrival at Cadiz, never fails to inquire for the exchange of such a celebrated commercial city; and with astonishment he learns that it has none. It might be supposed that its inhabitants look upon the god of commerce in the light of one of those deities, whose majesty the ancient Germans thought it impious to pretend to circumscribe within walls of stone, and who could not be duly worshipped except under the canopy of heaven. But the almost invariable serenity of the climate sufficiently accounts for a circumstance apparently so strange.

The walls which surround Cadiz contribute more to its embellishment than to its defence. The fortifications towards the land gate are in good condition. The entrance to the great bay would be very imperfectly defended by Fort St. Catharine on one side, and Fort St. Sebastian on the other. The lines of fire of these forts do not cross each other.

One is situated on the continent opposite to Cadiz; the other is connected with the city by a very rugged beach, which is covered at high water. The light that directs vessels entering the port, is placed upon its tower.

The passage from the great bay into that of the Puntales is much better defended by the two forts of Matagordo and San Lorenzo, placed opposite each other, at the narrowest part of the bay. It is the strait protected by these two forts that you cross to go to Chiclana, a place of recreation for the inhabitants of Cadiz. The situation of their city, almost entirely surrounded by the sea, deprives them of the pleasures of riding and walking. Half a league from the land gate, sterility again commences, and prevails throughout a tract of several leagues, with the exception of a few kitchen gardens and orchards, contiguous to the Island of Leon, where the soil has been improved by irrigation. To make themselves amends for this privation of verdure, the citizens of Cadiz repair in summer to Chiclana. With a favourable wind and tide, you may go thither from Cadiz in two hours. Leaving the Island of Leon to the right, and La Carraca to the left, you pass under the bridge of Suaço, which joins the whole island, on the north west part of which Cadiz is situated, to the continent. Here the bay grows so narrow, that beyond this point, it is nothing but a broad canal, which soon afterwards separates into several branches. One of these conducts to Chiclana, a handsome village, built on the right bank of this canal, and commanded by several eminences, and by the ruins of an ancient Moorish castle.

Many of the merchants of Cadiz have country houses at this spot. They have embellished and surrounded them with that verdure, of which they are deprived in the city where they reside. In the two seasons of spring and autumn, Chiclana is particularly full of company. The ladies of Cadiz, who, with all the fascinations of Andalusian females, combine that elegance of manners which is acquired by associating with foreigners, the amiable *gaditanas*, are followed for a few weeks by all the pleasures of the city; splendid entertainments, balls, concerts, all the display of opulence, all the efforts of the toilette. It may be looked upon as a theatre opened by luxury and taste, to which the deepest speculators repair to smooth their brows, furrowed by calculations; and to be reminded, from time to time, that there are things still more precious than gold.

On looking from the eminences which command the valley

of Chiclana, the eye embraces at one view the island of Leon, Cadiz, the bay, all the places by which it is surrounded, and the sea beyond it. You follow the course of the river Santi Petri to its mouth. Turning to the east, you perceive Medina Sidonia, whence comes the *solano*, likewise denominated the wind of Medina, so dreaded by the inhabitants of Cadiz, because it seems to bring with it horrible disorders into that city. From the same point of view may be seen the vast plains of the southern part of Andalusia, which we are about to traverse on our way to Algeziras, and thence to Gibraltar.

From Chiclana to Algeziras is fourteen leagues. I performed the journey on the same horse, in one long summer's day, and found the country more thinly inhabited than perhaps any region which is not entirely uncultivated. I went, it is true, across the plains, avoiding circuitous roads, which would have led through some villages. But the reader will scarcely believe me when I assure him, that with the exception of Véjer, which I perceived on my right, and Medina Sidonia on my left, the only habitations I met with in this whole journey were four or five groups of the miserable huts called *cortijos*, in which labouring people reside during part of the year.

Ten leagues out of these fourteen, the road leads through the domains of the duke of Medina Sidonia, consisting entirely of corn-fields and pasturage. In no part of them is there the least vestige of a human habitation; not an orchard, a kitchen garden, a ditch, or a stile. The great proprietor seems to reign there like the lion in the forest, by driving away all who would otherwise approach him. Instead of human inhabitants, I met with seven or eight numerous colonies of horned cattle and some troops of mares. On seeing them unshackled by yoke or bridle, roving at pleasure over a space unbounded, as far as the eye can reach, by enclosure or barrier, the traveller is disposed to fancy himself in the first ages of the world, when the animals in a state of independence, divided with man the empire of the earth, found every where their own property, and were not themselves the slaves of bipeds.

Andalusia is thus deserted in almost all the districts devoted exclusively to the cultivation of corn and pasturage. It has been divided into immense possessions ever since the period of its conquest from the Moors. The principal Castilian noblemen who accompanied the victorious monarchs, obtained grants of prodigious tracts in perpituity, according

to the fatal custom introduced throughout almost the whole monarchy. The extinction of the males in many families is continually aggravating this inconvenience. Heiresses with great fortunes transfer their ample portions into families not less opulent; so that in time, the greatest part of the landed property in Spain, may devolve to the few families that shall survive the others. As a single individual cannot manage such vast estates, they are let to different persons, but for the short space of three or at most of five years. Another circumstance concurs with these pernicious customs to prevent the improvement of agriculture in Andalusia. The land is divided into three portions; one is cultivated, another remains fallow, and the third, which is set apart to feed the cattle of the farmer, is augmented by him as much as possible, that he may reap all the advantage he can from his short lease. This gives an appearance of depopulation to extensive districts, susceptible of the highest cultivation. The first improvement to be made in the agriculture of Andalusia would therefore be, to grant longer leases. The example of Catalonia, Galicia, and the Asturias, should serve as a lesson. There leases are granted for a long term of years, and cannot be broken by the caprice of the proprietors; there too every branch of agriculture is in a flourishing state. Each farmer creates for himself a little establishment; he takes pains to fertilize and embellish the land, which he is sure of holding for a considerable time What a contrast between this picture and the appearance of the country for the ten leagues after leaving Chiclana!

At the end of these ten leagues you begin to climb the steep ascent of the enormous chain of mountains, which terminates at the west coast of the bay of Gibraltar. From their summit you perceive the famous promontory rising from the bosom of the waves, like the genius of the cape of storms described by Camoens. The eye commands the fortress, the outlines of which, when the weather is serene, may be clearly distinguished in the horizon. It embraces in the same view the town of Algeziras, the whole circumference of the bay, two small rivers which fall into it, the town of St. Roch, the descent leading from it to the lines of the same name, and the flat and narrow neck of land which separates them from Gibraltar; while, in the distance to the right, one may at least imagine that the African coast is perceptible.

CHAP. XXX.

DESCRIPTION OF ALGEZIRAS.—LINES AND CAMP OF ST. ROCH.—SOME ACCOUNT OF THE FLOATING BATTERIES.—AND CAUSES OF THE FAILURE OF THESE MACHINES.—APPEARANCE OF GIBRALTAR.

AT the end of the fourteen leagues which separate Chiclana from the bay of Gibraltar, is Algeziras, a town agreeably situated on an easy declivity by the sea side. A small river named La Miel, which rises in the neighbouring mountains, washes it on one side, and gently falls into the bay. A small dock-yard lies to the right, where some of the gun-boats were built which were employed in the siege of Gibraltar. During the spring tides it has water enough to float these small vessels to the sea, which is but a few paces distant. Close to it are the ruins of the ancient citadel of Algeziras, where the Moors defended themselves for some time after their town was taken. Algeziras, as well as St. Roch, is peopled with the descendants of the Spanish inhabitants of Gibraltar, who refused to live under the dominion of the English. In order to entice refugees from that place, the government conferred on the town of Algeziras the privileges which it still enjoys.

Opposite to Algeziras, and very near the shore, is situated the very small island of Palomas, also called the Green Island. It has a fort in which a detachment from the garrison of Algeziras does duty. It is so regular, and so diminutive, that you would suppose it had been built for an ornament to an English garden.

Algeziras is abundantly supplied with water. It is conveyed thither from the distance of a quarter of a league, by an aqueduct of hewn stone. A packet boat sails twice a week from this town for Ceuta, a Spanish sea-port at the distance of five leagues, on the coast of Africa, opposite to Algeziras: this voyage is often performed in three or four hours, but sometimes it requires nine or ten. The passage

costs only four reals each person; no great sum to be carried from one quarter of the world to another.

The commercial speculations of Algeziras are of a very limited extent. It receives a few cargoes of corn and brandy by Catalonian vessels, and its exports chiefly consist of charcoal from the neighbouring mountains.

For a great part of the two leagues between Algeziras and St. Roch, the road leads along the side of the bay. You are ferried across two small rivers which fall into it, el Rio de los Pulmones and the Guaraïpe, which might be taken for an arm of the sea. After passing the latter, you leave the bay and ascend the back of the hill, on which stands St. Roch, an ill-paved town of miserable appearance, but the environs of which are agreeable and highly cultivated.

As long as two years after the peace it was no easy matter to pass the lines of St. Roch. An express order, originating in the puerile vexation of the minister Florida Blanca, had been issued, to prevent all communication between Gibraltar and the Spanish continent. I, however, obtained permission of the commandant of the lines to approach Gibraltar, and set off on horseback with an aid-major of the place. Leaving on our left to Buena Vista, a large house on an eminence, where general Crillon and his staff resided, and which commands a view of Gibraltar, the two seas and the coasts of Africa, we arrived on the spot occupied by the celebrated camp of St. Roch. Destroyed by peace, as many other human establishments are by war, it exhibited, after an interval of two years, nothing but a heap of ruins. We crossed it diagonally, to go direct to the Mediterranean, and to follow the coast to fort St. Barbe, which forms the right of the lines. On shewing the order with which we were furnished, the great gate leading from the lines to the fortress was opened, and a petty officer was sent with us to watch, rather than to direct our motions.

The traces of the works of the besiegers, the trenches and epaulements of general Alvarez, which made so much noise in the newspapers of Madrid, are still perceptible; the large stone tower, called the Tower of the Mill, which, placed between the besieged and the besiegers, was the only object that had escaped their combined ravages; and the site of the little gardens which the English had been permitted to make before their fortress, beyond the limits within which they were confined by the peace of Utrecht.

After proceeding for some time along the shores of the bay, we crossed over to the side of the Mediterranean, that we

might survey nearer, and in different points of view, that rock, which, for five years, had been the object of so many speculations; but with so rigid a conductor as attended us, we durst not advance beyond a very small tower, close to the water, near which the first English picquet is stationed. On this side the rock is covered with batteries. Here we were shewn the mouth of a mine, which the duke de Crillon had formed within the rock, and by which he intended to revenge the destruction of the floating batteries, when peace obliged him to desist, and placed the fortress in a state of security. But this was not the only point which M. de Crillon had secretly prepared to attack. On the Mediterranean side, the rock, though perpendicular, does not continue so to the surface of the earth. Between the foot of the mountain and the sea, there is a kind of path which leads to point Europa. At the beginning of this path, the French general had made a second hollow in the rock. Notwithstanding the sarcasms occasioned by these two secret attempts against Gibraltar, I have been assured, by persons who were present, that when general Elliot, after the cessation of hostilities, walked with M. de Crillon about this place, he appeared surprised at the progress made in the first of these mines, and observed, that if he had known this circumstance, he should not have been so easy. Whether the British hero was perfectly sincere in this declaration, or it was only a trait of French politeness, is a question which I shall not pretend to decide. On the other hand, I think it will be much more to the purpose, to present the reader with a brief account, derived from authentic sources, of the grand enterprise which engaged the attention of all Europe, and had such a fatal termination for the continental allies.

The court of Spain, weary of the fruitless blockade of Gibraltar, which excited the ridicule of all Europe, and of the besieged themselves, seriously determined to take this fortress by some extraordinary effort which should overcome its steepness, its formidable artillery, and all the skill of general Elliot. Plans poured in from all quarters: some bold to extravagance, and others so whimsical, that it was scarcely possible to look upon them as serious. Several of this kind I received myself: but one of those sent to the ministers, formally proposed to throw up, in front of the lines of St. Roch, a prodigious mount, higher than Gibraltar, which would consequently deprive that fortress of its principal means of defence. The author had calculated the quantity of cubic fathoms of earth, the number of hands, and the time that

would be required for this enormous undertaking, and proved that it would be less expensive and less destructive than the prolongation of the siege upon the plan on which it had been begun. Another proposed to fill the bombs with a substance so strongly mephitic, that, on bursting in the fortress, they would either put to flight the besieged, or poison them with their exhalations. The plan of d'Arçon, however, engaged the serious attention of the Spanish government. This plan, first projected at a distance from Gibraltar by an engineer, who, notwithstanding the issue of that famous siege, still enjoyed the reputation of a man of great talents, was afterwards matured and modified by him within sight of the fortress. But how many disappointments was he doomed to experience! French impatience, national jealousy, the intrigues of rivalship, the suspicious alarms of authority, the pretensions of self-love, the thoughtless impetuosity of some of his colleagues, the perfidious plots of others, the presumptuous improvidence of almost all, conspired to frustrate a plan, which though so unsuccessful, those persons cannot forbear admiring, who have had an opportunity to study all its details.

Few particulars are known respecting it, except what relates to the ten floating batteries, which, on the 13th of September, 1782, foolishly exposed themselves to the fire of Gibraltar, and were reduced to ashes by the red-hot shot from the English batteries. This method of summing up the results of enterprises, is very convenient for indolence or malignity, but would furnish history with very erroneous elements. Enlightened, however, by cotemporary memoirs, her pages will inform posterity, that if this great undertaking failed, it was from a concurrence of circumstances which the genius of d'Arçon could not possibly control. One of the principal was the rapidity with which the plan was put in execution, before all the necessary preparations had been made for ensuring its success. It is well known that the ten batteries had been so constructed as to present to the fire of the fortress one side covered with a sort of breas-twork, three feet thick, and kept continually wet by a very ingenious contrivance. The red-hot balls were thus expected to be extinguished on the spot where they penetrated; but this first measure proved incomplete. The awkwardness of the caulkers prevented the working of the pumps which were designed to keep up the humidity. It succeeded only on board one of them, the Talla-piedra, and that very imperfectly. But this was not all; though the place where they

were to take their stations had been but very slightly sounded, they had received instructions what course they were to pursue, in order to avoid striking, and to place themselves at a proper distance. This precaution likewise proved unavailing. Don Ventura Moreno, a brave seaman, but incapable of combining and executing a plan, vexed even to madness by a letter sent him in the evening of the 12th of September, by general Crillon, which contained this expression: "If you do not make an attack, you are a dishonourable man:"—hastened the departure of the batteries, and placed them in an order contrary to the plan which had been adopted. The difference between these two positions contributed more than any thing else to the result of the day. In consequence of this mistake, no more than two could station themselves at the concerted distance of two hundred fathoms. These were the Pastora, commanded by Moreno himself; and the Talla-piedra, on board of which were the prince of Nassau and d'Arçon; but they were exposed to the fire of the most formidable battery, that of the Royal Bastion; instead of all ten being drawn up around the old mole, and receiving only obliquely the fire of that battery.

The two floating batteries which occupied this dangerous post made great havoc, and sustained dreadful loss. The Talla-piedra received a fatal shot. In spite of all precautions, a red-hot ball penetrated to the dry part of the vessel. Its effect was very slow. The Talla-piedra had opened her fire about ten in the morning; the ball struck her between three and five. The mischief did not appear irremediable till midnight. The San Juan, one of her next neighbours, shared the same fate. It appears certain, that the eight others remained untouched. But what was still more distressing, every thing was wanting at once:—cables to tow off the batteries in case of accident, and boats to receive the wounded. The attack was to have been supported by ten ships and upwards of sixty gun-boats. Neither boats, gun-boats, nor ships made their appearance.

In short, according to the projected position, the gun-boats were to have been seconded by the one hundred and eighty pieces of cannon at the lines of St. Roch. This co-operation was rendered impracticable. About four hundred pieces of artillery were to have opened at once upon North Bastion, Montagu Bastion, and Orange Bastion. With a superiority of nearly three hundred pieces, d'Arçon flattered himself that he should be able to silence the artillery of the fortress. But his consternation may be conceived, when he

found that the besiegers had no more than sixty or seventy pieces to oppose to more than two hundred and eighty belonging to the besieged.

The combined squadron remained quiet spectators of this tremendous scene. Guichen, who commanded the French ships, sent to offer assistance to Moreno, who replied that he had no occasion for any. From this time matters continued to grow worse, and no remedy could be devised. Eight of the ten batteries were at too great a distance to do or to sustain much injury; the two others bore in their bosom the elements of destruction. Moreno, despairing of being able to save any of them, and resolving that they should not fall into the hands of the English, directed that those which were already in flames should be suffered to burn, and that all the others should be set on fire. I have seen the original order to this effect. Such was the result of that day, on which were annihilated ten vessels, the master-pieces of human ingenuity, the building of which had cost three millions of livres, and whose artillery, anchors, cables, rigging, &c. amounted to nearly two millions and a half more. The worthy d'Arçon, in the first moment of his consternation, acknowledged that he alone was to blame for the fatal issue of that day. I had for a considerable time in my possession the original of the short, but emphatic letter, which he wrote to Montmorin, the ambassador, from the very shore of Algeziras, amid the dying sound of the artillery, and by the light of the burning batteries. It was as follows:

"I have burned the temple of Ephesus; every thing is lost, and through my fault. What comforts me under my misfortune is, that the glory of the two kings remains untarnished."

On recovering, however, from the shock, d'Arçon wrote a learned memoir, in which he took great pains to modify the confession which had escaped him, and to prove that he had more than one partner, or rather that circumstances the most untoward and imperious constituted his only fault.

Scarcely had Gibraltar repelled beneath its walls this formidable attempt, when in sight of our armies and our squadrons, the place was re-victualled by admiral Howe, who afterwards with his thirty-six ships boldly entered the Mediterranean. He was seen from Buena Vista passing from one sea to the other: every spectator supposed that he was running into the jaws of destruction. The fifty-two ships which were in the bay, weighed anchor and pursued him; but Howe baffled our manœuvres, as fortune had done our

plans, and returned through the straits in the same security as he had entered them. These disappointments produced dissatisfaction, but not discouragement. The two French princes alone, and their brilliant retinue, who had come to the pillars of Hercules, in full confidence of being present at the taking of Gibraltar, thinking its reduction impossible, manifested an impatience to return, which displeased the court of Madrid, though it gave its consent. I was at the Escurial when they revisited that place. The reception which they experienced at this second interview was not quite so cordial as at the first. The enthusiasm which they had at first excited, had cooled; and indeed they could expect no other.

I was now on the theatre of these events. With what interest I surveyed every object about this celebrated rock! It is steepest next to the Mediterranean, and gradually declines towards the bay of Algeziras. It is on this kind of talus that the art of fortification has multiplied the means of defence, whose tremendous variety you would not have suspected.

Nature, as if to render Gibraltar inaccessible on all sides, has placed between the foot of this fortress, on the west, and the bay of Algeziras, a deep swamp, which extends to the land gate, and leaves between them only space sufficient for a very narrow causeway, commanded by nearly one hundred pieces of cannon. Between this swamp and the bay, a small dyke runs by the sea-side to confine the water; and within the enclosure of the fortress the marsh is bordered by a palisade, which begins at the foot of the mountain and terminates at the sea. This palisade was the first victim sacrificed at the siege of Gibraltar; a new one was erected immediately after the peace. From this point you may distinctly see the old mole, a kind of narrow jetty, lined on either side with batteries. It entirely masks the new mole, which is half a league behind it.

We had an interview, across this palisade, with three English officers, who in vain pressed us to infringe the prohibition of the court of Madrid. We could not, however, refuse their invitation to drink a few glasses of porter to the health of King George III. and General Elliot; after which we returned towards the lines. In retiring from the celebrated rock, I could not refrain from looking back at it twenty times. That, thought I, is the rock on which, for five years, the eyes of the universe were fixed. It is scarcely of the least use to the Eng-

lish, but they imagine their honour concerned in the preservation of this little spot, in spite of nature, which seems to have allotted it to the sovereign of the peninsula of which it forms a part: they accordingly spare no efforts to fortify, to retain, and to defend it. Spain, on the other hand, has no motive but vanity to attempt to recover it: and to this phantom, under a monarch sparing of the blood and treasure of his subjects, did she, during the space of four years, sacrifice immense sums, the most hopeful plans of more distant expeditions, and even the national glory!

CHAP. XXXI.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY MALAGA.—RETURN TO MADRID THROUGH XIMENA, GAUSIN, RONDA, OSSUNA, &c. —DEPARTURE FROM MADRID.—ROADS FROM MADRID TO VALENCIA.

IT is now necessary that I should bring back my readers to Madrid, through the kingdom of Granada; but I must confine my observations to the city of Malaga.

From Cadiz to Malaga, you traverse a beautiful country, where lofty mountains and charming plains alternately succeed each other as far as Antequera, a town agreeably situated on the summit of a very high hill. From this place to Malaga there is an excellent road, which was begun in 1783, and winds, for the space of seven leagues, along hills covered with vineyards.

Malaga itself is in a charming situation, in a climate where rain is unknown, except at the end of autumn. Towards the north and east it is sheltered by very lofty mountains, whose summits are sometimes covered with snow. Towards the west extends a fertile plain watered by two small rivers. The sides of the mountains, at the foot of which Malaga stands, are in high cultivation, being covered with almond, olive, orange, lemon, and fig-trees, and with vineyards, the generous produce of which circulates at the tables of the rich from one end of the world to the other. There are upwards of six thousand vineyards in the district

of Malaga. They yield, every year on the average, more than seventy thousand arrobas of wine, half of which quantity is exported.

They produce from twenty-eight to thirty different kinds of grapes, the best of which are known by the names of Tierno, Moscatel, and Pedro Ximenez. This last appellation, the origin of which cannot be precisely learned even on the spot, is given to one of the most celebrated sorts of Malaga wine, but which is not the exclusive produce of any particular district.

The olive-tree next to the vine contributes most largely to the opulence of Malaga. In the vicinity of that city there are five hundred olive-presses; but the oil, like that of the other provinces, and for the same reasons, is not of good quality: it is however tolerable at Velez Malaga, and still better in the neighbourhood of the village of Churian.

There are but few people, even in Spain, who know that sugar-canes are cultivated in the environs of Velez Malaga, and principally at Torrox, two leagues distant from that place. From the want of wood, the sugar-houses, relics of the industry of the Moors, have been suffered successively to fall into ruins; and most of these canes serve only as playthings for children, who suck them. Among the plantations, those most worthy of notice belong to M. Quilty de Valois, who keeps at work two sugar-mills *(ingenios)*, the produce of which is very little inferior to the best sugars of the Antilles. He has also lately erected a distillery, which has furnished specimens of rum that may be compared with the best Jamaica. In his works, he uses pit-coal, which is imported from England, or comes from the Spanish coasts of the Mediterranean, where, for some time, coal-mines have been wrought for the purpose of supplying the department of Carthagena. There are even also some at no great distance from Torrox; but such is the apathy of the Spaniards, on many points, notwithstanding the spirit of improvement excited with regard to many others, that they have not yet attempted to avail themselves of these treasures.

The mountains in the vicinity of Malaga present the mineralogist with inexhaustible stores. They contain jasper, alabaster, antimony, mercury, sulphur, lead, amianthus, loadstone, &c.

Malaga has scarcely any remarkable edifice except its magnificent cathedral, which remains unfinished for want of hands and funds; and a modern theatre which is neatly built.

In the time of the Moors, Malaga and its environs were much more populous than at present. The city alone has contained upwards of eighty thousand souls. In 1747 it had between thirty-one and thirty-two thousand, and in 1789, nearly fifty thousand. In the western part of its territory, there were formerly above fifty villages; at present there are not more than sixteen. These facts alone would be sufficient to demonstrate the injury which Spain has sustained from the expulsion of the Moors.

This beautiful city has not only suffered from political ravages, but in rainy seasons it often experiences destructive inundations from the torrent of the Guadalmedina, which runs through it. It has now and then been visited by earthquakes, and thirteen or fourteen times by the plague. The contagion, which, in 1804, ravaged Andalusia and the coasts of the Mediterranean, made greater havoc here than in any other town of Spain.

Malaga has three suburbs; the streets are narrow, muddy, and ill-paved. It is a large, rather than a handsome town, but its territory and port contribute to render it a place of considerable importance. Its harbour is very large and commodious; it is capable of containing four hundred merchantmen and ten ships of the line; while from its situation, vessels may enter or leave it with any wind whatever. The entrance is formed by two moles, at the distance of about three thousand fathoms from each other; but the sea gradually recedes from this coast, and as the current of the Guadalmedina carries along with it a great quantity of sand, it is not improbable that sooner or later the harbour of Malaga will be entirely choaked up.

Malaga is at present engaged in a very extensive commerce. The two nations which derive the greatest advantage from it are, the French and the English. In 1791 Malaga contained 321 natives of France, 342 Genoese, and 62 English. It is, nevertheless, visited by a greater number of the vessels of the latter nation than of any other. In 1789 they amounted to nearly one hundred, while those of the French did not exceed eight or ten. The Spaniards begin to frequent this port more than they formerly did. In 1785, only two ships of that nation entered the harbour. In 1791 it was visited by thirty-nine, and in 1792 by thirty-three vessels.

The city of Malaga itself takes a direct part in maritime commerce. It has about twenty brigs and snows, belonging to owners who employ them in frequent voyages to Spanish

America, to which they carry wines, spirituous liquors, raisins, figs, oil, linens, and mercery, and bring back dollars, hides, and colonial produce. These vessels are also freighted sometimes with wine for Ostend, Hamburgh, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and even for Riga and Petersburgh.

In 1804, Malaga contained sixty first-rate houses in every branch of commerce. It has manufactures of silks, velvet, shag, stockings, thread, hats, soap, paper, &c. Neither are the neighbouring towns without industry. There are manufactures of woollen cloth, baize, serge, at Coin, Junquerra, and in particular at Grazalemo, the cloths of which are in great demand. Serges are likewise manufactured at Ronda, baize and morocco leather at Antequera, and crucibles at Marbella.

A road which runs along the sea-coast leads from Malaga to Velez Malaga, a handsome little town, a quarter of a league from the Mediterranean, and the native place of the celebrated minister Galvez. To supply employment to this district he established at Machara Viaya, a village near Velez, a manufactory of playing cards, which supplies all the Spanish colonies with that article.

We will now return to St. Roch, in order to resume our route to Madrid. By making a small circuit the traveller may pass through Ximena, a small town situated on the side of a steep rock. About twenty years since, the minister Galvez established here a foundry of iron cannon and balls, exclusively intended for Spanish America.

Three leagues farther, you come to Gausin, a handsome town in the midst of steep mountains, from which the rock of Gibraltar may be distinctly seen: it overlooks a deep valley, fertilized by the streams which water it in every part. The extensive domain of a convent of Franciscans contributes greatly to adorn the landscape. The possessions of the monks are universally in good situations, and in high cultivation, so that they tend to enliven the adjacent country. It is only their accumulation in cities that is attended with serious inconveniences at least for industry.

For the distance of two or three leagues beyond Gausin, the road runs along the sides of the hills, through vineyards which cover them from their very summits to the bottom of the valleys. The country afterwards becomes still more uneven; as far as Ronda, it consists entirely of lofty mountains, in the defiles of which winds an extremely rugged road.

From time to time you come to miserable villages, which

hang as it were on the sides of naked rocks. Their position and their names Guatazin, Benali, and Atajate, plainly indicate that they were built by the Moors, who sought, in the bosom of these almost inaccessible mountains, retreats where they might be secure from the attacks of the Christians. At present they are the haunts of robbers and smugglers.

After passing Atajate, the road ascends till it gains the summit of lofty mountains, whence the traveller sees, for the last time, the rock of Gibraltar.

Soon afterwards he discovers Ronda, a town surrounded almost entirely with a double enclosure of rocks. The situation is highly picturesque: but this kind of natural fortification, when it ceases to be useful, proves very inconvenient. At the bottom of this deep and narrow valley runs a small river, over which has, within these few years, been erected a stone bridge, which from its elevation, excites in the mind of the passenger emotions of terror.

After passing Ronda, you proceed to Canete, a town of a bad appearance, and traverse a rugged and dreary country, notwithstanding its extensive corn-fields and plantations of olives. At the end of five long leagues, you arrive at Ossuna, the capital of the duchy of that name. The town is large, but though it is the residence of many of the nobility, nothing in it announces affluence. The distance from Ossuna to Ecija is only six leagues, the road leading through one of the most level and highly cultivated parts of Andalusia.

I have already conducted the reader from Ecija to Madrid, a distance of seventy-five leagues. I have now nothing more to do but to lead him back to the frontiers of France, by the route which I followed at the beginning of 1793, in consequence of an event which marked the first months of that year.

In consequence of the French revolution, I demanded a passport, and left Madrid the 23d of February, 1793. As I had never visited Catalonia, which, on the eve of the war with which we were threatened, was likely to be the principal theatre of military preparations, I resolved to proceed through Valencia and Barcelona, and to return to France by way of Perpignan.

I entered La Mancha, the western part of which I had to cross on my way to the kingdom of Valencia. I had performed the same journey merely for pleasure in 1782, in the finest season of the year, and at a period when my mind,

the whole political horizon, and every thing about me, was more serene.

There are three roads from Aranjuez to Valencia: one of them, the post road, passes through Tarancon, Requena, &c. It was this that I travelled in 1783. The other, which I took on my return, conducts through San Felipe, Almanza, and Albecete. The third is the beautiful new road, which leads in the most convenient manner from Madrid to Valencia.

I shall not carry my readers so rapidly through the kingdom of Valencia, neither shall I make them quit its capital so abruptly as I was obliged to do in 1793. This province, one of the most beautiful portions of Spain, perhaps the most delightful country in Europe, requires us to enter into some particulars respecting it.

The capital of Valencia, though not, strictly speaking, a handsome city, is at least a very agreeable place of residence, especially of late years, since the establishment of a vigilant police, which is not less attentive to its embellishment than to its security. Though its streets are unpaved, they are kept extremely clean. The soil, which is very frequently removed, serves to manure the vast orchard which surrounds Valencia on every side. Idleness and indigence are banished from this city, where artisans of every description find employment. In 1783, nearly four thousand silk looms and frames of different dimensions were kept in motion by upwards of twenty thousand of the inhabitants, exclusive of those who prepare the wood and iron-work of so great a number of machines, and such as are engaged in spinning, winding, and dyeing the silk. This prosperity has progressively increased since 1783, and I am assured, that of late years, Valencia has contained eight thousand looms.

The silk manufactures are not the only source of employment possessed by the Valencians. They supply the royal arsenals with a considerable quantity of hemp. They have manufactures of woollen cloths and camlets in their capital, and fifty paper-mills, scattered throughout the country. Their wines and brandies are exported in great quantities not only to England, Jersey, Holland, and the North, by way of Dunkirk, where most of the brandy denominated Valencian, was some time since made, but also for several years past to Spanish America.

Another source of wealth to the inhabitants of the kingdom of Valencia is rice; but its cultivation detracts from the salubrity of their genial climate. They, however, pos-

sess means of protecting themselves from the pernicious influence of the rice-lands. I have known people who, by taking care not to go abroad till the sun had risen to some height above the horizon, by returning in the evening to their apartments, which were well closed against the external air, and abstaining almost entirely from the use of water, lived in the midst of their rice-fields without sustaining any inconvenience: but few persons who reside in their neighbourhood escape the attacks of periodical fevers. The quantity of rice raised of late years is prodigious. Valencia supplies all Spain, except the south of Andalusia, with rice, which is preferred to the produce of Carolina. The extensive demand for the rice of Valencia has tended to raise it considerably in price. The measure which in 1785 was sold for six or seven piastres, now costs from ten to twelve; and the farmers of the country assert that Valencia annually receives no less than thirty-two millions of reals for the rice which it exports. There are, it is well known, two ways of cultivating this grain. It is either planted or sown. When planted, it is more productive, but requires more attention, for which reason the latter method is generally preferred. The land is prepared by ploughing for its reception, but the surface is made level without any appearance of furrows, and covered with water to the depth of more than a foot. The culture of rice, at least in the kingdom of Valencia, is attended with this singularity, that the plant is constantly in water, even including the time of reaping it. Rice-grounds are never drained, except for the purpose of weeding them. In harvest-time the reapers wading up to the knees in water, are followed by low carts which receive the sheaves of rice; this grain is then separated from the straw in the same manner as all other kinds are, not only in the kingdom of Valencia, but throughout almost all Spain; that is, it is trodden out by horses or mules. After this operation, the rice is still covered with the husk. This is removed by means of mills perfectly resembling corn-mills, excepting that the stones are covered with cork. The rice is sold both before and after the latter operation.

Barilla is a production peculiar to the kingdoms of Valencia and Murcia. It is an essential article in the manufacture of glass. About one hundred and fifty thousand quintals are annually made and exported to France, England, Genoa, and Venice. Soda, in Spanish, *sosa*, is a species of barilla, made use of in the soap manufactories of France and Eng-

land. About twenty-five thousand quintals a-year are made in the kingdom of Valencia.

Oil is one of the most abundant productions of the kingdom of Valencia; but it is not allowed to be exported, except when the price is very low. It is generally thought to have a disagreeable taste and smell, and upon the whole it deserves that character. This imperfection is attributed to various causes; in the first place, to the practice of bruising the fruit by the negligent manner in which it is gathered, instead of plucking it with care; secondly, to the custom of keeping the stone too long in the olives; and thirdly, to the scarcity of oil-mills, which occasions the olives to be left several months in heaps, in which they ferment, and rot before the juice is expressed.

The industry of the Valencians even avails itself of the aloe, a parasitical plant, which seems to have been designed only for ornament and for enclosures. From its long and very thick leaves they procure a kind of thread, with which they make bridles and other articles.

They likewise export part of the wool of the second quality which their territory produces. The sheep which furnish it are chiefly kept in the vicinity of Gandia, and in the port of that town it is shipped for Marseilles, together with numerous cargoes of dried fruits, aniseed, and cochineal raised in the country. Their abundant crops of oranges, lemons, raisins and figs, and above all their wines and brandies also, furnish them with articles for a prodigious exportation.

In the kingdom of Valencia, industry is not cramped and oppressed, as in the provinces of the crown of Castile, by royal imposts. None of those comprehended under the denomination of *rentas provinciales*, are known here; in the place of all these there is only the *equivalente*, a direct tax on all property of what nature soever it may be. The Valencians are subject to very heavy feudal services, and seignorial imposts levied in kind on the produce of the soil, amounting to a seventh, a sixth, and in some places to a fourth of the whole crop.

CHAP. XXXII.

BUILDINGS OF VALENCIA.—CANALS.—STATE OF MANUFACTURES.—ENVIRONS OF VALENCIA.—CARTHUSIAN CONVENTS.—MURVIEDRO, THE ANCIENT SAGUNTUM.—MODERN ESTABLISHMENT OF SAN CARLOS.

WE will now enter Valencia, and survey the most remarkable objects in that city.

The exchange is a spacious structure, where the merchants and manufacturers assemble, and where the chief, nay almost the only subject of their conversation and bargains, is the most valuable production of the country, silk.

The arts and belles lettres are seldom cultivated in manufacturing and commercial cities. Valencia, nevertheless, has a public library, that of the archbishop, which also contains a collection of statues and antique busts. The last archbishop of Valencia was of a character so austere, as to make him an enemy to all profane pleasures. His scruples diminished the value of this collection, by causing some of the statues which compose it to be mutilated. The theatre of Saragossa having been burned by lightning, he obtained an order for shutting up that of Valencia, and building houses upon the site which it occupied. Since his death, the lovers of the stage have begun to erect a new theatre, under the direction of Fontana, a skilful architect, who some years since was invited to Madrid, to execute the embellishments of the palace.

The *Real*, the residence of the captain-general, is more remarkable for its fine position than for its beauty. It is an ancient and extensive edifice, situated in the most remarkable quarter. Between the walls of the city and the suburbs runs on this side a long vacant space, to which you are led by five bridges over the Guadalaviar. If the current of that river filled its channel, it would be difficult to imagine a finer point of view; but before it reaches Valencia, it is extremely reduced by the abundant contributions which it has paid in its course. It is this river that furnishes the

greatest part of the water for the irrigation of this fertile country. This system of irrigation is superintended by a police which cannot be too highly admired. The different cuts made from the river feed several canals for irrigation, or *azequias*, which diffuse their benefits over all the adjacent lands. Each landholder previously knows the very day and hour at which he is to receive the salutary supply. He then opens his sluice, and admits the water into the little canals which border his grounds, and which he is obliged by an express law to cleanse twice a year. This general and periodical irrigation is certainly attended with great advantages.

Near the banks of the Guadalaviar, are the finest walks of Valencia, the *Alameda*, *Monte Olivete*, and the road to *Grao*, a small village on the sea-shore, about half a league from the city. For a long time Valencia had no other port than the bad roadstead opposite Grao. Small vessels could seldom approach nearer than half a league, and ships with three masts were scarcely ever seen there. Their cargoes were unloaded into barges which were rowed close to the shore, and then drawn by oxen upon the beach. Valencia, therefore, wanted nothing but a harbour to render it one of the most flourishing cities in Spain. Within these ten or twelve years efforts have been made to procure it this advantage, by voluntary contributions from the merchants and manufacturers. The new port will have eighteen feet of water, and will be capable of admitting large frigates. It has been formed not by digging away the beach, but by raising the water of the sea by artificial means, similar to those to which the French had recourse in the construction of the port of Cherbourg.

The new port of Grao is likely to be much frequented, and will doubtless do considerable injury to the commerce of Alicant. Even before its construction, nothing could be more delightful than the road from Valencia to Grao; but this small village was inhabited only by fishermen, and towards the north the shore was lined with miserable huts. Great part of them having been consumed by fire, and all the proprietors being obliged to rebuild them on a new plan, handsome uniform houses have risen upon their site, and will soon form a new town, which will add not a little to the embellishments of the environs of Valencia.

From the top of a tower contiguous to the cathedral, called the *Miquelet*, you may enjoy an enchanting view of Valencia, and its territory. The city seems to stand in the midst

of a prodigious orchard, over which are scattered numberless villages and hamlets. Hence you behold the Guadalaviar slowly propelling the scanty remnant of its waters to the sea, and perceive the Albufera, a lake which discharges itself by means of a very narrow channel into the Mediterranean, and which at a certain distance, as also in the map, has the appearance of a gulf. This lake abounds in aquatic birds, which the Valencians take great delight in shooting. In this sport they particularly indulge twice in the month of November. At this season the lake is covered with waterfowl, teal, and wild ducks. The sportsmen pursue them in boats, and oblige them to take shelter among the reeds; at length finding themselves too closely pressed, the birds rise in flocks, and are killed in great numbers. The albufera belongs to the king, who lets it for twelve thousand dollars, and the farmer sells permission to shoot there for a stated sum.

The cathedral of Valencia, though highly extolled, is an edifice rather elegant than magnificent: the walls are covered with stucco, in compartments bordered with gold. It contains, among other good pictures, some of the performances of Joanes, one of the best Spanish painters of the second rank. Great encomiums are likewise bestowed on the Temple, a modern church, in a noble and simple style, and on the College del Patriarca, whose church, which would be handsome were it less obscured with smoke, possesses a rich shrine, which is shewn with much ceremony to the curious, and even to those who have no taste for such articles.

Some other churches likewise contain pictures by Joanes, Rivalta, and Orrente, the three most eminent painters of Valencia. But what particularly distinguishes the city and kingdom of Valencia, is their manufactures, particularly of woollen cloth. They consume the greater part of the wool of the country, which, though of inferior quality, makes very good common cloth, and is even in great request for the manufactures of Languedoc. But it is the silk manufactures of Valencia that render this country so flourishing. Twenty-five years ago it produced a greater quantity of silk than it was able to manufacture*: and it was then difficult to conceive why government should throw such obstacles in the way of its exportation. Now that the number of looms is nearly double what it was at that period, there is sufficient reason for prohibiting the export of silk. A much more con-

* It is computed that the quantity of silk manufactured one year with another in Valencia, amounts to one million of pounds.

siderable portion than it is able to manufacture is however sent to Andalusia; and it is well known that some of it, wafted down the Guadalquivir, is conveyed to England.

The increase of the silk manufactures of late years, has tended to encourage in an extraordinary degree the cultivation of mulberry-trees. They are every where planted, and are every where found to thrive. All the landholders pay particular attention to their cultivation. I was told of a man who collects annually twenty pounds weight of the eggs of silk-worms, and has a sufficient number of mulberry trees to support them. It is common to meet with persons who raise five, six, or seven pounds of eggs. All these trees are of the white kind *(moreras)*; though in some of the provinces of Spain, as, for instance, in the kingdom of Granada, there are black mulberry-trees *(morales)*, whose leaves produce a silk very little inferior to the white ones. The leaves of the latter are sold at the rate of about 270 French livres, or eleven guineas per *carga*. These leaves are gathered once, twice, and at most thrice a year; but the last are seldom so abundant, or of such good quality as the first.

The silk of Valencia may be compared in respect to fineness, with the best in Europe, but the spinning is still imperfect, because it is divided among thousands of hands, and consequently is not executed in a uniform manner. Hence the inequalities of their stuffs; and on this account the Spanish silk imported into France is never made use of in any fine work.

The commerce of Valencia has sustained considerable injury from the two successive wars between Spain and England. Its port has almost entirely ceased to be frequented, and the productions of this beautiful country have experienced a considerable diminution both in their price and in their sale. The price of a pound of silk, for instance, has fallen from five to three piastres, which proves the truth of what we have already observed, that, notwithstanding the prohibition, a great quantity of silk is, in time of peace, exported from Valencia.

All the villages near Valencia are charmingly placed. There are twenty situations around that city deserving of the notice of travellers. If they would wish to see a beautiful Franciscan convent, let them pay a visit to that of San Miguel de los Reyes. They may make an excursion to three Carthusian monasteries in the environs of Valencia, all of which are in charming situations. One of these, called

Porta Cœli, is worthy of particular mention; every thing there announces abundance; every thing tends to produce serenity of soul. Had we even vowed enmity to the monastic life, we could not help feeling a certain degree of interest for these silent recluses, who cannot be accused of neglecting the gifts which nature has poured forth around their habitation. Austere only in what regards themselves, their peaceful and laborious lives cannot justly be looked upon as useless to the community at large. I went into some of their cells, which are remarkable for cleanliness and elegant simplicity. I likewise paid a visit to their burial ground, the modest enclosure of which is formed by palm trees that overshadow their tombs. Rose-bushes were planted around them, as if to prevent their remains from infecting the air which is respired in this sacred spot. I regretted that men have not every where endeavoured, in the same way, to exhibit death under a less hideous form, and to banish from the grave those images which render it so frightful.

We will now leave Valencia, and the beautiful scenery around it, and continue our journey to Barcelona. After passing through Valencia, the first remarkable place which the traveller comes to is the ancient Saguntum, now called Murviedro. The castles which command the town may be seen at the distance of two leagues. At first they may be taken for the remains of the ramparts which the intrepid Saguntines defended with such obstinacy against the Carthaginian hero; but you afterwards learn that they were erected by the Moors. On the heights upon which these castles are situated, they built seven fortresses, communicating with each other by subterraneous passages, some of which are yet almost entire. It appears that Saguntum reached no higher than half way up these hills, and stood chiefly in the plain towards the sea, extending considerably beyond the present site of Murviedro; since Livy informs us that it was only a thousand paces from it, and Murviedro is a long league from the Mediterranean. In confirmation of this opinion, it is remarked, that no relics of the Carthaginians and Romans have been found nearer to the Moorish fortresses than the foot of the hill upon which they stand.

The monuments, whose ruins are still to be seen at Murviedro, were founded at the period when the Romans, after the valiant defence of the Saguntines and the destruction of their city, rebuilt the place, and made it one of their *municipia*, one of the most flourishing towns they possessed out of Italy. Among other edifices, it contained a temple of

Bacchus, some relics of which are to be seen to the left, near the entrance of Murviedro. Its Mosaic pavement, which negligence had nearly suffered to be lost, has been taken up and deposited in the archiepiscopal library.

The foundations of the ancient circus of Saguntum, upon which now stand the walls that serve to inclose a long succession of orchards, may yet be perceived. This circus extended to a small river, the bed of which only remains, and which was the chord of the segment formed by the circus. When the Saguntines exhibited the mock sea-fights, called *Naumachia*, this bed was undoubtedly filled by the tributes of the neighbouring canals, which still exist.

Of all the remains of ancient Saguntum, nothing is in such good preservation as its theatre. You perceive very distinctly the different rows of seats occupied by the citizens, according to their rank. At the bottom, in the place allotted in our theatres to the orchestra, were the seats of the magistrates; next, those for the equestrian order; and then those for the body of the people. The two door-ways by which the magistrates entered, are still perceptible; two others exclusively reserved for the knights; and almost at the top of this amphitheatre, which continues without interruption, from the bottom upwards, you observe the two passages by which the multitude withdrew, and which the ancients on that account denominated *vomitoria*. Lastly, are the highest seats, which were appropriated to the lictors and courtezans, and which are in a perfect state. The semicircular crest of the whole edifice is also entire. There may even be seen, on the outside, the projecting stones, in which were inserted the bars that served to spread the horizontal covering of cloth, which sheltered the spectators from the sun and rain; for the ancients, in their public exhibitions, foresaw and provided for every contingency. Every person had a seat, and was screened from the weather. All possible precautions were taken to prevent disorder. A place, which may still be seen, was set apart for the judges. If any spectator drew upon himself their animadversion, they directed the lictors to seize and conduct him to a particular chamber, to which they had access by a private staircase. Here they interrogated him, and if they found him culpable, he was confined till the conclusion of the exhibition, in a prison under the chamber in which he was examined.

From the theatre, you climb to the ancient fortresses of the Moors, which crown the hill, and on the platform on the summit, is an humble hermitage, the inhabitant of which

enjoys one of the finest prospects in Spain. It commands the fertile plains between Murviedro and Valencia. He beholds the steeples of that capital rising from amidst the orchards by which it is surrounded. He has the Mediterranean before him, the whole coast of which, from Murviedro to the sea-side is covered with vines, olive and mulberry trees. To the left, a chain of hills bounds the horizon, and gradually sinks to the Mediterranean, leaving no other interval between them than that occupied by the road to Barcelona.

The wine produced in the environs of Murviedro, is strong and of a good flavour; but most of it is converted into brandy, which is conveyed in barrels to the small port, which is about a league from the town; there it is shipped for the north, for some other parts of Europe, especially France, and for Spanish America.

On leaving Murviedro, the road, which was excellent, led through prodigious plains, shaded with olive and carob trees, fertile vineyards, and scenes of the most enchanting fertility, to Castellon de la Plana, a village seven leagues from Valencia.

At Castellon you come to the end of the good roads. Nothing can be more abrupt than the transition. After you have descended an extremely rugged declivity, you approach the sea, which you keep in view for a league. You then pass through a very steep defile, and are dreadfully jolted till you arrive at the foot of the eminence, close to the shore of the Mediterranean, on which is situated the castle of Oropesa. From Castellon, the fertility of the soil perceptibly decreases. The country all around about the defile of Oropesa, is utterly destitute of inhabitants, and exhibits a most dreary spectacle. Beyond this place it displays some marks of cultivation; but the rugged roads continue without intermission to Alcala de Sibert, a kind of town situated on the side of a hill in a country neither agreeable nor fertile.

You now again approach the Mediterranean, and come to the last sea port towns of Valencia. These are Benicarla, Vinnaroz, and San Carlos, which do not merit any particular description. The first is inhabited by fishermen, and the others produce wines, which are exported to France, and there mixed with our own.

On leaving San Carlos we traversed a wild and uncultivated country. At first we had the sea and the peninsula of the Alfaques on our right; we then turned off from them, and

approached the Ebro, which we reached at Amposta, a village where we crossed that river in a ferry-boat, and where the canal which runs to San Carlos commences.

CHAP. XXXIII.

ENTRANCE INTO CATALONIA.—PASSAGE OF THE DEFILE OF BALAQUET.—CAMBRILS.—TORTOSA —REUS.—TARRAGON.—ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.—MONSERRAT.—BARCELONA.—CONCLUSION.

AFTER crossing the Ebro, the traveller passes through an immense tract of country destitute of inhabitants, and covered almost entirely with heath. This whole district is intersected by ravines, which render the travelling through it in a carriage extremely troublesome.

One of the most striking phenomena that a traveller meets with in Europe, is to find, in a country so well known as Spain, between two cities so considerable as Valencia and Barcelona, so near to the sea-coast, and to the mouth of a large river, on a road so much frequented by people of every description, and even of every nation; to find, I say, extensive districts so totally destitute of resources, and of all the conveniences and comforts which in every other country are the inseparable companions of civilization and luxury. This is a reflection which the most superficial observer cannot help making, especially from the banks of the Ebro to the vicinity of Barcelona.

At Cambrils lay the home of an unfortunate family of pilgrims, in whose company we ascended the mountain of Balaquet. They had been in quest of health to a miraculous image at Vinnaroz, and returned more wretched than they went. A mother, four or five young girls, barefoot, and covered with rags, and two small children, benumbed with cold, and exhausted by want, with difficulty pursued their homeward course, imploring by the way the compassion of travellers, sometimes more easily moved than that of heaven. With what melancholy reflections did these

victims of fortune and of superstition inspire us! These forlorn objects returned on foot, without relief, from a fatiguing and fruitless journey, and yet appeared resigned; while I presumed to complain of the rugged ways which jolted my carriage, closely shut up from the cold, well hung, and stored with what was necessary, useful, and even agreeable. I could not forbear reproaching myself both for these conveniences and for my murmurs; nay, I had nearly done the same in respect to the modest way in which my children and their mother travelled. I pacified my remorse by a donation which was at first received with gratitude and joy; but the principal pilgrim soon cooled my sympathy, by her importunities, and her want of feeling for the poor little creatures whom she carried or dragged along with her, and above all, by offering to tell me my fortune. I had taken her for a religious woman, and an affectionate mother, and my heart was chilled to find that she was nothing but an artful gipsey. How often would the warm glow of compassion give place to harsher sentiments, if it were always aware of the character of its objects. But it is perhaps an ordination of heaven in favour of the unfortunate, that it frequently acts with the unreflecting promptitude of instinct.

Cambrils has a bad port, which is frequented only by a few vessels, which there take in freights for Cadiz, Genoa, and other places. When they are overtaken here by tempestuous weather, they run for shelter into the little harbour of Salo, only half a league distant.

Reus, at which you arrive soon after leaving Cambrils, is a small modern town, which industry has in a short space of time raised to a high degree of prosperity. It is an inland place about four leagues to the north-west of Tarragon, from which it is separated by one of the most fertile and best cultivated plains in Spain. The trade carried on by the inhabitants of Reus is considerable, and principally consists of commissions from houses at Barcelona for goods to send back in return for the commodities which they receive from the north. Reus is one of those wonderful creations, which a traveller cannot help making a circuit of a few leagues to see and to admire. He will there find, under the direction of an English firm, one of the finest distilleries in Europe, a very handsome theatre, some beautiful barracks, and a general appearance of activity and abundance. Great quantities of leather are also made here, as well as at

the town of Bails or Valls, which is only three leagues to the north-east of Reus.

The inhabitants of the ancient Tarragon are not idle spectators of the success of these youthful rivals. In the hope of restoring to their port its primitive prosperity, they have undertaken to improve it at their own expence, by moles which will render it more safe and commodious.

Just before entering Tarragon, you are obliged to ford the Francoli, which, very near this spot, discharges itself into the sea. Tarragon was formerly a fortified place. Part of its ancient walls are still standing. When I passed through it in 1793, a fort with thick embrasures had just been erected, for the purpose of defending at least the approaches from the sea. The traveller may pursue his way to Barcelona, without entering Tarragon; but wishing to have a near view of that celebrated city, I climbed up to it by a rugged path. I was struck with the beauty of its situation, but the interior of the place seemed dull and desert. The avenues on every side are encumbered with rocks, and the approach is extremely difficult for carriages. The cathedral is a handsome edifice, but gloomy, and supported by columns of prodigious size. Tarragon abounds in relics of Roman monuments.

On quitting the city by the gate which leads to Barcelona, you return by an abrupt descent into the high road. The environs of Tarragon are nevertheless agreeable and populous. Handsome houses extend in almost uninterrupted succession from the city to the hamlet of La Figaretta, which is a short league distant from it.

Two long leagues farther, you pass under a beautiful triumphal arch, which though doubtless formerly designed to commemorate some exploit, in a frequented spot, stands at present quite detached in the midst of a lonely country. It is in good preservation, except the capitals, which seem to have been of the Corinthian order, and which some attempts have been made to restore. The Spanish antiquaries have no hesitation in ascribing it to the time of Trajan. A league to the right of the road is another monument much more decayed, and known by the appellation of the tower of the Scipios, because tradition asserts that two Romans of that name were there interred. Though all its figures are defaced by time, the spectator may still distinguish two slaves in the attitude of grief.

Shortly afterwards you come to the village of Vendrell,

from which you proceed through a naked country to the handsome village of Villa Franca, and on leaving that place, you have before you a chain of mountains which bounds the horizon on almost every side. Here is situated the celebrated convent of Montserrat, the solitary abode of those recluses who have engaged the attention of more than one traveller, and among whom I was informed that some French prelates had shortly before taken refuge.

The monastery of Montserrat is eight leagues to the north-west of Barcelona. The only place worthy of notice in this interval, is the town of Terrassa, known for its manufactures of fine woollen cloths. On the brow of a lofty mountain is situated the convent adjoining to the church, which is one of the most remarkable monuments of sumptuous devotion. It contains eighty silver lamps, chandeliers, shrines, crosses, busts of the same metal, crowns enriched with precious stones, and magnificent apparel, all appropriated to the decoration of a wonder-working image of the blessed Virgin.

The recluses of Montserrat are thirteen or fourteen in number. Their hermitages are scattered over the side of the mountain, and occupy a space of near two leagues up to its summit. (Vide the plate.) The highest, that of St. Jerome, commands a magnificent view over plains of immense extent. From this spot the eye expatiates over rivers, whose courses it pursues, cities, islands, and the expanded bosom of the Mediterranean. The tenants of these solitary retreats cannot be supposed to have much relish for beauties which daily meet their view; but setting aside that devotion which has been so bitterly calumniated, but whose illusions would embellish the most dreary desert, they here lead a tranquil and even agreeable life, without having any prescribed task to perform, without any anxiety in respect to a livelihood, without remorse, but not without austerity. In the midst of their useless wealth in the bosom of abundance, they limit themselves to a happy mediocrity, and the hospitality which they shew to travellers is almost their only expence. Philosophy might proscribe, and policy attempt to reform, but cruelty alone could find in its heart to curse them.

Beyond Villa Franca, a fine road conducts from Los Molinos del Rey to Barcelona, a distance of four leagues. Nothing can be more delightful, more lively, more luxuriant, than the country adjacent to that capital, which is worthy, in every point of view, of the notice of the traveller. Its port contributes greatly to its embellishment, though nei-

ther good nor capacious. It is even likely to be entirely choaked up, unless a speedy remedy be applied.

The port of Barcelona, such as it is, and as it will long continue in its state of progressive deterioration, is formed by a kind of bay situated between the citadel of Montjouy or Montjouich, the city of Barcelona, and Barcelonetta, a small modern town, the residence of all the workmen employed in the dock-yard, and all the seamen both natives and foreigners. The streets of Barcelonetta are all perfectly straight, and the houses uniform. They have been built only one story high, in order to facilitate the superintendance over the turbulent class of people by which they are inhabited, and not to intercept the view of the sea from the houses in the city.

The merchants of Barcelona are proprietors of between one hundred and one hundred and twenty vessels both of two and three masts. At least one-third of these are employed in time of peace, in conveying to America the productions of the soil and of the industry of Catalonia.

There is not a city in Spain, where a greater appearance of activity, or more real industry prevail, notwithstanding the causes of idleness and depopulation which still exist in Barcelona, as well as in the rest of the kingdom. It contains eighty-two churches, twenty-seven convents of monks, eighteen nunneries, and several congregations. According to the enumeration of 1787, the inhabitants of Barcelona amounted to one hundred and eleven thousand four hundred and ten; it has now one hundred and sixty thousand, including the religious houses, the garrison and Barcelonetta.

The amateurs of the fine arts will here admire three pictures by Mengs; and the lovers of antiquities will find six fluted columns of the Corinthian order, the remains of a magnificent edifice, respecting the destination of which the learned are not agreed; the ruins of an amphitheatre, and of a bath; several trunks of antique statues; and lastly, a great number of inscriptions which still continue to exercise the ingenuity of the literati.

Barcelona is principally indebted for its splendour and opulence to its industry and the number of its manufactures. The chief are those of cotton; one hundred and fifty manufactories being engaged in the spinning of that material, and the same number in making printed calicoes. Those of bone-lace, blond-lace, ribbons, thread, furnish employment

for twelve thousand persons, and as many are employed in the various branches of the silk manufacture.

The Catalonians have almost entirely robbed France of the manufacture of hats, immense quantities of which were made at Lyons. In the single city of Barcelona there are upwards of twenty manufactories, which not only supply the demand for hats at home, but export part of their commodities to Spanish America. The cloth manufactures of Catalonia are not in a condition equally prosperous. The Catalonian cloths are exempt from the defects of the finest kinds made in the other parts of the kingdom.

The manufacturers of Catalonia have derived greater advantage from the assistance of the French, in respect to the improvement of the art of dyeing. Within these seven or eight years they have made themselves masters of the secret of dyeing cotton red. At Barcelona and in its district there are twelve or fifteen establishments of this kind, that have been formed by French refugees, and where they begin to produce colours of a beauty and durability that leave very little room for further improvement.

The cultivation of madder, to which considerable attention has for some years been paid in the environs of Tortosa and Valencia, cannot fail to promote the progress of this branch of industry; especially since the Catalonians have recently acquired a perfect knowledge of the art of grinding that plant, and adapting it to the dyeing of their cottons.

Such are the latest particulars we have been able to collect relative to the state of industry and manufactures in Catalonia.

Catalonia, however, notwithstanding its present flourishing state, is not so populous as it might be. It contains one million three hundred and fifty-two thousand four hundred inhabitants. Its population was formerly more considerable. The roads, the grand medium of commerce, are in general extremely neglected in Catalonia. This province is far from having availed itself of all its mineral treasures.

Next to Barcelona, the principal city in Catalonia is Lerida, distant twenty-five leagues from the capital. In this interval, you meet every hour with towns or villages, except in the last four leagues. The five first lead through a country abounding in the gifts of nature, and enriched by the efforts of industry. The tract over which the next four leagues conduct you, exhibits a striking proof of the enterprising activity of the Catalonians. Farther on you come to the Noya, a very capricious stream, which you ford a

dozen times. It frequently lays waste the country; but, upon the whole, it tends more than any thing else to enliven it. It drives a great number of mills, especially of those which supply great part of Spain and America with paper.

Pursuing the route from Barcelona to Lerida, you pass through the towns of Igualada and Cervera. The country between these places is not so beautiful or so well cultivated. Cervera, situated on an eminence, which commands an extensive view, belongs to the diocese of Solsona, a portion of which is mountainous, though the greater part is fertile in all sorts of grain and pulse.

Cervera, a town with five thousand inhabitants, has a well frequented university, founded by Philip V. at the time when he suppressed all the others in Catalonia.

Cardona, a small town in the same diocese, has in its territory, which art has rendered extremely fertile, a mine known to all naturalists, and which is perhaps the only one of its kind in Europe.

Lerida is situated at the western extremity of Catalonia. You enter the city by a fine bridge over the Segre, which washes it on the east. It is situated at the foot of a hill, crowned with the ruins of a castle, formerly a place of great strength.

On returning from Lerida, I proceeded from Barcelona to France by the Pyrennees, passing through Girona, Olot, and some other small towns, situated in a wild though tolerably well cultivated country, till I came to Figueras, which lies at the foot of those mountains. Here you are surrounded by one of the branches of that immense chain; for the hills, several of which overlook, but at a considerable distance, the eminence on which Figueras is situated, that make a long circuit round this fortress, and then sink into the sea at Cape de Palamos, are nothing but a ramification of the Pyrenees.

The road from Figueras to Jonquerra is in general excellent, and runs through a fertile and well cultivated country. Shortly afterwards you come to the village of Bourou, which is the first stage in France; and here I shall bid adieu to the reader, having said enough, I trust, to convince him, that Spain and its inhabitants are far from deserving that contempt with which they have been treated by the ignorant and the envious.

END OF BOURGOING'S TRAVELS.

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☞ Bourgoing is to be placed before the Travels in Italy.

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TRAVELS

FROM

PARIS

THROUGH

SWITZERLAND AND ITALY,

IN THE YEARS

1801 AND 1802.

WITH

SKETCHES

OF THE

MANNERS AND CHARACTERS

OF THE

RESPECTIVE INHABITANTS.

BY A NATIVE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR RICHARD PHILLIPS, 6, NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS,

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1808.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Letters from Europe begin at Paris. It was the Author's original intention to have given his countrymen an opportunity of beholding the rival Empires of France and England, as they appear to an American eye; but conceiving that his principles would be canvassed with suspicion, by the wakeful prejudices of party, (which he is rather disposed to allay than foment) he now offers to the Public that part only of his European Tour to which political objections cannot so readily apply.

TRAVELS

THROUGH

SWITZERLAND AND ITALY.

LETTER I.

OUTSET FROM PARIS.---ROUTE THROUGH CHAMPAGNE.---DESCRIPTION OF BASIL.

Basil, August 1*st.* 1801.

My Dear Friends,

WE staid three months at Paris, in daily expectation of that intelligence from Philadelphia, which should have induced our return, if any thing had occurred at home to render it necessary. But our letters were unaccountably mislaid at London, and my wife's health, though greatly improved by our residence in the south of France, demanded, for the approaching winter, the genial warmth of an Italian climate.

The flames of war, by which the fairest countries in Europe had so long been desolated, were now happily extinguished, by the treaty of Luneville, our inclination to see Rome revived; and the respectable banking-house of Perregaux and Company, which has maintained private credit amidst national bankruptcy, had offered with obliging confidence, to furnish a passing stranger with the necessary letters of credit.

Our old post-chariot, the running gear of which had been sadly dislocated by the stony ruts of the Bourdeaux road, was therefore again fitted up, on the presumption that it might hold together as far as Basil, where it would be no longer wanted, for post-horses are not to be had in Switzerland, and it is next to impossible to convey a carriage over the Alps.

On the 17th of July we set out from our gay lodgings on the *Boulevards de Paris*, for Rome (perhaps for Naples) an excursion which my dear B—— had promised herself

in her youthful reveries, however unlikely to have been realized by the daughter of a Jersey farmer.*

We drove off full gallop, *à la mode de France,* and having happily missed running over any body in the crowded *Rue St. Denis,* or upon the busy *Pont Neuf,* we rattled along the *pavé* toward Fontainebleau, at a rate which would infallibly have lodged us there that night; but French carriages, French roads, and French post boys, conspire against expedition, and our rapid career would have come to a full stop, at the first village on the road, if an *honest* wheelwright had not, *in pure compassion,* furnished *les voyageurs etrangers,* with a pair of old shafts, at double the price of new ones, our own having completely gone to pieces, though repaired but the day before, by one of the first workmen in Paris.

At the second town, a disinterested blacksmith, who gave his advice like a friend, persuaded me to let him put a clamp upon the tire of one of the wheels. At the third, a brother of the trade convinced me that it would be better to take it off again.

By this time it was almost night, and being now sufficiently humbled by repeated vexations, we were glad to take up with meaner lodgings than might have been expected in the neighbourhood of a palace.

Next day, however, we reached Fontainebleau time enough to ramble in the royal gardens. They were planted by Francis the First, (the rival of Harry the Eighth at tilt and tournes) in quincunxes and rhomboids, labyrinths and parterres. But the alleys and the fish-ponds were overrun with weeds and bulrushes, grass was growing upon the steps of the porch, so late the gay resort of pomp and pleasure, and we did not care to subject ourselves, as we had once done at Versailles, to the refusal of the surly republican, that guarded the folding doors of the antiquated *chateau.* One of its apartments, in days of yore, was nobly ornamented with branching antlers, the triumphs of the chace, and another was hung with portraits of the peerless damsels, at whose feet, in a romantic age, they had been courteously laid.

On our return to the inn, the Argus of the road had discovered that the crane neck of our carriage was cracked

* In America the word farmer does not indicate the tenant of a manor, under the controul of a landlord, or his bailiff; but an independant yeoman, who cultivates his own grounds, keeps a hospitable table, may be in the commission of the peace, or represent his county in either House of Congress.

across, and for a couple of crowns he made it *exactly* strong enough to hold together to the next town, which we reached early in the day, but not before the blacksmiths of the place were looking out for the custom which the post boys are sure to bring them, by driving full speed over roads paved with granite.

They readily found a flaw in the new work, but I could not or would not believe them, though they *now* spoke the truth, and we drove on till the slender clamps would hold together no longer. When I perceived that the carriage began to settle, it was with difficulty that I could arrest the gay career of the *garçon de poste*, who would have left his charge in the road, without knowing it, as he galloped on like a trooper, heedless of mishap. We were in sight of the post house when the accident happened, yet the *modest* fellow demanded an allowance for lost time; and a *diffident* beggar, observing our misfortune, embraced the favourable moment to teaze us with complaints.

We sheltered our degraded heads in a paltry *cabaret*, where we reconciled ourselves as well as we could to the unavoidable delay of giving the crane a complete repair. It was done before night, yet as if the very climax of imposition was to be suffered by us, for the information of succeeding travellers, the greedy cyclop expected for his day's work, no less than five *louis d'ors*. Astonished at the charge, I called in the landlord, demanded the police, and ended with giving the fellow half the money, rather than purchase justice at the expence of ease.

With heavy hearts we set out again next morning, anticipating, in perspective, the pains and penalties of two hundred miles to come. But we were now agreeably disappointed, for during the remainder of the journey we met with no accident worth mentioning, as we drove rapidly through Sens, Troyes, and Langres, across the delightful plains of Champagne, smiling with the clustres of approaching vintage.

The hills began to rise as we entered Alsace, and at Alten-Kirchen we found ourselves surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountains, stretching from the slopes of Burgundy, across Switzerland, into Swabia, and terminating to the eye in the Black Forest, the impenetrable retreat of German barbarians, in the days of all-conquering Rome, as are now the back woods of America to the copper-coloured race, whom we in our turn call savage Indians.

Just before we entered Switzerland, a French centinel

enquired *how much gold we had with us.* On the reply, he demanded with an air of disappointment, *whether the citizen knew that if he were to search the carriage and find more, it would be forfeited to the Republic.* I told him I knew it, with an air that satisfied his doubts, and the vigilant inquisitor permitted us to drive on without further trouble.

Basil is a little old-fashioned town, situated on both sides of the Rhine, which is here a boatable stream, descending with rapidity from the Rhœtian Alps, along the winding vallies of the most romantic country upon earth. Curiosity impatiently demands a nearer view of the peculiar scenery of Switzerland; but we must first recruit our exhausted spirits, and we shall content ourselves for the present, without overlooking the river from our apartment at the Three Kings, a capital inn, the dining-room of which overhangs the green current of the Rhine, in such a manner, that those who are fond of fishing may enjoy their sport from the windows.

There is nothing gay at Basil but this beautiful stream, and the wooden bridge which crosses it, enlivened by the necessary intercourse of the two quarters of the town, for the streets of Basil are unfrequented by the busy, and the chief amusement of the idle is to reconnoitre the silent avenues from projecting lattices, the use of which a stranger cannot immediately divine.

Amidst such congenial accompaniments, you visit with all the serenity of recollection, the lone church yard, which belonged to the convent of the Friars Predicant, when Basil was depopulated by the plague, during the session of the General Council assembled here in 1431, at which were present the emperor Sigismund, the duke of Milan, and several other christian princes.

Some contemporary artist, struck with the awful visitation that swept away together the prince and the peasant, the cardinal and the capauchin, depicted upon the gloomy walls a Dance of Death, the original of the famous sketches of Holbein. In this dismal masquerade, a hundred skeletons, whose distorted attitudes bespeak horrific mirth, lead up in melancholy duet, the reluctant victim of the king of terrors.

It was here, by the light of flaring torches, in the court-yard of an antiquated hotel, that Maria Theresa (the only member of the immediate family of Lewis the Sixteenth that was permitted to survive the revolution, which hurled

the monarch from his throne) was received by the Imperial ambassador, who indignantly rejected the splendid out-fit with which the national assembly had thought proper to send away the daughter of their sovereign.

The public library preserves with appropriate veneration, some portraits from the pencil of Holbein, a contemporary copy of the minutes of the council, and the letters of Erasmus written to his friend Amberbachuis, when the cautious and timid reformer quitted Basil, on account of the religious or political disputes that disturbed his philosophic repose.

But the absurd custom of keeping the clocks an hour faster than the true time of day, no longer puzzles the curiosity of travellers, who are become in this age of innovations, equally indifferent whether it originated from the indolence of the council, the vigilance of the magistrates, or the declination of the sun dial, which not having been corrected at the reformation, the scrupulous municipality could never afterward be persuaded to reform.

There was a Roman colony in this neighbourhood, and the country people here often plough up the coins of the emperors, from Augustus to Constantine, as they do in America arrow heads and stone axes, the silent testimonials of Aboriginal population,

Strangers seldom quit Basil without carrying away with them some memorials of Switzerland from the print shop of Merhel, the celebrated engraver, who has made as ample a collection of Swiss views, the mountain and the valley, the glacier and the lake, to which he has given historic interest, by scrupulously preserving those local habiliments handed down from father to son, by the plodding peasantry of the isolated cantons.

We have sold our carriage to the innkeeper, and tomorrow we prosecute our journey in a heavy phaeton, hired by the day, a circumstance no less unpromising of expedition than the driver's pipe: but no matter, I am sick of the impositions of the post, and we can amuse ourselves with walking, whenever we are tired of riding a snail's gallop.

LETTER II.

JOURNEY THROUGH SWITZERLAND.—DESCRIPTION OF ZURICH.

QUITTING Basil in the cool of the morning, we rode or walked all day, up hill and down, across a corner of Germany, ostensibly consecrated to catholic uses by wooden crosses and stone chapels innumerable. Among them we perceived for the first time, with a degree of veneration, which had more in it of poetry than protestantism,

———a Friar of orders grey,

counting his beads, and mumbling over his prayer book, if not with zeal *according to knowledge*, at least with all the abstractedness and tranquillity of *a pilgrim and a sojourner upon earth*.

We stopped for the night at a little town, Rheinfelden-Lauffenberg, or Wildenstein, in which a narrow street of ten houses of a side, is blocked up at each end by a gateway, and hemmed in by a wall, or a precipice; at the foot of which rolls a torrent beneath a covered bridge; images of confinement, so insupportable to an American, that I could not sit down to supper, till I had convinced myself we were at large, by rambling into the adjacent fields and surveying the distant horizon.

Next morning, quitting the territory of Basil, we passed through the town of Baden, as the peasantry of the neighbourhood were collecting in the great church to prostrate themselves before a tinsel Madonna, or crocus saint, and we arrived before noon at Zurich, having passed in a few hours from protestantism to popery, and from popery to protestantism again; for the religion has been subjected in Switzerland to geographical boundaries, and the hereditary burgher is catholic or protestant, according to the decree of the sovereign council of his canton, when at the period of the reformation the religion of the state was decided, like a political question, by the majority of the votes.

This part of Switzerland is hilly, but not mountainous; cultivated, but not fertile; inhabited, but not populous;

and it exhibit nothing more remarkable to a foreign eye than the beggars idling upon the road, and the women in short petticoats and black caps at work in the fields.

As you approach Zurich, a manufacturing town of ten thousand people, beautifully situated at the north end of the lake which bears its name; a charming expanse of water ten leagues in length and one in breadth; the neighbouring hills rise into a stupendous amphitheatre sloping gradually down to the lucid arena, which is every where bordered with vines and pasture grounds, dotted with alternate villas, villages, and towns, and pointed with the glistening spires of the capital at one end, and the snowy peaks of Schweitz and Glarus at the other.

The transparent Limmat flows from the lake through the middle of the town, and a broad wooden bridge serves alike for a market-place and a public walk, where walking is not quite so fashionable an amusement as it is in France and England. The principal inn, where we had the good fortune to find the pleasantest apartments unoccupied, encroaches upon one side of the bridge, and presents between the tall spires of the churches on the right and left the distant chain of Alpine summits, white with the frost of ages.

Here we have pitched our tents, as from this commanding station we can reconnoitre Switzerland, and direct scouting parties at will to scale the walls of the mountain, explore the defiles of the glacier, or lodge in ambush among the islands of the lake, or the thickets of the valley.

Zurich was the first town in Switzerland that separated itself from the prescriptive corruptions of *Mother Church*. It was here that the moderate and charitable Zuinglius, originally a priest of Glarus, had ventured to preach against vows, pilgrimages, and votive offerings, before the effervescence of reformation had been provoked by the unlimited sale of indulgences.

The communion had been peaceably substituted for the mass, by a resolution of the magistrates, as early as the year 1524; but the reformers of Zurich being unhappily seized with the rage for propagating the principles of *good will to men*, by the arguments of fire and sword, instituted a protestant crusade against the neighbouring cantons of Schweitz and Uris; and, at the battle of Kappel, Zuinglius himself (I blush for the inconsisteney of the minister of the gospel) fell a victim to misguided zeal, in defending,

at the command of the magistrates, another banner than that of *the Prince of Peace.*

The streets of Zurich are narrow and crooked, but there is a beautiful little square, the court-yard of a forsaken convent, upon the brow of a neighbouring eminence, to which we often walk of an evening, to see the last beams of sunshine linger upon the white peaks that overlook the farther extremity of the lake. Sometimes at high noon, in pensive guise, we rove along the double rows of lime trees, which border the junction of the Sill and the Limmat, and cast a *night of shade* upon the tomb of Gessner, the pastoral poet, who was buried, at his own request, in one of the thickets of the grove.

In the library of Zurich is preserved the original manuscript of Quintilian, from which the first modern edition was printed. It was discovered, on the revival of learning, together with several other *unique* copies of the classics, among the musty legends of the Benedictine abbey of St. Gall, where the neglected ancients had slumbered in tranquillity a thousand years.

In the arsenal was exhibited, until the French revolutionists destroyed the political relique, a bow and arrow with which William Tell, the traditionary hero of Switzerland, was said to have shot the apple from the head of his son, at the command of the tyrant Gessler.

Far more to be regretted, as occasioned by the same event, is the premature loss of John Gaspard Lavater. The reviver, or the inventor of the science of physiognomy, received his death wound before his own door, when the Russians were driven out of the city by the French, in 1799, though he lingered near twelve months, and retained the enjoyment of his faculties sufficiently to preach a farewel sermon to his beloved parishioners but a week before his tranquil departure for the World of Spirits.

This speculative philanthropist was often approached with trepidation by persons who dreaded to expose their frailties to his penetrating eye. On such occasions he would frequently remark, that *no man need fear the presence of another, since every one must be conscious of his own defects.*

Lavater inhabited a modest mansion, characteristically furnished with a little gazebo, which commands a court leading to his parish church, every avenue of which resounds on holidays with decent peasantry in hob-nailed shoes and wooden heels, stamping along with downright

zeal, to hear an antiquated ecclesiastic, starched with the Vandyke frill, vociferously ejaculate the gentle admonitions of the code of life and peace.

Though the ancient custom of saluting all strangers of respectable appearance still prevails at Zurich, yet such was the sternness of religious reformation, that the most formal prigs, who make a parade of uncovering themselves in the street, do not scruple to sit with their hats on at church; and so little are the rules of common civility regarded in the house of prayer, that it happened to us more than once to be displaced, without apology, after we had taken our seats on public benches. The virtues at Zurich are probably of the more substantial cast, since Lavater used to say, that he had never had occasion to preach a sermon against immorality.

A day or two ago we hired a clumsy Swiss chariot, *comfortably* lined with blue cloth, and drove slowly through clouds of dust, for the weather had been long hot and dry, to see the celebrated falls of the Rhine near Schaffhausen.

The river is here several hundred feet wide, and pours itself with thundering impetuosity over a ledge of broken rocks, forty or fifty feet high. In time of floods the water sometimes rises twenty or thirty feet, and the current then exhibits a rumbling torrent of terrific sublimity.

We crossed the river in a boat, a little below the fall, admiring the rainbow in its spray, and ascended to the castle of Lauffen, whose mouldering walls overhang the cataract, keep time to its tremulous undulation, and reverberate its eternal roar.

Finding we might lodge at the castle, where it is customary to entertain visitors, we rambled about among the rocks till night, and afterwards amused ourselves in the museum with looking over an interesting collection of Swiss views, the production of a family of genius which inhabits this congenial site. The father sketches from nature, and his daughters colour the designs.

The fall of Lauffen is particularly interesting by moonlight. We were told that when the emperor Joseph was there, he rose at midnight to contemplate the effect. It was flattering to tread in imperial footsteps. We also got up an hour or two before day, and ran half dressed to a little summer-house which overlooks the raging torrent; but here we were impatient to be nearer, and half running, half tumbling down the rough descent, we mounted, with all the eagerness of curiosity, a wooden station that has

been erected in the very spray of the cataract, directly over the boiling foam, which rises perpetually in swelling surges from the roaring gulph. Here the sweeping torrent seems continually advancing, without ever drawing nearer; and its monotonous roar grows louder and louder to the listening ear. But fair and softly. The fall of Lauffen, with all its terrors, is no more than a water-spout to the cataract of Niagara; by which are precipitated in one deafening torrent the overflow of congregated seas; one of which, lake Superior, would drown Switzerland, and absorb all the lakes in Europe.

LETTER III.

PEDESTRIAN TOUR AMONG THE LESSER CANTONS.

THERE is a constant succession of agreeable company from all parts of Europe at the genteel *Table d'Hotes*, in Switzerland; and they are frequented, without scruple, by ladies as well as gentlemen: even English travellers here overcome their national aversion to a public table, and embrace, without scruple, the pleasures of general intercourse, and the benefit of mutual information. Where all are strangers no one is strange; and a new comer readily familiarises himself with persons in the same predicament, though he has never seen them before, and may never see them again. When all are supposed to be ignorant of each other, nobody enquires who such a one is of another; and every traveller is too much absorbed in his own *whence* and *whither* to trouble himself about other people's.

In such a situation, my B——— had no inclination to expose her wavering health to the fatigues of a desultory ramble from mountain to mountain, and from valley to valley, and preferring the tranquil amusements of Zurich to all the scenery of the Alps, she permitted her husband, and a French gentleman, actuated by the same restless curiosity, to fatigue themselves at leisure in a pedestrian tour through the lesser cantons, so singularly isolated from the rest of the world by adamantine ridges.

The cultivated tracts of the heart of Switzerland exhibit little distinctive character beyond the peculiarly sheltered look of broad-thatched roofs projecting over low walls, and

parsimoniously including under one inclosure, house, barn, and stable. We therefore took coach for Berne, and must have been half asleep in our stupifying conveyance, which was admirably calculated for the exclusion of extensive prospects, since we traversed the vallies watered by the Reuss, the Limmat, and the Aar, without noticing, amidst surrounding thickets, the mingled ruins of the ancient Vindonissa and the modern Hapsburg, the modest patrimony of Rodolph, a Swiss baron, who became, in an age less fertile than the present of political revolutions, emperor of Germany, and founder of the House of Austria.

The bridge of Wettingen, celebrated as the last work of Ulric Grubenman, suspended over the Limmat by an arch of timber two hundred and forty feet over, was destroyed by the French. It was covered by a *hænge-werk*, or penthouse, as usual in Switzerland; a style of finish totally destructive of picturesque effect, but it must have been the widest arch in the world, excepting that which has been thrown two hundred and forty-four feet over the river Piscatagua, in New Hampshire, by Timothy Palmer, another self-taught architect, since it somewhat exceeded the justly boasted iron bridge at Sunderland, in Great Britain.*

As we passed through Hindelbaneck we stopped to see the famous tomb, whose striking design has given it a celebrity to which its execution could not entitle it. The wife of a pastor of the village happening to die in child-bed, while an eminent statuary was employed in erecting a monument for a person of quality, he conceived the sublime idea of representing the mother bursting through a flat tomb-stone, at the sound of the last trumpet, and exclaiming as she ascends to glory with the child in her arms,

Herr, hier bin ich, und das kind so du mir gegebenhast.†

Strangers now rarely pass through the town of Hindelbaneck without enquiring for the tomb of *Madame Langhaus;* but the mausoleum of Count d'Erlach would never have been heard of had it not been for the beautiful idea to which it accidentally gave birth.

Berne I had seen before, and the houses looked as dark, and the streets as solitary as ever; the few passengers there

* The Pont y Pridd, sprung over the river Taafe in Wales, by William Edward, in 1750, is supposed to be the boldest stone arch in the world. Its chord is one hundred and forty feet.

† Lord, here am I, and the child which thou hast given me.

are being hid by the low arcades on which the houses are erected. It is almost surrounded by the Aar, and from the battlement of town you see the snowy peaks of Jungfrau-horn, Schreckhorn, and Wetterhorn, rising like white clouds upon the distant horizon.

The public walk rises a hundred feet perpendicular over the rimpling stream; yet we were told that a man had once fallen from the parapet, or jumped over it, without breaking his neck.

Society is on an agreeable footing at Berne, it being the residence of a number of genteel families, who assemble every afternoon at each others houses, and receive strangers without reserve, to give a zest to their domestic amusements; for the occupations of commerce are deemed degrading by the petty lords of Berne; and most of them have been long enough in foreign service to have a relish for political inquiries.

Criminals are employed at Berne in useful labour to defray the expences of their maintenance, but with too little regard to their own feelings, or the sensibility of others, which are equally wounded by the unnecessary exposure of the unfortunate objects of public justice.

In the town ditch was formerly exhibited a sight less offensive to the feelings of humanity—a succession of Alpine bears, the symbols or the supporters of the arms of Berne, had been kept up from time immemorial. They were cherished with religious care as the palladium of the state; but, like the eagles of Geneva, the bears of Berne, have long since changed their native clime for the menagerie of Paris, where the Gallic cock claps his new fledged wings, and crows over all the beasts in Europe.

We now set out on foot, and arriving at Neufchatel, thirty miles from Berne, as the setting sun glittered upon its slender pinnacles, we passed the boasted town-house without stopping to enquire at whose expense it was erected, and when once seated at the inn, we could have dispensed with our suppers in favour of our beds, which we were in no hurry to quit the next morning.

Neufchatel stands upon the declivity of a hill, and the neighbouring vineyards have been formed with persevering industry upon the precipitous slope, by means of parallel walls, whose narrow intervals are filled with earth, which has been carried up in baskets from below.

After dining upon trout from the lake, without having made such minute enquiries into the state of the manu-

factories as would have interested dealers in watches or printed calicoes, or appreciated, like politicians, the privileges of the place, which acknowledges the sovereignty and enjoys the protection of the king of Prussia, as heir to its liege lords, the ancient counts of Chalons, we pursued our walk toward the pass of Pontarlier, a natural postern in the wall of Mount Jura, like the wind-gap of the Blue Ridge, near the forks of Delaware, apparently designed by providence, to facilitate the intercourses of civilized life.

We should not have stopped for the night at a village fifteen miles on the road to Burgundy, had we been able to have reached before dark Moutiers-Travers, a mountain hamlet, famous for its picturesque situation, and the temporary residence of the celebrated John James Rousseau.

The little cluster of cottages is situated in the midst of broken crags, only accessible, on the French side, by a defile, so narrow, that a chain may be stretched from rock to rock. In the year 1476, at the head of a numerous army, Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy, here attempted in vain, to force his way into Switzerland, and the impetuous prince was only more successful at the pass of Joigné, to provoke defeat at the lake of Morat, and death at the battle of Nancy.

Rousseau here occupied a little wooden thatch, in front of which there is a narrow gallery, boarded up at the ends, to shelter its humble tenants from the driving winds, which often rush in tornadoes from the neighbouring gullies. The eccentric philosopher had bored holes through this partition, by means of which he could reconnoitre approaching visitors, and admit or refuse them according to his humour.

From this sequestered corner issued forth upon the world the *Lettres écrites de la Montagne*, among other productions of the most fertile and fascinating pen, that ever was brandished in the cause of infidelity.

Whilst Rousseau resided here, in a state of abject poverty, the great Frederick offered him a pension of a hundred a year; but the proud philosopher refused the princely boon with as much haughtiness as Diogenes himself, when the inhabitant of a tub, desired Alexander *not to stand in his light*, as the only favour he had to ask from royal munificence.

After residing three years in this secluded situation, the modern cynic gave or received offence, and the unhappy

victim of both real and imaginary persecutions, took refuge in the little island of St. Pierre, in the lake of Bienne, a romantic spot which we visited on our return to Zurich, and were entertained at a farm house, which had been formerly a convent, where the apartment of *Jean Jaques* is still shewn to strangers, many of whom leave their names and lucubrations upon the walls.

Here Rousseau thought he could have been perfectly happy, and had actually begun to amuse himself with botanical researches; but the orthodox government of Berne would not suffer the disseminator of infidelity to remain in their territories, and he was obliged to seek another shelter from the storms which he had himself excited.

We turned our backs, without regret, upon the verdant solitude, fringed with shrubbery, and bordered with transparent waves, although the theoretical visionary describes the listless moments he spent here, sauntering about the fields, or paddling in the water, unnoticed, and unemployed, as the happiest period of his restless and eventful life.

Landing upon the east side of the lake, we pursued our route toward Berne. But night overtook us before we reached the inn where we meant to lodge, and we walked for an hour or two in the dark, losing one object of hope after another, in that silent expectation which accompanies the unlooked-for delay of benighted wanderers.

At length, however, we distinguished with certainty the welcome sign post, and gladly took shelter in a little *wirths-haus*, though it was crowded with noisy topers, enveloped in clouds of smoke.

Next morning we rose with the lark, walked through Berne before the easy cits had left their beds, breakfasted on the banks of the Aar, upon a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine, and brandishing our staffs, went on again with fresh spirits for Thun. But as it often happens with occasional walkers, we had by this time overdone our strength, and about ten o'clock we condescended to embrace the friendly relief of a Swiss light waggon, in which five or six people are conveniently drawn by a single horse.

By this means we reached the place we aimed at before noon, where a passage boat for the other end of the lake being ready for us by the time we had dined, we embarked for the village of Unterseen, ten or twelve miles distant.

We sailed the distance in a few hours, and toward evening, landed upon the narrow isthmus which separates the

lakes of Thun and Brientz. Grey rocks close it up on one side, and on the other, the resplendent peak of Jungfrauhorn, the virgin summit, that has never yet been scaled by the most adventurous hunters, in pursuit of the bounding marmot, or the flying chameis.

I regretted that time would not permit our visiting the glaciers in the vicinity, though I had seen those of the valley of Chamounc, when I was first in Switzerland. These accumulated masses of snow congealed to solid ice, by the alternate operations of thawing and freezing, occupy the upper vallies, like so many frozen lakes, the surface of which is riven into unfathomable fissures, by the occasional variations of the atmosphere.

The town of Unterseen, that occupies this sequestered rock, is in perfect unison with the Alpine scenery, with which it is overhung. Its timber hovels, covered with grey moss, stand in and out, back or edge, as if they had grown out of the rocks, or been huddled together in haste, for mutual shelter, around the jagged caves, and forked pinnacles of a grim town house. Large stones piled upon the roofs, to prevent their being blown away, bespeak the violence of the winters winds, and projecting eaves indicate the concomitant danger of being overwhelmed in drifted snow.

The meagre inhabitants of this Alpine valley reconnoitred our straggling party from every peep hole, and crowds of women and children followed us through the town to satisfy their famished curiosity with the outlandish sight.

I could have spent an hour or two in fixing upon my memory, the characteristic appendages of a place so romantically wild, but night approached, and a second boat was waiting for us on the lake of Brientz, to convey us to the valley of Hassli.

The lake of Brientz is not so wide as that of Thun, being hemmed in by stupendous precipices, which descend almost perpendicularly to the water's edge, and render its navigation both difficult and dangerous.

Dark clouds had already begun to roll round the loftiest peaks, and as they descended along the ravines, in whelming tornadoes, the last gleam of sunshine, pale and colourless, shot a sinister ray athwart impending horrors. Night closed upon us, by degrees, and we dashed from wave to wave in gloomy silence, till the moon arose in clouded majesty, over the eastern ridges, and lighted us to the place of our destination.

The next day we laid by till afternoon, and then procuring a guide to conduct us over the heights, we walked through a mountain village, and cordially returned the hearty salutations of the good people of the place, who were enjoying the repose of a holiday in knots and clusters, with a simplicity that recalled the fabled innocence of the golden age.

In two hours we attained the summit of the ridge, which separates the heretical canton of Berne, from the orthodox district of Unterwalden, whose inhabitants preserve, in the bosom of surrounding mountains, the minutest ceremonies of *the religion of their fathers.*

From this commanding eminence we had a charming view of the valley of Hassli, and unwillingly turned our backs upon the fairy scene, studded with cottages, and embroidered with alternate fields and woods, to jump after our guide from rock to rock, hewn with laborious perseverance into shapeless steps, to form a practicable descent into the narrow vale of Unterwalden, whose winding course includes a separate system of policy, as well as religion, for the government of a few hundreds of isolated mountaineers.

Literally descending from the clouds, we landed toward evening upon a little plain, just big enough for a lake and a village, overtopped by rugged mountains, which must in winter almost totally exclude the sun.

Next morning we would gladly have procured a conveyance of some kind, but nothing half so good as a Pennsylvania market cart was to be had in the place; and we afterward discovered at our leisure, that the road, or rather pathway, was too steep and stony to admit of any thing better.

We arrived however by noon at Alpnach, a straggling village upon the lake of the Four Cantons, the centre of this romantic country, and the scene of many a traditionary tale.

Here we took boat twelve miles on our way toward Zurich. About half way we passed by that arm of the lake over which Lucerne displays its picturesque turrets, and saw the rays of the descending sun irradiate the vapoury clouds that perpetually hover round a stupendous peak of rocks, which rises perpendicularly from the lake.

We regretted missing a sight of the celebrated model of this port of Switzerland, in which General Pfeiffer, a citizen of Lucerne, has represented with equal accuracy, mountains and vallies, rivers and cataracts, cottages and

towns, exhibiting in one view the cantons of Lucerne, Zug, Berne, Uri, Schweitz, and Unterwalden; but we were now in haste to return to Zurich, where I was by this time impatiently expected.

Next morning therefore we continued our route on foot, after stopping to contemplate a little chapel erected on the spot where (according to tradition, in despite of the silence of history) Tell shot the tyrant Gessler, and asserted the liberties of his country. Over the entrance are the following quaint but ominous lines:—

Hier ist Gessler's hochmuth vom Tell erchossen
Und der Schweitzer edle freiheit entsprossen
Wie lang wird aber solche währen
Noch lang wann wir die Aelte waren.*

Arriving at the lake of Zug, surrounded by hanging vineyards and cultivated fields, we took boat again for the capital of the canton, and continuing our walk fifteen miles further, across fields and plains, we again reached Zurich, after having made a circuit of three hundred miles, the greatest part of which had been performed *on foot*, with an advantage of observation, richly worth *the purchase of fatigue.*

LETTER IV.

JOURNEY ACROSS MOUNT ST. GOTHARD TO MIL[illegible]. — DESCRIPTION OF THE CATHEDRAL.

WE had now nothing more pressing than to prepare for Italy, and on the 1st of September, we took coach for Branner, a little village on the lake of the Four Cantons, where we arrived next day at noon, after passing through a rugged and mountainous country, thick set with comfortable farm houses, as in the settled parts of the United States.

Passing by Schweitz, the capital of a small canton of the same name, we were struck with the picturesque effect

* Here the proud tyrant Gessler fell,
And liberty was won by Tell.
How long will't last, you ask, and tremble—
Long as the Swiss their sires resemble.

of the clouds, which had gathered in circling volumes round the body of an isolated mountain, while its rocky summit, invisibly supported in the air, glowed with the warm refulgence of a noon-day sun.

At Brannen, where the cantons of Urix, Schweitz, and Unterwalden, first allied themselves by a defensive treaty, we took boat for Fluellen, rowing between rugged mountains, shagged with firs. Among them we frequently espied cubic cottages, surrounded with little patches of cultivation, perched at such tremendous heights, upon the very edge of overhanging precipices, that we could scarcely contemplate them without apprehensions that some of the little boxes would slide off their shelving ledges, and come down upon our heads.

One of these cultivated specks actually fell into the lake not long since, together with its little tenement, and all that it contained.

At the foot of a neighbouring ridge is the valley of Gerisan, which forms the smallest republic in Europe. It can only be approached by water, and the Lilliputian commonwealth is little more than two leagues in length, yet it contains twelve hundred souls, among whom sumptuary laws would be superfluous, since the keeping of a saddle horse is there an unknown luxury.

Near the upper end of the lake, a little chapel appears upon the left; it is erected upon the very spot, says tradition, where Tell escaped from his persecutors, when they were conveying him to prison. As the boat coasted the shore to avoid a rising tempest, the hero jumpted out upon the rocks at a desperate leap, and mocked the tardy pursuit of his conductors.

We landed to contemplate the venerated spot, and found the walls of the chapel rudely painted with the real or imaginary exploits of the patron of Switzerland.—Recollecting with patriotic sensations the reception of William Penn, at Shackamaxon, in the wig-wam of king Tammany.

We disembarked at Fluellen, the port of communication between Switzerland and Italy, for the exchange of cattle and cheese against rice, silk stuffs, &c. and walked a mile or two to Altdorf, the capital of Uri. A place that was burnt by the French, when they retreated before the Russians in 1799. It is now rapidly rebuilding in a good modern stile, which gives it the lively air of an American town, new houses rising on all sides, beneath thick groves, preserved as a security from falling avalanches.

The venerable tree was long preserved in the market-place of Altdorf, to which the son of the hero of Switzerland was bound with thongs, when the father shot the apple from the head of his son, and told the enquiring tyrant *for whom* he intended another arrow—*if he had missed his aim.*

From hence we sent forward our baggage to Andermat, in the valley of Urseren, being resolved to ascend St. Gothard, at our leisure, on foot.

A walk of seven miles, through a pleasant valley, watered by the recess, brought us to the foot of the mountain, from whence it is near twenty miles to the hermitage on its summit.

We dined at a rural inn, and in the afternoon began to ascend the elevated spine of the Alps, by a winding road that skirts the precipices which overhang a roaring torrent, as it descends from the crown level, and forms one of the sources of the Rhine It is frequently concealed from the sight by dark firs, among which, in alternate shade and sunshine, we met long trains of mules loaded with Italian luxuries, tracing a zig-zag course, in opposite directions.

At the end of five or six miles we reached Wasen, a wretched village, situated among awful rocks. The inn was already taken up by French soldiers. There was therefore no alternative, but to beg a night's lodging in the neighbourhood. A hopeless errand, you'll say, without the language of the country to explain our wants; but the first door I knocked at, was opened with an accommodating air, and I have since been pleased that the occasion had once occurred to prove the native hospitality of a Swiss cottage.

Next morning, before we pursued our journey, I followed the peasants of the village to a little chapel, where an artless priest was celebrating the morning mass. I was there shocked for the first time, with a sight very common in catholic countries, I mean an open charnel house, in which gaping sculls are indecently exposed to view, for the purpose of exciting commiseration for the souls in purgatory. A horrid custom, peculiarly to be regretted in these Alpine valleys, where the ceremonies of religion are the principal amusements of the secluded inhabitants, and the knolling bell is the only sound that interrupts the monotony of solitude.

We now applied ourselves to ascend the barren valley of Schœllenen, insensible of fatigue, engrossed as we were by the stupendous objects, with which we were surrounded,

every now and then encountering, not without a slight tincture of apprehension, straggling parties of disbanded soldiers returning from Italy, and shivering with cold, while we were sweltering with heat. The poor fellows were only three days from Milan, where they told us it was too hot to stir in the day time, or to sleep at night, as we sometimes have it in America, when the wind is from the south.

Now and then a capuchin friar, with his beard and sandals, gave peculiar interest to the Alpine scenery.

After winding about for some hours round perpendicular rocks, which seemed to have been cleft asunder on purpose to form the tortuous passage, strong puffs of wind, accompanied with spray, warned us before we could see it of our approach to the foaming cataract, over which has been thrown an aerial arch, called the Devil's Bridge.

This tremendous pass was obstinately disputed by the French, when General Suwarrow entered Switzerland, at the head of 20,000 men. A small body of French troops, retreating before superior force, had destroyed the bridge behind them, and they continued to defend the yawning gulph against the murderous fire of the invaders, until a few planks slightly fastened together with officers scarfs, were thrown across the breach, and the dauntless corps, the greatest part of which had by this time fallen into the precipice they defended, was overpowered by numbers, rushing desperately over the frightful chasm, the crevices of which were heaped with the bodies of the slain.

The object of Suwarrow was to form a junction with the Russian and Austrian forces, then encamped in the neighbourhood of Zurich. But they had been defeated by Massena, at the critical juncture, and the Russian veteran was fain to throw his artillery into the lakes, and effect his retreat across ridges till then deemed impassable by any thing but goats.

After crossing the bridge, this singular road enters a subterraneous passage, which has been cut several hundred feet through the solid rock, from whose midnight darkness you suddenly emerge upon broad day light, in the valley of Urseren, an opening scene of pastoral tranquillity, in which, at a little distance, appears the village of Andermat, sheltered by a ridge of firs, the only trees that will grow in so elevated and confined a situation.

The vale of Urseren is 4000 feet above the level of the sea, and it is probably the highest spot in the world, inhabited by twelve hundred people. They would be totally

separated from the rest of mankind, if it was not for the winding mule path, which has here crossed the Alps, ever since the days of Julius Cæsar, who is said to have first surmounted the stupendous barrier.

This is now one of the easiest and most frequented passes into Italy, and it is practicable at all times of the year, though sometimes under drifts of snow through which the neighbouring peasants are constantly employed to keep the road open.

We had no sooner recovered from the fatigue we had undergone, than we set out on an excursion into the country of the Grisons. The first village of which, though but twelve miles distant, is so completely separated from Andermat by rocks and mountains piled upon one another, till they literally reach the clouds, that the inhabitants speak a different language, which preserves to this day a number of Latin words and phrases, received from their Roman conquerors, two thousand years ago.

From the top of a mountain on our way between snowy summits, rising like a boundless ocean, wave beyond wave, we had an interesting prospect of

> Those hilly regions where, embraced
> In peaceful vales, the happy Grisons dwell,*

under the characteristic or endearing appellations of *The grey League. The League of Ten Jurisdictions,* — or, *The League of God's House.*

Such is here the transparent purity of the air, that the sky assumes a peculiar blue. Immense glaciers glittered around us in sparkling sunshine, and from the nearest of them, we felt the wind so sharp and piercing, that we were insensible of fatigue, though we had been clambering for hours up frightful precipices. But my B——had unfortunately sprained her ancle, in endeavouring to spare her supporter, and before we could reach Tavetch in the valley of Sopra Selva, she was hardly able to lift her right foot from the ground.

At the inn, or rather ale-house, which was not distinguished, even by a bush, from the private houses of the village, we found a jolly Benedictine from the abbey of Dissentis, a lordly monastery, which has been destroyed by the French. He was a son of the family, and now lived

* Thomson.

at home, at his ease, amusing himself occasionally with his beads and prayer book.

In the dusk of the evening, the wives and daughters of the village collected together in a humble chapel, scarcely distinguishable from the neighbouring thatches, and began to chant *even-song*, with such penetrating fervour, that I could not forbear to join the little congregation, and was surprised to find that there was no priest to direct their devotion, by the glimmering twilight of a single lamp.

A few men attended in a corner, who joined in the responses with languid indifference, apparently between sleeping and waking. But the superior devotion of the gentle sex is nothing new, and perhaps the cause might be found in the difference of their constitutions, and mode of living. The active part for which men are fitted, and which they are obliged to take in the perplexing affairs of life, naturally absorbs the attention in a greater degree, than the tranquil round of female avocations, which however necessary, or laborious in domestic economy, leave the mind more at liberty to dispose itself for the duties of religion.

In this secluded valley, shaded by frowning ridges from the noon-day sun, trees degenerate into bushes, and the little rye or barley that is only ripened with unremitting attention, must be dried rather by cold than heat, upon crossed poles, which raise the scanty harvest to the searching winds.

On our return to Andermat, the weather became cold and rainy, and we gladly embraced the first opportunity to make our escape out of the uncomfortable valley, over which winter lowers in whelming fogs, eight or nine months of the year.

A rough ascent of six or seven miles, during which we passed at intervals through dripping clouds, which magnified the savage horrors of perpendicular precipices, and leaping cataracts, brought us to the shaggy summit of St. Gothard, or rather to the stony level 6000 feet high, on which is the *Hospice*, surround by insulated crags of granite, the fragments of a broken world, over which the friendly power of vegetation has never been able to spread its verdant mantle.

We gladly left behind us the misty vapours from which the north side of the mountain is seldom clear, and were rejoiced to find the weather brighten upon us, as we descended into warmer climes, by a zig-zag road, frequently overhanging tremendous precipices, that form the bed of the Tessino,

a branch of the Po, which, with the sources of the Rhine and the Rhone, here take their rise within a day's journey of each other. But we were now too much panic struck to philosophise upon their various course to distant oceans, for my B—— was obliged by her sprain, to descend the stony ladder on horse-back, and a single mis-step would have endangered her life.

We were glad to arrive with whole bones at Airolo, still in a Swiss bailliage, though in a different climate, where the people speak another language, in tones of harmony, to ears which had long been deafened with discordant dialects.

The remaining descent into the plains of Lombardy by the Val Lavantin, is singularly romantic and picturesque; it has been in several places broken by art or nature through perpendicular ledges of rock, overhung with spiry larches and weeping birch. Now and then it winds round prodigious masses of solid stone, some of which had been moulded by the hand of nature into the artificial forms of domes, pyramids, and amphitheatres, gracefully enriched with pendant shrubbery.

Being no mineralogist, I cannot entertain you with physical disquisitions upon the nature of quartz, mica, schorl, or feld-spar, with which these ridges abound, or give you a description of the various specimens of the precious metals, which are found in the beds of the torrents; but you will excuse the defect, as mineralogy is little studied in America. There we have enough to do to clear the surface, without penetrating into the bowels of the earth.

Near Giornico, the place where in 1478, six hundred Swiss repulsed with great slaughter, fifteen thousand Milanese, we met a French general officer, attended by his aid-de-camps, and a troop of horse; and the citizen-general saluted our party with all the urbanity of the old school, notwithstanding the motley appearance of a cavalcade, part of which was dismounted, and the rest ready to halt.

Vegetation is here astonishingly luxuriant, the chesnut trees in particular attaining a prodigious size. Plantations of hemp and flax overspread the plain, while grey convents and mossy cells, occupy, with appropriate seclusion, the neighbouring peaks.

As the valley grew wider, the descent became less difficult; and being now no longer apprehensive for the safety of my B——, who was by this time well-mounted, I di-

rected our attendants to go on with the baggage, that we might loiter along, in our own way, refreshing ourselves, at pleasure, under mantling vines, with which the road was frequently overhung.

After a while, however, the foot path struck across a meadow, and the horse-way insensibly wound out of sight. In the mean time night came on, and the two ways met no more till they reached together the gates of Bellingona. There my impatient enquiries produced no intelligence of the solitary wanderer, and I hurried on to the inn, distracted with apprehensions for the partner of my heart. Judge of my happiness when I found her at the door, expecting my arrival, without anxiety, and less disposed than myself to reflect upon the inattention which had separated us for several miles in the recesses of an Alpine valley.

The walls of Bellingona separate this beautiful valley from the plains of Italy, against which it is defended by the castles of the Regent Cantons, three keys, with which it was easy to lock up the Val Lavantina, when the dukes of Milan disputed the doubtful pretences of Uri, Schweitz, and Unterwalden, to give laws beyond the Alps.

The Tessino now runs right across a sandy plain, till it reaches the Lago Maggiore, a broad and beautiful expanse of water, bordered by lofty mountains, whose dark sides are deeply shaded by vineyards and chesnut groves, through which appear at intervals, the white fronts of towns and villas, reflected with undiminished brightness, in the crystal mirror of the lake.

At the first fishing village we took boat for the Borromean islands, fondly hastening to exchange the dingy valley of Urseren, for the verdant paradise of the Lago Maggiore.

Isola Bella, the first of these celebrated islands, came in view toward evening, as we turned a point of land, feathered to the waters' edge with aromatic shrubbery. The fairy vision seemed to rise out of the lake, like an enchanted castle, flanked to the right and left with storied terraces, and long arcades.

Isola Madre soon appeared, at a little distance, and modestly unveiled its milder graces, elegantly skreened from the eye of day, by lattice work and curling vines.

Attracted by the artificial splendour of Isola Bella, we landed at the foot of the palace, which, however, we did not enter, as it were upon a nearer view, the forbidding aspect of partial dilapidation; and impatiently rambling

over the measured islet, we wondered to find ourselves so soon weary of pacing over its formal walks, and covered vistas, though they are lined with oranges and citrons, bending under the golden fruit, and bordered or terminated, with spouting fountains, and gigantic statuary.

Behind this glittering prison, we beheld with commiseration, a fishing village, the meagre inhabitants of which appeared to us to have been crowded into the lake, to make room for an overgrown landlord to stretch his legs in three or four times in the year.

We quitted these celebrated islands without regret, and stopped for the night at a neighbouring town, where we had the next morning in an extravagant bill, the first gross specimens of Italian imposition, which I have since learned to dispute, by dint of practice.

Here, however, having left the mountains behind us, we again saw the sun rise upon a distant horison, accompanied with the brilliant colouring of an Italian sky.

We found that we had quitted the protection of the hero Tell, for the mediation of St. Anthony, of Padua; and we passed, in prosecuting our voyage to Sesto, a bronze statue of San Carlo Boromeo, tall enough to serve for a steeple to a seminary of priests, founded by him at Arona, the place of his nativity. The munificent nephew of Pius the Fourth does not appear to have been troubled with the squeamish idea of the man of Ross,

> Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
> Will never mark the marble with his name.*

I recollect nothing more interesting till we reached Milan; in the low grounds, about which a great deal of rice is raised, some parts of them are said to be not less than eighty feet below the surface of the Lago Maggiore; they can therefore be watered at pleasnre, like the savanahs of Louisiana; and the grass produced by this profuse irrigation is said to be cut as often as five or six times in a year.

Milan is a large and populous town, but not very pleasant to a stranger, from the lowness of its situation, and the narrowness and dampness of its streets.

It was often, however, the temporary residence of the Roman emperors, when in the decline of the empire, they

* Pope.

found it necessary to defend their frontiers from the incursions of the Barbarians. In one of the streets may still be seen a Doric colonnade, of Roman antiquity; and in the church of St. Ambrose, the antiquated choir is yet inclosed by the identical bronze gates, which *the holy Father* is said to have shut with indignation in the face of the emperor Theodosius, on account of the massacre at Thessalonica.

In the refectory of the convent of Santa Maria della Gracie is the celebrated Last Supper, of Leonardo da Vinci, much damaged by time, probably more by injudicious repairs; here is not now a single fine head in the groupe; and, among the twelve communicants, you are ready to suspect *half a dozen* Judas's instead of *one*.—A story goes, that the painter, provoked by the parsimony of the prior, put *him* down for *the disciple that carried the bag*.

The cathedral of Milan is an immense pile of Gothic architecture, executed at an incredible expence in white marble. It was begun about four hundred years ago, but the front of it is still unfinished, though the building has been richly endowed with posthumous donations, and large sums were annually expended on it, until the Revolution, by the devout House of Austria.

The sides of this superb edifice are ornamented with an amazing number of statues—how many I shall not say, as I did not count them; and wonders of that nature are too generally exaggerated to be taken on report. Suffice it that the steeple has been completely finished in the richest open work. Figured buttresses and storied pinnacles support, or seem to support a spiral stair-case, which terminates in a cone. It is surmounted by a colossal statue of the Virgin Mary, at the foot of which there is a boundless prospect of the plains of Lombardy, from the Alps to the Apennines.

The interior of this majestic edifice is strikingly impressive of religious veneration. Its dark and lofty arcades are drawn into undistinguishable length by five dim aisles. They open into the secluded choir, embowed with ribbed arches and clustered columns, between which painted windows of prodigious magnitude are scarcely penetrated by rays of coloured light, sufficiently to render visible scarlet canopies and painted banners, suspended in the dusky air.

Beneath the high altar is an open stairway, descending to a subterraneous chapel, in which is deposited in a chrystal shrine the body of San Carlo, and the history of the

Saint was once narrated upon the walls in bas-reliefs of solid silver.

Returning to the twilight of the nave, its twinkling lamps serve but to make *darkness visible*, and the long arcades, dripping with the dampness of a vault, reverberate the solitary footstep, or the slamming door.

I leave you to conceive the effect of a *Te Deum* chaunted, at the command of the conqueror, within the chilling recesses of such a catacomb, when the battle of Marengo had consigned twenty thousand of his fellow-creatures to an untimely grave.

LETTER V.

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF SWITZERLAND.

HAVING traversed on foot the greatest part of Switzerland, the prominent features of that romantic country have left an impression on my imagination that can never be obliterated, however faintly I may trace the majestic outlines in a bird's-eye view, which I cannot forbear attempting to portray.

Ascending then to the necessary elevation in the pendant cradle of an air balloon, since the discoveries of Montgolfier have enabled the moderns to realize the fabled flights of antiquity, the thirteen cantons of the Swiss confederacy, extending two hundred miles from east to west, and a hundred and thirty from north to south, would lie at the feet of a soaring æronaut, who might look down with ease and safety upon the tremendous precipices of Der Schreckhorn (the peak of terror) surrounded at unequal distances by spiral protuberances of solid granite, whose perpendicular strata would be seen to rise out of a troubled ocean of snow and ice, in the shape of battered pyramids, and broken obelisks, now whelmed in clouds, reverberating thunder, now penetrating, in unbroken silence, the ambient air.

Far beneath these stupendous crags would be seen, at intervals, green vales and azure lakes, studded with towns and villages, whose slender spiracles plated with tin, would glitter in the sun, while the mountain torrent, or the pathway of the heath, would shew a streak of silver, coursing

the winding valley, or traversing, with marked direction, the extended plain.

The lake of Constance would limit the fairy scene on the north-east, and on the south-west the lucid crescent which receives the Rhone from the Pais de Vallais, and imperceptibly conveys it by Lausanne (the calm retirement in which Gibbon contemplated the decay of empires) to pierce the walls of Geneva, and join the torrent of the Arve.

Ont he north, the green current of the Rhine, like the coloured pencilling of a map, would mark the confines of Germany; on the west the blue ridge of Mount Jura would distinguish it from France, and on the south from Italy, the long chain of Alpine summits whitened with ice and snow.

Among the central peaks of St. Gothard would be seen to issue from transparent glaciers the Rhine, the Rhone, and a source of the Po, descending in bright cascades to irrigate the plains of Europe, and empty themselves into the Atlantac, the Mediterranean, or the Adriatic Gulph.

In the heart of this chaos of rocks and woods, in whose profound recesses hardy swains, descended from aboriginal mountaineers, had quietly submitted to the German yoke ever since the decline of the Roman empire, in the year one thousand three hundred and eight. Werner de Stauffacen of Schweitz, Walter Furst of Uri, and Arnold de Melchthal of Unterwalden, a patriotic triumvirate, devised and effected the independence of their country, by expelling the proconsular tyrants, whose growing impositions had at length become insupportable.

The emperor Albert, then reigning, was assassinated by his own nephew, John of Hapsburg, as he was preparing to quell the insurrection, and the insurgents had gathered such strength by the time that Leopold, duke of Austria, marched against the confederated cantons, in 1315, that thirteen hundred Swiss defended the pass of Morgasten against twenty thousand Austrians, and repulsed the invaders with dreadful slaughter.

The cantons of Uri, Schweitz, and Unterwalden, now contracted a perpetual alliance, that became the foundation of the Helvetic confederacy, which was successively acceded to, for mutual defence, by the neighbouring cantons of Zurich, Glarus, Zug, Berne, Lucerne, Friburgh, Soleure, Schaffhausen, Basil, and Appenzel. A motley intermixture of aristocratic and democratic republics, which maintained their independence, and preserved inviolate the

advantages ; and the defects of their antiquated constitutions, till the compact of five hundred years was dissolved in a moment by the seducing professions of a modern democracy, to whose gigantic empire the Swiss cantons now form an insignificant appendage.

Yet a free and equal citizen of the American republic, whether naturalized or native born, can see but little to regret in the exchange of a despotic oligarchy, for a foreign dictator, of oppressive prescriptions, for forced loans, of national independence, for individual emancipation.

The narrow policy of Swiss republicanism, perhaps the natural defect of popular constitutions, formed when the principles of liberty were little understood, even by the people themselves, confined the privileges of burghership to a few families, excluding all others, natives as well as strangers, not merely from the honorary claim of electing, or being elected, to places of trust or profit, but from the essential rights of buying and selling, of establishing a manufactory, or exercising a handicraft.*

In some places a new citizen had not been admitted within a hundred and fifty years, and a candidate must have then resided in the place at least ten ; if he was a native of another canton, twenty; but if a foreigner, the qualifying period was again doubled, and he was obliged to pay double the usual fine upon admission. In others, when the rights of citizenship had been purchased at a great expence, it was only to the *third* generation that the *sparing clause* accorded the privileges of eligibility to any office in the state.

Yet under the ancient system, with all its defects, the patient Swiss were remarkable for that love of country which is observed to be most powerful in those parts of the world that have a strongly marked or peculiar character, to which the youthful imagination irresistibly attaches the growing passions.

Thus a poetic traveller has observed, with equal truth and beauty of the Swiss peasant, struggling with innumerable hardships,

* In America, the love of equal freedom has carried the liberal framers of our constitutions to the opposite extreme. The rapid influx of foreigners, admitted almost without restriction to every privilege of citizenship, may imperceptibly alienate the public councils, as well as the national manners of our peaceful country.

Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms.*

Such accordingly was the patriotic emotion which a familiar, called the *Ranz des vaches*, never failed to excite in the breasts of Swiss troops in foreign service, that *the Milk Maid's Carol* was forbidden under the several penalties, as being sure to produce among them discontent or desertions.

Switzerland is a triangular rock in the centre of Europe, inhabited by two millions of moral and industrious people, catholic or protestant, according to the boundaries of their canton, and speaking as their national language, German, French, or Italian, according to the frontier they approximate.

It includes, at different degrees of elevation, the temperature of every climate, from the frozen circle to the burning zone, and the delighted naturalist may there trace, in the succession of a morning walk, the various productions of Italy, Germany, and Lapland.

An elevation of thirty fathoms is equal to a degree of distance from the equator. At twelve or thirteen hundred fathoms (seven or eight thousand feet) you experience the frigidity of the eightieth degree of north latitude, and at nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, snow rarely melts, even in the height of summer, a degree of cold in which nothing will vegetate but mosses and lichens.

Yet the general impression perceived by those who ascend the higher mountains is an unknown facility in breathing, a lightness of body, and a serenity of mind. The air is felt to be more pure and subtile, and meditation there enjoys a degree of sensibility approaching tranquil rapture.

Mont Blanc, and several other summits of the great chain of the Alps, are fifteen thousand feet high, and may be considered as the highest mountains in the old world, since they considerably exceed the elevation of Mount Etna and the Peak of Teneriffe, but they yield the precedence, without dispute to Chimberazzo, in South America, which is at least twenty thousand feet, or four miles, in perpendicular altitude, and whose frigid summit has never been attained by the boldest adventurers. It is, perhaps, for ever inaccessible to the researches of philosophy, since the human frame is incapable of supporting the rarefaction

* Goldsmith.

of the atmosphere at a much smaller elevation than that of the summits of the Andes.

We are informed by a scientific observer, that fossil shells, and other marine petrefactions, are found in the Alps and Pyrenees, as high as nine thousand feet above the level of the sea. Beyond these secondary mountains ride naked rocks, which contain nothing but the simplest aggregations of mineral substances, and would therefore appear to have emerged from the waters before the creation of the aquatic tribes.

The crags of Switzerland abound with rock crystal, which is industriously collected by the peasants to ornament the cabinets of the curious, and mines of iron and quarries of rock salt are worked in different vallies for foreign and domestic consumption.

The lakes teem with fish, particularly trout, which have been sometimes caught weighing forty or fifty pounds.

Goats browze upon the edge of the precipices, and their picturesque forms are seen to follow each other, Indian file, up and down the loftiest crags.

But the cultivation of the farinaceous grains is here of such uncertain product, that public granaries are established in every town, in which a stock of corn is regularly supplied by France and Holland, under express treaties stipulating a certain number of soldiers to be annually raised out of the surplus population of a country that is not capable of supporting the natural increase of its inhabitants.

The staple commodity of Switzerland is horned cattle; for a rocky pasturage encircles the very foot of the glaciers, and descends with increasing luxuriance into the shady vales, watered by translucent rivulets, which, flowing from icy sources, are then most plentiful when the neighbouring plains are parched with heat and drought.

But the limpid spring is often impregnated with tufts, whose tendency to concrete among the glands of the neck, aided perhaps by the concentrated heat and stagnant evaporation of narrow vallies, frequently produces wenny protuberances, and sometimes mental imbecility. Now and then thundering avalanches break without warning from over-hanging crows, and bury at once, beneath hills of snow, the tranquil cottage, and the crystal stream.

These, however, are rare calamities: they must not be supposed to hinder the current of common life from gliding smoothly along the vale of domestic felicity, since misery

is an intruding beldame, whose prominent features force themselves upon the sight, while happiness, like a retiring maiden, must be courted to be seen.

LETTER VI.

JOURNEY FROM MILAN TO FLORENCE, ACROSS THE APENNINES.

TRAVELLING in Italy may be performed by post, by voiture, or by procache; but this alternative, apparently so liberal, is nothing more than a choice of difficulties. By post you must have your own carriage, and put yourself under the direction of a travelling lacquey. By voiture you must take up with chance company, and be content to creep forward at the rate of three miles an hour. By procache you must be trailed along in a string of coaches till you reach fixed stages, though you should drive every night till bed-time, and turn out every morning before day, fretted with scanty fare and sordid lodging. In your own carriage, as in that of the vettorino, you run the risk of robbery and assasination, an *inconvenience* from which you are secured in the caravan of the procache by a guard of soldiers, allotted by the feeble government of Italy for the protection of public stages.

For those who do not speak Italian, and are not in haste, the voiture is the least exceptionable conveyance of the three, since the advantage of an interpreter upon the road, and a paymaster at the inns, fully compensates an unpractised stranger for the tedium of delay.

The voiture is a clumsy coach drawn by three mules, and conducted by a vettorino, who rides post upon one of them. They ply for travellers at the principal inns, and set out from town to town, as often as four seats are engaged, the vettorino furnishing every night a supper and a bed.

To avoid the importunacy of indifferent company, and at the same time to spare ourselves the necessity of disputing the ground, inch by inch, with inn-keepers and post-boys, we took a voiture to ourselves for Bologna, at the foot of the Apennines.

An Italian vettorino, however, only undertakes to guard you from the impositions of others—his own are not included in the convenient exemption.

Accordingly, at the moment of setting forward, while I was discharging the extravagant bill of the landlord, and satisfying the expectations of the till then inattentive waiters, our *civil* coachman ushered in without ceremony a Dominican friar, in the weeds of his order, and asked my consent to his going along with us; not as you may suppose on condition of paying *me* for his seat, but that *he* (*honest* fellow) might be paid for it over again, at the expence of *that very convenience* for which I had expressly stipulated.

It grieved me to the heart to deny the good father, who urged his suit with a humility becoming his profession; but my mind was made up before he opened his plea, and I insisted upon my bargain to have the carriage to ourselves.

Quitting Milan the 23d of September, we had the pleasure of beholding the plains of Lombardy clothed in their autumnal livery. The fields of grain, or grass, were striped with those beautiful poplars lately introduced into America by a patriotic traveller,* and embroidered with grape vines, which, as in the days of Virgil, hung in gay festoons from tree to tree, and gracefully displayed their purple clusters under half concealing foliage.

Toward evening we crossed the bridge of Lodi, famous in the annals of the war for one of the early victories of the conqueror of Italy.

The rich meadows in the neighbourhood are watered by sluices, and usually mowed four times in a year. The number of cows kept in this little province is estimated at thirty thousand; and the cheeses made here are reckoned the best of the Parmesan, though much of it is made about Pavia, and in the Milanese.

Next morning we continued our route toward Parma, amid rows of elms, alders, and maples, planted by the husbandmen for the support of clustering vines.

This, however, is the only beauty of this part of Italy, though it is described by Tacitus as

Florentissimum Italice latus,†

for nothing interrupts the tedious sameness of an endless plain, and bounded horizon, but the stony beds of rivers or rivulets—in summer rolling two or three muddy streams along the wide-spread devastation of their wintry overflow.

* W——— H———, Esq.

† The most flourishing side of Italy.

These you get over, as well as you can, it being difficult to keep up bridges under such unfavourble circumstances, as the massy ruins of Roman causeways abundantly testify. Modern Italians rest satisfied with the proof, and leave the affrighted traveller to be whirled over the Po by ragged ruffians, or swamped among its wandering branches, for want of a guide post to point out the shifting fords.

According to the poets, Phaeton was precipitated into the Po, and his disconsolate sisters were changed into the poplar, or the weeping willows, which ever since adorn its banks.

Entering the duchy of Parma at Placentia, the roads improve as you approach the capital, and the country appears thickly settled with industrious peasantry.

This is a healthy as well as a plentiful country, famous even in the days of Pliny for the longevity of its peaceful inhabitants, among whom he mentions three persons of a hundred and forty.

At Placentia began the Via Æmilia, which extended to Rimini on the Adriatic.

Here we met a train of six or seven coaches drawn, like our own, by mules, ornamented with towering collar-pieces, flaring with tinsel, and jingling with bells. They contained the travelling domestics of the new-made king of Etruria, returning to Spain by this circuitous route.

The duke of Parma is suffered to preserve his dominions, whilst all around him crouches under the ascendency of France, in favour of his affinity to the crown of Spain, the tributary ally of *La grande Nation*.

The connexion is of that degree of consanguinity, common in the royal families of Spain and Portugal, although forbidden by the canons of the church. If I mistake not the mixed relationship, the present king married the sister of the present duke, and the duke's son, now *by the grace of Bonaparte*, king of Etruria, married the king's daughter.

Near the town we met four monks, big and burly, in the habit of their order, taking the air in the duke's coach, and the sentinels who demanded our passports at the gate, were dressed in white, the Bourbon uniform, and wore their hair in clubs and powder, instead of the *sans-culotte* crop.

The city of Parma is well built and agreeably situated on both sides of a little river which bears its name, and may contain fifty thousand people, with an appearance of opu-

lence and splendour, hardly to be expected in so small a capital.

The ducal palace, a little without the town, scarcely excels the mansion house of an English gentleman. The cathedral is vast and gloomy, and the last Judgment, of Coreggio, is fading from the walls. The wooden theatre, remarkable for its distribution of sounds, is out of use and falling to ruin. But in the ancient church of St. Baptiste, is a baptismal font, so large, that it was probably constructed for plenary immersion, before the convenient substitution took place of sprinkling with water, in the iniatory ceremony of baptism.

At Reggio you enter the territories of the late duchy of Modena, annihilated by the powerful wand of the Corsican magician.

Its capital, now a secondary town of the Cisalpine republic, is a large city, but its streets have a gloomy appearance, from the iron gates before the windows of the ground-floors, and the melancholy dress of the women, who look as if they were all clad in widow's weeds, with their long black cloaks and hoods.

In the neighbourhood are frequently dug up shells and sea-weed, together with branches and trunks of trees—sometimes pavements of streets, and walls of houses, apparently coeval remains of incalculable convulsions.

The road was thronged when we entered the town, with trains of ox-carts, taking the new wine to markets and store houses. The whole country, as far as Bologna, (an appendage of the papacy, till it was also touched by the Circean wand, and became a fief to the new republic), exhibited but one continued scene of in-gathering and merry-making, the blessful concomitants of a plenteous vintage.

Bologna is a large city of a gloomy appearance, from the fronts of the houses being built upon arcades. Its numerous population is generally employed in the manufacture of silks and velvets.

The cathedral, a modern structure, is elegantly finished within and without, and for the north of Italy it is peculiarly rich in marble decorations. It was also once adorned with the exquisite paintings of the Lombard school, Bologna having been the birth-place of the Caracci, Guido, Domenichino, and other eminent painters, who had enriched their native city, with many of their admirable productions. But the ancient collections in this part of Italy have been

so thinned by Parisian requisitions, that I have generally spared myself the mortification and disappointment, which might attend an enquiry for what is no longer to be found.

Yet in the tribune of the cathedral of Bologna, may still be seen the annunciation of the angel Gabriel to the Virgin of the house of David, the last flight of the expiring genius of Lodovico Caracci.

In the year 1529, the emperor Charles the Fifth was crowned king of Lombardy by pope Clement the Seventh, within the gloomy walls of the church of St. Petronius, a gothic edifice, which has been erected near the town-house, that the patron saint might be at hand for the protection of the government. In it is an old wooden image of the tutelary divinity, before which a glimmering lamp is kept continually burning, although on the floor beneath is traced in brass and marble, the meridian line of Cassini, which from June to January marks the point of mid-day.

The front of this vast pile, like those of many other Italian churches, is still unfinished, possibly because the intended incrustation was too costly to be executed; but more probably, because it has been found convenient to preserve a constant object for the contributions of the devout.

In the square before it, is a magnificent fountain, with a colossal statue of Neptune, a celebrated work of Giovanni di Bologna, another son of the place, in the happiest period of the arts.

Without the walls there is a convent on the top of a mountain, which boasts a miraculous image, one of the Madonas of St. Luke. A covered passage leads to it from the gates of the town, said to be three miles in length.

We ascended this gallery the day after our arrival, noticing as we passed, the *pious* individuals and *holy* fraternities, who had purchased the privilege of inscribing their names for the veneration of posterity, by erecting one or more of its innumerable arcades.

From the windows of the convent, the fathers enjoy an unbounded prospect of the plains of Lombardy, sprinkled with villages and towns, and a view of the rising hillocks of the Apennines, here exactly resembling the waves of a troubled sea, suddenly transfixed and motionless.

Next morning, a new vettorino, with whom I had made the customary agreement, without stipulating to have the carriage to ourselves, called us up before day light to set out for Florence.

We were soon ready, and happy to find but one person in the voiture, with whom we conversed familiarly till day-break. Judge of our surprise when we perceived it was the very monk to whom I had so ungraciously refused a passage from Milan.

I excused the unfavourable circumstance, as well as I could, and the meek religious declared himself satisfied with my reasons, though he had sufferced by them severely, having fallen among a company of French players, with whom he had been kept shut up all day, and almost all night, ever since.

We now however jogged along together upon the most friendly terms imaginable. When *we* chose to refresh ourselves upon the road, the father was spokesman and paymaster, and when *he* in his corner muttered over a prayer book, or bowed to the right and left to the Blessed Virgin, or the sign of the cross, we never interrupted his devotions; though I could not but remark, that he was himself almost wearied with their frequency, and would actually spare himself the trouble of saluting whenever the *sacred* images had been defaced by accident or design.

This disciple of St. Dominic was an elderly man. He spoke French indifferently, and *had once*, he told us, *obtained a smattering of English, but he had almost forgotten superficial learning, since he had devoted himself to the profounder study of theology.*

He was now going to Rome to fill a professor's chair, in a college of his order; and he shewed us in the simplicity of his heart, a purse of gold which his friends had forced upon him on his leaving the convent in which he had been matriculated.—*More money*, he said, *than ever he had been master of before.*

We ascended the Apennines by a circuitous route, and were surprised to find towns, villages, and even cultivated fields to their very summits, though their general appearance is as dreary and desolate as that of the high lands of Scotland, such is the genial influence of the sun in a warm climate even upon an ungrateful soil.

From one eminence there is a casual glimpse of the gulph of Ancona, upon the distant Adriatic.

Early in the afternoon of the second day, we had a view of Florence, and the neighbouring towns and villages, so thickly strewed in the delightful vale of Arno, gaily interspersed with white houses, fields, and woods, among which winds the meandering river, as far as the eye can reach.

But this was a transient view, we lost sight of it as we descended to Fiesolé, the classic eminence celebrated by Milton, when comparing the shield of Satan to the moon,

> ——————————————— whose orb,
> Through optic glass, the Tuscan artist views,
> At evening from the top of Fiesole, Valdarno,
> Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
> Rivers, or mountains, on her spotly globe.

Here, too, a solitary mule-path invites the zealous or romantic pilgrim to visit the secluded valley, occupied a thousand years by the votaries of St. Benedict, from whose chesnut groves the British Homer so happily illustrates the multitude of the fallen angels stretched on the banks of hell:

> Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
> In Valombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,
> High over-arch'd embower. ——————

We entered Florence by the triumphal arch erected in honour of the Austrian family, and took some pains to find a lodging to our minds, as we intended to stay several days in so interesting a place.

Our catholic companion, expecting to be accomodated by the brotherhood of St. Dominic, desired the vettorino to set him down at the convent of St. Mark. There accordingly his trunk was taken off, and they both disappeared for some time in the cloisters of the monastery, when to our great surprise, out again came our meek religious, bag and baggage, with two or three ill-looking friars at his heels. One of them particularly pursey and ill-favoured, seemed to be rating at the vettorino for bringing the brother there, and our poor monk got quietly into the coach again, mildly telling us that *he could not lodge there,* but that *there was another convent of his order, where he hoped to be taken in.*

Here, as hospitality would have it, there was room for a stranger, and we finally separated with mutual good-wishes—perhaps with mutual good-will—notwithstanding the aversion of *his order to incorrigible schismatics.*

LETTER VII.

DESCRIPTION OF FLORENCE.—THE DUCAL GALLERY, &c.

THE morning after our arrival, we rambled over this beautiful town, which is not unjustly denominated *Florence the Fair.* The streets are paved with flat stone from side to side, (like those courts of the city of Bath, which are designed to exclude the rattle of coaches, for the tranquillity of invalids), the houses are built in a good taste, and most of the palaces front each other on both sides of the Arno, over which are thrown several fine bridges. One of them looks gay with the statues of the seasons, and another exhibits cycloidal arches, constructed by Ammanati.

The banks of the river are one continued quay, unobstructed by the stir of commerce, (for Leghorn is the port of Tuscany,) yet enlivened with the pursuits of pomp and pleasure, which create a continual drive upon the three bridges, as the ducal, now royal, palace, is on the least populous side of the river.

The squares are ornamented with fountains and obelisks, and the public walks are extensive and well designed. One of them is beautifully traced upon the borders of the Arno.

The old ducal palace or palazzo vecchio is interesting to curiosity, from the long residence of the Medicis, those celebrated patrons of the fine arts, which were first revived at Florence by artists invited over from Greece, soon after the excursions of the crusades had given the rising nations of Europe a taste for the luxuries of the east. The gloomy edifice was erected by Arnolfo, the disciple of Cimabue, in the thirteenth century, that equivocal period, when superstition and ferocity were so strangely blended. It is a heavy structure, immensely high, crowned with a square tower, the projecting quoins at the top of which make it look dangerously top-heavy from below. In it is preserved the original copy of the Pandects of Justinian, discovered at Amalphi in the year 1137.

At the great door are two gigantic groupes, David slaying Goliah, and some other bloody story, the subject of which I have forgotten; but I shall not easily forget the

chilling impression made by the dark and massy hall, over which are now held the courts of justice, so often in the old countries teeming with deeds of horror.

Another side of the court is formed by the celebrated Loggia, an arcade of three arches, in one of which is placed the famous master-piece of Benevenuto Cellini. Perseus standing over the bleeding carcass of Medusa, holds aloft by the hair, in his left hand, the head which he has just severed from the body, with the sword which he grasps in his right. In another stands the Judith and Holofernes of Donatello. In the third Giovanni di Bologna has represented with equal spirit, the Rape of a Sabine Virgin by a Roman warrior.

A moralist cannot but regret that the finest talents should be thus employed in perpetuating acts of violence and cruelty; but such is the fatality of statuary, that it is difficult to invent a *harmless* circumstance, that can be accompanied with the degree of *action*, which is necessary to animate a groupe.

On one side of the square is an equestrian statue of Cosmo the first, by Giovanni di Bologna.

Double corridors form a street to the left of the palace, opening upon the river by arcades. Over these is carried the celebrated gallery, which communicated with the palace, when it was inhabited by the grand duke, by means of an arch thrown over the intermediate street.

You enter it from the court by long flights of steps, by which you ascend to the upper story of the building, and approach the long corridors through a double anti-chamber, in the first cube of which are ten busts of the Mediccan princes. In the second is a horse and a wild boar, both antiques; and over the door is a bust of Leopold, the first grand duke of the Austrian family, who afterward ascended the imperial throne.

In the first wing of the corridors are antique statues and sarcophaguses, with busts of almost all the Roman emperors.

In the second, which commands a pleasing view of the river, the principal objects, worth notice, are a Venus sitting in a shell, and a Torso, or mutilated statue, of exquisite workmanship.

In the third, you observe a Morpheus in touch stone, and a copy of the Laocoon.

The size and proportions of this famous gallery are far from answering the elevated idea generally entertained of its magnificence. It is both low and narrow for its length,

and the master pieces of painting and sculpture, with which it is lined, are degraded by an endless row of uninteresting portraits.

It now however shews to disadvantage, having been first stripped by the abdicated grand Duke himself of the celebrated Venus, and other objects esteemed most valuable (to place them in safety at Palermo) and afterward decimated for the gallery of Paris, at the will of the conqueror of Italy.

Yet a suit of twenty cabinets still includes immense numbers of ancient and modern curiosities, suitably arranged.

The first of these contains, or did contain, for I did not allow myself time enough at Florence, *on my way to Rome*, to examine them all, the celebrated bust of Alexander the Great, those of Junius Brutus, of Tullius Cicero, and a statue of the *Genio della Morte*, not as the scare-crow of the nurse, or the schoolmistress, but as the angel of death, that (in the figures of Gibbon) expects the conqueror in the field of victory.

In the second cabinet, among many other objects, for I should tire myself and my readers, if I were to particularise them all, are two busts of Seneca.

In the third, is a head of Medusa, by Leonardo da Vinci, with portraits of Dante and Petrarch.

In the fourth, called the Tribune, was once placed the Venus de Medicis, "the statue," says Thomson, "that enchants the world." Around it were an Apollo, a dancing Fawn, the Wrestlers, and the listening Slave; and the surrounding walls were hung with all the graces of the Italian pencil. There was a Virgin of Guido, a Holy Family of Michael Angelo, another of Correggio, pope Julius II, by Raphael, a Venus by Titian, and other admirable productions of Mantegna, Perrigino, Da Vinci, Del Sarto, Guercino, Domenchino, Rubens, and Vandyke.

In the fifth, are several sketches, and some finished pieces, of Salvator Rosa.

In the sixth were a number of paintings of the Dutch school, such as Peasants at table by Van Mieris, a Candle-light piece by Van Ostade, and two other homely scenes by Gerard Dow. This low-lived scenery must have formed a striking contrast to the elevated productions of the Italian school. "The one," it has been well said, "aimed at surpassing nature, the other at debasing it."

In the seventh were arranged Flemish and German productions by Neeffs, Teniers, Rubens, and Vandyke.

In the eighth, those of the French school, such as battles by Bourguignon, a history by Poussin, a landscape by his brother, &c.

In the ninth are preserved vases, bronze figures, small columns of marble, &c. &c.

In the tenth and eleventh, portraits of eminent painters, chiefly drawn by themselves.

In the twelfth, statues, busts, inscriptions, &c.

In the thirteenth, paintings.

In the fourteenth, the famous Groupe of Niobe and her Children struck with lightning.

In the fifteenth, Grecian Vases, and Votive Offerings.

In the sixteenth, statues and bas-reliefs in bronze, among which is a Mercury standing on the wind, by Giovanni di Bologna.

In the seventeenth, Etruscan statues, sacrificial and chirurgical instruments, candelabra, lamps, rings, bracelets, ear-rings, metal mirrors (which preceded the use of glass, scarcely known in antiquity) domestic utensils, and marking stamps, which must have been used so much in the manner of types, that it is surprising the compendious idea of printing never occurred to the ancients.

This superb collection is thrown open to the public every day, morning and afternoon; as are also

The Academia Reale delle belle Arte, with its schools for the study of architecture and practical mechanics, and its manufactory of inlaid marble, called Florentine work.

And the Muses d'Istoria Naturale, both of which were instituted by the munificence of Leopold.

The anatomical preparations in wax and wood, belonging to the latter, are supposed to be the finest in the world. They are so numerous as to require twenty rooms for their systematical arrangement. In one of them is exhibited the progress of corruption, from the moment of decease, to the total decay of the body. In another are preserved the celebrated representations of the plague, done in the time of the Medicean princes, so painfully fine, that few persons can bear to examine them.

There is an observatory attached to this splended museum, furnished with ample apparatus, for mechanical, mathematical, electrical, and hydraulic experiments; as well as a numerous collection of animals, plants, and minerals, systematically arranged.

Not far from the Academia Reale, and in the care of the same custodi, are the cloisters of the suppressed brother-

hood of San Giovanni Battista, in which Andrea del Sarto has painted, in twelve compartments, the life of John the Baptist, beginning with the dumbness of Zacharias, inflicted for his unbelief, and ending with the presentation of the prophet's head to the revengeful Herodias. For these exquisite performances, Andrea is said to have received but twenty livres a piece.

The modern residence of the grand dukes, still called the Palazzo Pitti, from the name of a merchant of Florence, in the fifteenth century, who ruined himself by building it, and from whom, or his assigns, it was bought by the duke then reigning for a trifle, is a heavy and tasteless structure, though designed by Brunellesco, and executed by Ammanati.

The royal apartments however are richly gilt, and superbly ornamented, with cielings painted by Pietro da Cortona. They were once splendidly hung with the finest pictures of the Italian schools, but most of them had been removed to Paris before the inauguration of the new sovereign. Those in which the grand dukes used to receive company, are at once splendid and comfortable.

In the collection, were the well-known portraits of Titian, Julius II, Philip of Spain, and Paul III, together with the celebrated one of his own mistress, the famous picture of Raphael, in which he has introduced the cardinals, Giulio de Medicis, afterward Clement VII, and Luigi de Rossi, in the presence of Leo X; Rubens's family piece, including his philosophic friends, Grotius and Lipsius; another of Cardinal Bentivoglio by Vandyke, one by Rembrandt, and a Holy Child sleeping, by Carlo Dolce.

There was also a drawing of the Fatal Sisters by Michael Angelo, which may probably remain upon the walls, for the *French* do not relish his pindaric fire, as much as the English; *their* taste is better suited with the air of Raphael, and the grace of Guido.

In some gloomy chambers were hung three battle pieces, and the conspiracy of Catiline, dark with the savage dashes of Salvator Rosa.

The adjoining gardens are nobly ornamented with a spouting fountain that falls into a bason of granite, twenty feet diameter, in which a marble Neptune, by Giovanni di Bologna, is attended by recumbent statues of the Euphrates, the Ganges, and the Nile: and in a dripping grotto are four unfinished figures from the chisel of Michael Angelo, preserved like the Torso, from the touch of inferior artists.

In this genial climate, the poplar and the phillyrea retain their leaves till the end of December, and among groves of evergreens are here remarked the olive, the cypress, the holly, and all the branches of the family of pines, plentifully interspersed with laurels.

At the rural retreat, called Carreggi de Medici, on the banks of the Arno, in the days of Lorenzo the magnificent, the platonic society used to assemble every week to plan public edifices and useful institutions.

At Pratolino, another royal villa, in the neighbourhood, is a marble statue of the genius of the Apennines, executed by the gigantic standard of sixty feet.

On the vigil of San Giovanni, the wives and daughters of the neighbouring peasants, with their languishing black eyes, and lofty eye-brows, set off by Arcadian dresses, crowd the streets of the capital to see the chariots of the nobility drive round the statue of Ferdinand the first, in the square of the Annunciation; and to behold the dangerous horse races of the Strada del Duomo, which are evident modifications of the games of the ancient Romans.

Within the cloisters of the church that fronts this square, is the celebrated fresco of the Madonna del Sacco, so called from having been executed for the fathers of the convent, during a period of famine, for the price of a sack of corn. In a semicircle of one of the arcades, the painter has represented the Holy Family at their devotions. Mary sits in the centre, with her infant child, and listens with earnest, but resigned attention to Joseph, reclining on a sack, and reading to the mother and her Son, the prediction of the prophets, which announce the sufferings of the Messiah, before he should enter into glory.

The cathedral church, remarkable for being the first dome that was raised in Europe, after the decline of the Roman empire, was begun in 1294 by Arnolfo, the disciple of Cimabue, and finished in 1445 by Brunellesco, the contemporary of Michael Angelo. The prince of architects is *here* said to have complimented his fellow-citizen, when he was himself employed in swelling the hemisphere of St. Peter's, in an Italian adage:

Come te non volo — meglio de te non posso.*

But this unmerited flattery savours too little of the con-

* I will not imitate thee, though I cannot excel.

scious superiority of genius ever to have escaped the painter of the Prophets and Sybils of the Capella Sistina.

The dome of Santa Maria del Fiore (for most of the cathedrals of Italy are dedicated to the Virgin) is nothing more than a vast and gloomy concave, which has been dimly impressed with the innumerable figures of the last Judgment, trembling before the dreaded tribunal of final recompenses; while the sanctum sanctorum, inclosed below it, from vulgar profanation, swarms alike with equivocal beatitudes, and candidates for purgatory.

Behind the dingy altar is a marble Pieta [the mournful Mother weeping over the body of her Son] that is said to have been the last work of Michael Angelo, at which the superannuated sculptor was arrested by the hand of Death.

In one of the darkened chapels, which surrounded the choir, under the patronage of San Zenobi, is a bronze Ciborio, by Lorenzo Ghiberti, glimmering at noon day, with the dubious light of waxen tapers, flaring round a christian sanctuary; while the surrounding pavement is blackened with the cloaks and veils of prostrate suppliants, unintentionally emblematic of superstitious horror.

Within this gloomy vault, too well adapted to the perpetration of deeds of darkness, in the year 1478, at the instigation of the then Pope, Sixtus IV, upon a solemn festival, at the moment of the elevation of the host, when all the people were prostrate before the altar, Julian de Medicis and his brother Lorenzo, since surnamed the Magnificent, were at the same instant stabbed by desperate assassins! The wound of Lorenzo was not mortal, and he took refuge in the vestry; but Julian died upon the spot, leaving behind him a posthumous son, who afterward, as Pope Clement VII, played over again upon the theatre of Christendom the same horrid game.

In the damp and dingy nave are seen rude mosaics, executed in the infancy of the art, by Ghirlandajo, and Gaddo Gaddi, and dusky monuments stuck here and there upon the walls, contribute to the general gloom.

The front of this immense pile has never been finished, although the campanile, a tower erected to suspend the thundering bell two hundred feet in the air, was designed by Giotto, and completely encrusted with white and black marble, in alternate squares, as long ago as the year 1334, a period when Italian architecture was neither Gothic nor Grecian, but a whimsical intermixture of both.

On the opposite side of the square is the chapel of the baptistery, detached like the steeple from the body of the church, as is often the case in Italy. It is an octagonal structure, said to have been originally a heathen temple.

The mosaics of the dome were done by Apollonius, a Grecian artist, in the twelfth century; but they are scarcely visible by the twilight glimmer that is admitted from without, in meridian sun-shine.

The bronze door of this gloomy edifice, executed by Ghiberti, upon the designs of Arnolfo, is a miracle of art, representing in eight compartments of three or four feet square, as many scripture histories, from the dividing of light from darkness, on the first day of creation, to the banishment of Adam and Eve from the garden of Eden. The figures are but a few inches high, yet they are finished to the minutest feature, and project from the surface with perspective relief.

Neither is the door-case unworthy of the door, though it was wrought by another artist in flowers and foliage, among which are elegantly interwoven birds and fruit.

Two lateral doors are also curious performances of contemporary genius, exhibiting in smaller compartments, the awful history of the Life, Sufferings, and Death of Christ, and they are alike, richly framed with fruit and flowers.

Behind the high altar of the church of San Lorenzo, is the costly mausoleum of the Medicean princes, which remained unfinished when the aspiring family became extinct.

It is an octagon of fifty feet diameter, crowned with a dome, the walls of which are lined with Sicilian jasper, and richly inlaid with precious stones.

Upon six of its sides are marble sarcophaguses, designed by the prolific genius of Michael Angelo, two of which are surmounted by regal crowns, placed upon cushions of red jasper, and studded with transparent gems.

Near it is the Capella dé Principi, a secluded chapel, designed by the same creative pencil, and filled by the same various hand with the tombs of Giuliano, duke of Nemours, and brother to Leo X, and Lorenzo, duke of Urbino, on the right and left of the altar.

Each of them exhibits its princely occupant in complete armour, sitting within a niche behind his tomb; the former accompanied by recumbent figures of Day and Night; the latter by day-break and twilight. Ideas happily emblematic of monumental fame, in which, as in the parish register,

——————to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history.*

In the adjoining convent there is a noble library, particularly rich in ancient manuscripts, and early editions of the classics.

Among the former, there is a Bible of the vulgate translation, supposed to have been written as early as the seventh century, in which the curious have observed the omission of the controverted text of St. John, "there are three that bear record in heaven."

There is also a copy of Virgil's Æneid, said to be of the fifth century, in which the four first verses,

Ille ego qui quondam, &c.†

are wanting. The poem begins with

Arma virumque cano.‡

The anti-chamber and stair-case of this famous library were designed by Michael Angelo, and are deservedly admired.

In the church of Santa Croce, which belongs to a convent of Benedictines, a Gothic edifice, erected by Arnolfo in 1294, are seen a number of interesting monuments, particularly those of Galileo, the precursor of Astronomical Truth, and of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, who died at Rome in his 89th year, but was here interred by command of the reigning duke.§

Galileo is happily represented upon his funeral urn, as having gazed through his telescope until weariness obliges him to discontinue his contemplations. He is accompanied on one side by the genius of Astronomy, on the other by that of Geometry, with their discriminating attributes.

Buonaroti reposes upon a monumental stone, surrounded by the sister arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, weeping over the happy Genius by whom they were once, and but once united.

* Pope.

† I who but lately sung, &c.

‡ Arms and the man I sing.

§ I need not tell the well-known story of the persecution of the astronomer, because his discoveries were supposed to controvert the descriptions of the sacred books; nor need I add the mortifying recantation, by which the philosopher was fain to make his peace with the bigots of his age. But it may not be generally known, that some of the works of Galileo are yet prohibited in his native city.

LETTER VIII.

MISCELLANEOUS REMARKS.—TRAVELLING ANECDOTES.

AMERICUS Vesputius, the reputed discoverer of the western continent, who has had the honour of giving his name to the new world, to the prejudice of Columbus (whose comprehensive genius had penetrated with an eagle's eye, the western horizon) was a native of Florence.

The Academia della Crusca boasts among its members, many persons of distinguished eminence in learning and the arts, and the salutary institutions of the grand duke, Leopold, afterward Emperor of Germany, however disgraced by his bigoted prohibition of protestant doctrines, entitle him to rank with Howard, Rumford, Lownes, and other benevolent individuals in Europe and America, who have reduced the theories of philanthropy to national practice, and displayed to the expecting world, the encouraging example of successful experiment in the temperate correction of idleness and vice.

During the reign of Leopold, no Florentine could be imprisoned for debt, though his creditors might seize his property to satisfy their demands; and no offence whatever was punishable with death, though murder incurred a sentence more dreadful to hardened villainy, perpetual labour in the gallies. By these and other political measures, such as the protection of the Jews, those active agents of commercial enterprise; the abolition of sanctuaries, so mischievously privileged to shelter crimes; and the absurd or rapacious penalty of confiscation of family property, which punishes the innocent for the sins of the guilty; together with the natural progress of things in the eighteenth century, Tuscany was cleared of robbery and murder, and the happy subjects of the grand duke were increased from a million to twelve hundred thousand souls.

Florence has always been remarkable, even among the cities of Italy, for the most superstitious attachment to monks and friars. Churches and convents accordingly abound, and painted Madonnas, the usual mark of popular devotion, are not wanting at the corners of the streets.

The ignoble custom, so often remarked by travellers, of keeping a wine cellar in the palaces of the first nobility, where wines are retailed by the flask, is still continued at Florence, to the great accommodation of those who love a glass of the pure juice of the grape, which is here particularly luscious. The petty negociation takes place in the open street, at an obscure window on the ground floor, to the astonishment of English dignity, and the utter confusion of German etiquette.

The dialect of the Italian tongue, which is spoken in Tuscany, is more favourable than any other, for that exertion of rhyming promptitude, described by most travellers, the practitioners of which are here called improvisatori. The interesting writer, who has favoured the world with a view of society and manners in France and Italy, mentions one of them, named Corilla, that he had heard himself. She was so eminent an improvisatrice, that she had been crowned in the capitol of Rome with the wreath of poesy.

Yet the exertion of genius among the occasional orators of the debating societies in England, is in reality far more brilliant.

To string together at pleasure extempore verses of compliment or condolence, undoubtedly requires, in any language, a fertile imagination, and a ready wit; but the Italian is peculiarly adapted to favour this particular species of impromptu.

It contains an unusual number of synonyms, and allows a liberty of mutilating words unknown to other languages, to say nothing of the convenient augmentatives and diminutives, by which, for instance,

Grande may be, at the will of the singer,
Grandio, or if it suit better,
Grandioso, or if the measure require it
Grandissimo; and
Piccolo, a little fellow, may be varied to
Piccolissimo, or
Povera, a poor girl, may be, and often is by whining beggars, most musically converted into
Poverella.

The language abounds in vowels. Several letters at a time may be dropped at will. Whole sentences as well as particular words are used only in poetry. Thus every phrase may be a verse, and every word a rhyme, and the Italians, amused and deceived by the melody of their language, and charmed with the pleasure which it affords the

ear, require from the rapid improvisatrice neither sentiments nor ideas, and permit her to introduce the lowest vulgarities, as well as the most unnatural images and overstrained allusions.

By the help of all these favourable circumstances, a man, but especially a woman, of parts little quicker than ordinary, may produce, *without a miracle,* amusement enough for people disposed to be amused.

Even in our own stubborn English, did not the unweildy Johnson string together extempore stanzas amid the relaxation of the tea-table.*

At Florence the usual salutation of profound respect to a superior, or a lady, is to kiss the hand, a custom which was accidentally illustrated the other day by a Tuscan prince, whose apartments at the hotel were on the same floor with ours.

Happening to return to his lodgings in the dusk of the evening, his highness mistook our rooms for his own, till he found my wife coming out of her chamber, expecting to meet her husband. The prince made a thousand apologies for the unintentional intrusion, and begged *to have the honour of kissing the lady's hand before he withdrew.* She unluckily knew nothing of the customs of Florence, and peremptorily refused to receive the compliment, assuring him *she did not understand such freedom.* Upon which the disconcerted prince, retreating in a passion, slammed the door after him, and called out for his servants, exclaiming

* In a tea conversation at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, speaking of Percy's reliques of ancient English Poetry, Dr. Johnson ridiculed that kind of writing, by addressing extempore, the following stanzas to the young lady who made the tea:

I pray thee, gentle Renny, dear,
That thou wilt give to me,
With cream and sugar temper'd well,
Another dish of tea.

Nor fear that I, my gentle maid,
Shall long detain the cup,
When once unto the bottom I
Have drank the liquor up.

Yet hear at last this mournful truth,
Nor hear it with a frown,
Thou canst not make the tea so fast
As I can gulp it down.

in a paroxysm of vexation, that *he had met with a lady, who refused to let him kiss her hand.*

I came in soon after, and chid my determined spouse for refusing so small an act of condescension to a prince; but her spirits were still ruffled by the adventure, and she retorted on me with asperity: "How should I know a prince from a pedlar, without his pack?"

LETTER IX.

JOURNEY FROM FLORENCE TO ROME.

Rome, October 10th, 1801.

We left Florence with impatience, as the last place that should check our progress toward Rome.

As far as Sienna the soil is tolerably fertile, though very hilly. We entered the town under an elegant gateway, and while the horses were feeding, went to see the cathedral, a gothic edifice, built of black and white marble in alternate stripes, which gives it a whimsical linsey-wolsey appearance.

While we were crossing the market-place in the great square, a mass was said under an open portico, and at the elevation of the host, both buyers and sellers fell upon their knees in the dirt. All however resumed their chattering as soon as the bell ceased to tinkle, with as much eagerness as if nothing had happened to interrupt their occupations.

On quitting Sienna we soon entered a dreary country, with few intervals of cultivation, between scattered villages, perched upon the peaks of barren hills; and gladly passed by without stopping at Radicofani, for aught I know, the antient Clusium, the capital of Porsenna.

Between this forsaken city, hanging like an eagle's nest upon the crag of a mountain, silent and solitary as a haunted castle, and Aqua Pendente, the first town in the Papal territores, the neglected road runs along the very bed of a winding torrent, which often renders it quite impassable. We however laboured through it, with the help of two or three yoke of oxen; and toward night were tugged up a steep hill, to be filched by the officers of the pope's

dogana,* who expected us at the gate. The starveling placemen dismissed us after a short examination, to choose the best lodgings we could find in the wretchedest inn in which we had ever yet had the misfortune to be detained.

Next day we passed through Bolsena and Montefiasconi to Viterbo, the last town of any importance short of Rome.

As we rode out of this place, the inhabitants of which support the specious idleness of twenty-four convents of monks and nuns, the peasants were going to mass in crowds, though it was an hour before day, to indulge, or to exhibit their zealous devotion to some favourite saint.

The morning was hazy, and our Italian fellow-travellers handed us their smelling bottles, and put up the glasses of the coach, to shut out the foul air of this forsaken tract, which is described by Varro as a continued orchard, excelling in fertility all the provinces of an empire which embraced every climate, from the equator to the pole.†

The Roman territories being depopulated by oppression and celibacy, the air of the mountains is preferred to that of the plains, which is rendered unwholesome and almost pestiferous by the noxious vapours arising from stagnant waters and volcanic soils. The latter were more or less pernicious in ancient times, as we learn from Livy; but their virulence was then corrected by the salutary process of vegetation, and the balmy breath of flocks and herds.

Toward ten o'clock the clouds broke away, and permitted us to behold the dome of St. Peter's towering in the air, as we crossed, by the Flaminian way, the deserted plains of the Campania, dotted here and there with decayed trees, and ruined towers, but not of Roman antiquity; monuments of those barbarous ages, of which these fertile lands have never recovered the devastations.

The approach of Rome was indicated by no signs of opulence, or animation, though the road was lined for some miles with crumbling masses of ancient magnificence, in the half obliterated shape of tombs and temples.

But on crossing the Tiber, a muddy current, half as wide as the Schuylkill at Philadelphia, by the Ponte Molle, or Pons Milvius of antiquity, and entering *the eternal city*, by the Porta del Popolo, erected by one of the Mediccan popes, from a design of Michael Angelo, we were instantly

* Custom-house.

† Nulla quæ tam tota sil culta. Arboribus consita Italia est, ut tota pomarium videatur. Varro de re Rustica, Lib. I. c. 2.

satisfied with an exhibition of antient and modern grandeur no where united but at Rome.

An oblong square in the middle of which rises an Egyptian obelisk, covered with hieroglyphics, terminates with two churches of Grecian architecture, between which opens the Corso, a fine street of a mile in length, leading directly to the ascent of the capitol, while two others equally straight diverge to the right and left toward St. Peter's, and St. John de Lateran.*

Here while we were shewing our passports, a valet de place introduced himself without ceremony, as *having had the honour to serve several Milor's, to whom he was proud to have given the utmost satisfaction,* and without asking permission he jumped up by the side of the coachman, and went with us to the Dogana, which has been fitted up within the colonnade of an ancient temple.

By the assistance of our Cicerone, for he serves occasionally in both characters, we have procured very agreeable lodgings at the house of a statuary, directly opposite the church of San Carlo, an elegant edifice, near the middle of the Corso; the principal objections to which we soon found to be universal at Rome, viz. an open door was besieged by idlers, and a public stair-case stinking with filth.

We had no sooner dined, than I set out to find St. Peter's, but soon losing myself among crooked streets, narrow and badly paved, I had recourse to my usual method in a strange place, of walking far enough out of town to see the situation of the principal objects, when I found myself diametrically wrong, and was obliged to cross the whole town to come at the bridge and castle of St. Angelo, from whence a narrow passage leads directly to the papal Basilica.

LETTER X.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

THE cathedral of St. Peter, before whose encircling porticos, stupendous frontispiece, and gigantic dome, the proudest temples of antiquity diminish into comparative insignificance, is erected in the shape of a cross, upon the

* There are several inscriptions upon this obelisk. That of Augustus reads "Imperator Cæsar Augustus, Ægypto in potestatem, Populi Romani redactâ. Soli donum dedit."

very site of the circus of Nero, which had been so often stained with the blood of christian martyrs, as if to signalize the triumph of christianity over the pride and cruelty of heathen Rome.

The hemisphere of the dome is seen from all parts of the Campagna di Roma, towering over the subjacent city, at the western extremity of the suburb of Transtevere, a name that defines its situation, beyond the Tiber, which separates it alike (though not with the *clear stream* of the ancients) from the seven hills of the Consular city, and the plain at their foot, into which Papal Rome has imperceptibly descended.

The turbid current is traversed with equal enthusiasm by the pilgrim and the traveller, who from the remotest regions of the globe jostle each other upon the bridge of St. Angelo, and scarcely noticing the castle (itself an object of twofold superstition, as the bulwark of the church, and the mausoleum of Adrian) press onward, through a dark and narrow passage, which leads directly into the area of St. Peter's square.

Dazzled with the sudden blaze of incredible magnificence, the astonished spectator halts instinctively, to contemplate the glorious vision, of whose reality he can scarcely assure himself, yet fondly cherishes the seeming illusion.

A sweeping forest of three hundred columns surrounds the outer court with the swell of an amphitheatre, and the circling colonnades are aptly inscribed with the metaphoric promise: *There shall be a tabernacle, for a shadow from the heat, and for a covert from storm and from rain.* They lead to ascending corridors, which form an inner court four hundred feet square, and open into either end of the portico of the church, under the pathetic invitation: *Come and let us go up unto the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob.*

An Egyptian obelisk of a single piece of red granite, originally brought from Heliopolis by the emperor Caligula, occupies the centre of the outer court. It is eighty-five feet high, and nine feet square at the base, and on either hand of the stupendous cone an ample fountain spouts a column of water, which showers into a marble bason twenty feet diameter.

Six hundred feet beyond this glittering screen, over a quarry of steps, rises the gigantic frontispiece. It is of free-stone, four hundred feet long, and a hundred and fifty high, supported by twelve columns of the Corinthian order,

whose broad entablature is surmounted by an attic story, and crowned with a balustrade.

Upon the apex of the pediment, embraeing in his right hand the symbol of salvation, there stands a statue of Jesus of Nazareth, which is accompanied, upon the piers of the balustrade, by the twelve Diseiples that followed his footsteps in the land of Judah.

At a distance of four hundred feet within the massy frontispiece, is seen to tower aloft the immense rotunda of the dome, surmounted, at an elevation of four hundred and fifty feet, with a lanthorn, ball, and cross.

The great dome is accompanied by two lesser ones, which, though fifty feet diameter and a hundred high, are scarcely noticed in the stupendous out-line, for such is the charm of proportion, that the greatness of the parts is lost in the immensity of the whole. It is only by comparison with objects of known dimensions that you can form an idea of the unparalleled magnitude of the columns, the entablature, or the statues of the frontispiece. You must actually enter the doors of the portico, which you reckon diminutive, to convince yourself that they are wide enough for entering and retiring crowds to intermingle upon their thresholds.

The portico, an interior arcade running the whole length of the front, and forming the foot of the prostrate cross, is fifty feet wide and five hundred long, including the width of the two corridors at the ends, in each of which appears an equestrian statue; on the right Constantine the Great, on the left Charlemagne, at distant periods the Champions of the Church.

A stranger at his first visit to St. Peter's cursorily glances over the marble columns, the brazen gates, and the stuccoed arches of this magnificent vestibule, impatient to open on the middle aisle, six hundred feet long, ninety wide, and a hundred and fifty high. But at first sight of the Corinthian arcade, glittering in white and gold, it does not strike the disappointed visitor as very long, very wide, or very high, for neither length, breadth, nor height predominate in the proportions of this peerless nave, and he doubts for a moment whether he beholds the largest as well as the most beautiful structure that ever was erected by human hands.

He compares St. Peter's to the rival edifices of London, Milan, or Constantinople, and scarcely suspects his error till he approaches one of the fonts, and perceives that the

cherubs which support them are chubby giants. He looks up again at the resplendent vault, and discovers that he cannot distinctly perceive the variegated fret work of the immense compartments. He turns his eye across the marble pavement, and remarks that he can seareely hear the distant footstep that slowly advances on the other side of the nave. He darts a glance of astonishment toward the golden tribune, at the west end of the temple, and if the setting sun illumes the brazen eanopy supported over the altar of the dome by twisted eolumns, and irradiates the flaming glories that surround the Dove deseending on St. Peter's chair, as he approaches the bending radiance, it will seem to fly before him, like the rain-bow of a passing shower.

He presses on however, without stopping before the chapels, shining with marble, and glowing with mosaic tints, to the opening of the dome, a hundred and fifty feet diameter, and three hundred high, lighted by sixteen windows, and ribbed into lateral divisions, in whose broad circumferenee the twelve Apostles attend the Saviour, while above them, in eontracting rows, Angels and Cherubs encircle the mysterious ring, through which is faintly seen the *forbidden Image* of the eternal Father.

Here he finds the altar, with its refulgent canopy, and the chair supported by colossal saints, still at a distance which he no longer ventures to estimate, and glaneing his eye along the transepts to the right and left, draws backward, satiated with magnifieenee.

Reeovering himself, by degrees, he listens to the dying murmur of the pigmies that surround him, absorbed in the profound recesses through which they are seen to enter or emerge, when suddenly from a side chapel, before unnoticed, the anthems of the ehoir arise in measured strains, and the aerial vaults resound with seraphic symphonies, now vibrating to single voiees, mellifluous as the breath of zephyrs through Eolian harps, now swelling with the full toned organ to hallelujahs, solemn as the music of the spheres.

His nerves thrill with rapture; he looks downward to the hundred lamps, that burn continually in golden branches around the sanetuary, and (if a catholic) he humbles himself at the shrine of St. Peter, as did the queen of Sheba, in the temple of Solomon.

Around the rim of the lanthorn, in the centre of the dome, three hundred and thirty feet from the pavement, is

inscribed the dedication to St. Peter, by Sixtus the fifth:

S. PETRI GLORIÆ, SIXTUS P. P. V. A. MDXC. PONTIF V.*

And upon the frieze of the entablature, around the drum of the cupola, is ostentatiously exhibited in letters of gold, the ambiguous passage of St. Matthew:

TU ES PETRUS, ET SUPER HANC PETRAM ŒDIFICABO ECCLESIAM MEAM ET TIBI DABO CLAVES REGNI CŒLORUM.†

Although it is sufficiently obvious that the text refers not to Peter, the frail disciple that afterwards denied his Master in the hall of the high priest, but to *the revelation of the Son by the Father, as the sure foundation upon which the church of Christ should be built, a spiritual building, a house not made with hands, against which the gates of hell should never be able to prevail.*

On entering for the first time, this imposing edifice, the eye is too much dazzled by the splendour of the nave to remark its surrounding accompaniments, however commensurate, and the most attentive observer scarcely descries, athwart the vast arcades, the vaulted roofs of the side chapels, glowing at an awful elevation, with symbolic imagery, from the visions of Ezekiel, and the Revelations of John.

In six elliptical compartments, three of them on either hand, are displayed in brilliant mosaics, designed by the first masters, after the descriptions of the prophets and evangelists, the splendid emblems of supernatural agency, that visibly accompanied the promulgation of the law, and the introduction of the gospel.

The religious or poetical enthusiast may stand astonished under *the Flying Chariot, of the River of Chebar; or the Throne set in Heaven, of the Isle of Patmos. The descending Glory that announced the Promised Saviour, when he was baptized of John in Jordan; or the opening Heavens, as when the Martyr Stephen beheld the Son of the Virgin standing at the right hand of the Father Almighty.*

But the rainbow of the nave is altogether independant

* To the glory of St. Peter, Pope Sixtus V, in the year 1590, the fifth of his pontificate.

† Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church, and I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven.

of these sublime emanations, and you may count its colours or pursue its flight, without ever perceiving the transcendant appendages.

The cupola over the entrance to the chapel of the Sacrament, which is the last on the right hand, less exceptionably exhibits a Celestial Choir of Saints and Angels, perfuming an aerial Altar with clouds of incence, wafted from golden censers, waving in the wind.

Within the iron gates of the chapel, interleaved with glass to reflect the illuminations of the altar, is seen a circular Ciborio or Tabernacle for the Host, on either side of which a golden Angel extends his protecting wings, in imitation of *the Cherubims of Glory, shadowing the Mercy Seat.*

Directly opposite is the chapel of the choir, a noble apartment forty feet by fifty, with a splendid mosaic over the altar, representing the Virgin Mother, under the mistaken emblems of the *Spouse* of Christ; *the Wonder that was seen in Heaven, a Woman cloathed with the Sun, having the Moon under her feet, and upon her head a Crown of twelve Stars.*

The most pompous exhibition of ceremony or parade rather diminishes than increases the effect of this wonderful edifice. It is never more impressive, than, when silence reigns over its vast vacuities, unbroken by distant and solitary foot-steps retiring for the night, the unnoticed windows, at the approach of evening, shedding a mystic twilight, undazzled by the glimmering lamps that twinkle around the sanctuary.

Beneath the vast circumference of this aerial canopy there reigns, day and night, summer and winter, that even temperature, so favourable to meditation, since the double doors never admit enough external air to alter the medium of thirty-five millions of cubic feet, and the thickness of the walls renders them impervious to heat or moisture.

You ascend to the summit of this prodigious edifice, by the innumerable evolutions of a spiral ascent of no greater inclination than will admit of the use of mules, for the purposes of the building. Near the top of it are inscribed the names of all the foreign potentates who in the course of two centuries have done homage to the imperial pile.

This winding stair-way terminates at the flat surface of the roof in a room for the custodi, from which you look out upon a village of belfries and cupolas, concealed from below by the massy balustrade, excepting the great dome,

which has been boldly denominated the sun of the vatican, with its attendant satellites, and a galaxy of statues, whose gigantic proportions must be measured by a standard of twenty feet.

Here you may ramble about till you are weary upon a pavement of brick or stone, the interstices of which are filled up with an impenetrable cement.

Two external walks or galleries surround the basis of the dome, one of which is upon the mouldings of the basement, and the other ten feet higher is continued through the projecting abutments, which support the drum of the vaults; these galleries are three hundred paces in circumference, little less than the eighth part of a mile.

From the former you pass by a long entry into the inner gallery, at a height of two hundred feet from the floor. This is four hundred feet round, and from its iron railing you may look down with safety upon the brazen canopy of the altar (itself ninety feet high) and into the sunken recesses of the sanctuary, surrounded by kneeling devotees.

At this elevation may be distinctly seen the mosaics of the Four Evangelists, with their appropriate symbols, occupying the angles which support the drum of the dome. Of their enormous magnitude, an idea may be formed by that of the cross keys, an ornamental appendage, which is said to measure twenty-two feet in length.

The drum of the dome is ornamented by coupled pilasters between the windows, upon the continued basement of which are Cherubs supporting festoons.

Returning to the passage, you turn to the right or left, for the avenues are double, and wind round the imperceptible circle, between an outer and an inner wall, until you come to a spiral stair-case, by which you mount perpendicularly fifty feet higher, and enter another gallery within the dome, just under the spring of the vault.

From this elevated scaffold, you can perceive the coarseness of the mosaic cubes, with which are formed the gigantic figures of the concave, and you may thrust your hand into a gaping fissure invisible from below.

You now ascend diametrically by unequal steps practised between the inner and outer coping of the vault.

At the summit of the dome blind windows occasionally open into the lanthorn, itself a cupola twenty feet diameter and fifty high.

From this stupendous elevation, little less than three hundred and fifty feet, if you venture to look down upon the

pavement, the processions passing to and fro upon the chequered floor, remind you of ants upon a mole hill, and so contracted is the perspective of the well of the dome, that you mistrust with apprehension the perpendicularity of the walls, and suspect the sufficiency of the lessening pillars to support the superincumbent mass.

A rushing wind sets constantly from below, whenever these windows are opened, and you gladly mount ten feet higher to the outer gallery of the lanthorn, from which you behold Rome at your feet, and stretch your eye over the deserted plains of the Campagna to the Apennines on one side, and the Mediterranean on the other.

Here you ascend fifty feet higher by another flight of narrow steps turned within one of the butments, which support the lanthorn, barely wide enough to admit one person at a time.

This winding passage lands you upon the floor of a conical chamber, directly over the centre of the dome, from which you pass into the upper gallery of the cupola, or ascend, by a perpendicular ladder, into the hollow of the ball.

Within this brazen globe, a man of six feet high may stretch out his arms, or stand on tip-toe, while through accidental crevices in the beaten copper he perceives the tremendous height, at which he is soaring in the air.

It takes ten minutes to descend from this stupendous elevation, and when you emerge from its dark passage and winding stair-ways, you are glad to find yourself once more upon the surface of the earth.

Such is this unrivalled monument of modern art, which bears no marks of age or incongruity, although it was three hundred years in building, by the hands of twenty different architects.

Begun under Nicholas V. in 1450, it was carried on by Bramante under Julius II. by Sangallo and Peruzzi under Leo X. and by Michael Angelo, who moulded the immense concavity of the dome under Paul III. though he died before it was finished by Fontana, in the pontificate of Sixtus V.

Succeeding popes and succeeding architects successively added the lesser domes, the portico, the piazzas, and the vestry intermediately ornamenting the interior with brass and marble, and gradually securing the paintings from the corrosive touch of time by incorporating them with the walls in everlasting mosaic.

Exclusive of the dome and piazzas, St. Peter's church is twice as long, twice as broad, and twice as high as the temple of Jupiter Olympius, one of the wonders of antiquity, that still exhibits to the wondering traveller, silent and solitary porticos stretching over the prostrate plains of Greece.

St. Paul's at London, the only edifice of modern times, with which it can be worthily compared, does not inclose within its vast vacuities, including its porticos, its turrets, and its dome, one fourth part of the cubic square of St. Peter's, the corridors of which would encompass Ludgate Hill, and the crowd of Fleet-Street, roaring with carts and coaches, might rush on under cover of the circling piazzas, as far as Temple Bar.*

It requires a quarter of an hour to walk round this magic circle. Its circumference cannot therefore be less than a mile. Seven times as much would now encircle the growing metropolis of the United States; and the materials of all its public buildings, though they conveniently accommodate the business, the pleasures, and the devotions of seventy thousand people, would be insufficient to create such another edifice as the cathedral of St. Peter's, the most glorious structure that has ever been dedicated to the purposes of religion.

The most rigid dissenter from the most rigid protestants that have separated themselves from the corruptions of the Romish apostacy, might feel some flushes of enthusiasm at the sight of a christian temple, more glorious than that of Solomon, so long the admiration of the chosen people; however convinced that *the heart of man is the temple of the Lord,* and that *a contrite spirit,* the offering of the gospel, is a more acceptable sacrifice than *thousands of rams, or tens of thousands of rivers of oil.*

The most frugal moralist among those reformed societies that have brought their practice, the nearest to the simplicity of their profession, might hear without regret of the

* Travellers have remarked as a fault, the peculiar simplicity of the front of St. Peter's, and they have compared it, with derogation, to the variegated facade of St. Paul's, overlooking the sublime idea of Paul V. and Charles Maderne, to render the cathedral of Christendom a monument of Christ and his apostles. This obliged them to divide the frontispiece by a regular intercolumniation, upon the twelve piers of which should stand the twelve Apostles, thus emphatically indicated as the pillars of the church.

uncounted millions bestowed by Leo X. upon this splendid edifice, since it was the unlimited sale of indulgences, occasioned by this lavish expenditure, that gave rise to the declamations of Luther and Calvin, against the impositions of the Papal hierarchy.

Every professor of christianity, traditional, or conscientious, whether his creed adopts the sign for the substance, or the substance for the sign, must turn with complacency, perhaps with veneration, from temples dedicated to voluptuous deities and exterminating heroes, to a church whose original foundations were laid in the fourth century, by the survivors of the tenth persecution, for the worship of a meek and self-denying Saviour.

LETTER XI.

THE APPENDAGES OF ST. PETER'S.

BENEATH the elevated balcony, from which are pronounced over kneeling multitudes, the benedictions and the anathemas of the tiara, and upon the bronze enclosure of the chair of St. Peter, at the west end of the nave, are exquisitely embossed in brass and marble, the story of the Great Shepherd, charging Peter to feed his sheep, and that of his presenting him with the keys of the kingdom, when the well-known allusion was made to the name of the apostle, as also signifying *a stone*.

Pretended infallibility might disclaim its literal construction of the equivocal epithet, or recurring to the patriarchal prediction of *the stone of Israel;* * the prophetic anticipation of the royal psalmist, that *the stone which the builders would reject, should become the head of the corner* ; † or the promise of the God of Abraham, by the mouth of the evangelical prophet, " Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone.‡

If however by this sublime annunciation concurring prophets can be supposed to have proclaimed the apostle, let the apostle himself explain the prophets: " Be it known unto you all (said Peter to the unbelieving Jews)

* Genesis xlix. 24. † Psalm cxviii. 22. ‡ Isaiah xxviii. 16.

that *Jesus Christ* of Nazareth, whom God raised from the dead, is *the stone* which was *set at nought of you builders*; which is become *the head of the corner.**"

Among the monuments of art, with which St. Peter's abounds in painting and sculpture, the most remarkable are the Transfiguration of Raphael, the Communion of Domenichino, and the St. Petronilla of Guercino da Cento. These celebrated master-pieces are exquisitely copied from the originals, in mosaic work, a species of colouring which consists of square pieces of marble or composition, so perfectly arranged, that at the distance of a few feet, it can only be distinguished from painting in oil, by the marble gloss, that renders the colours more vivid.

Each of them contains fifteen or twenty figures larger than the life, in a pannel fifteen feet wide, and twenty-five or thirty high.

I have mentioned them in the order in which they are usually esteemed at Rome, which is the scale of their respective authors, in the estimation of Italian connoisseurs; but foreign taste, regardless of rules and reputation, frequently reverses the rank of these particular productions of those inestimable artists.

The ascension of St. Petronilla (a saint unknown to protestants, but in the Romish kalendar, the daughter of St. Peter) represents two scenes immediately dependant on each other, however irreconcileable with the canonical idea of the resurrection of the body, and the day of judgment. At the bottom of the picture, two men are seen lowering the corpse into the grave, adorned with flowers after the manner of antiquity, while the spirit appears above in shining garments—the gracious Being that said to the penitent thief on the cross, "this day shalt thou be with me in paradise," receiving her into heaven without the intervention of purgatorial fire: but it is not my intention, to implicate the faith of the painter, there is no heresy in his performance, yet the peculiar delusion of this piece is owing to the happy application of mosaic tints to the strong colouring of Guercino, which produces upon the polished surface the effect of a real bas-relief in coloured marbles.

In the communion of St. Jerome, the dying saint displays the christian triumph over death, hell, and the grave, as one about to receive the welcome sentence of, "Well

* Acts iv. 10, 11.

done, good and faithful servant! enter thou into the joy of the Lord." Yet the administering priests attend with an air of affectation or indifference, but too well drawn from the life. The shadow of the platter on which the superannuated officiator tremulously conveys the consecrated wafer, falls so naturally upon the face of a kneeling attendant, that fancy aids the illusion, and it seems to waver under his palsied hand.

The transfiguration of Christ before Peter, James and John, when Moses and Elias appeared with him on Mount Tabor, is exquisitely fine in the principal figure, self-balanced in the air, and beaming with light. But the attendant Prophets only serve as foils, and the story of the Maniac, from whom the Disciples could not cast out an evil Spirit, in the absence of their master, is strangely introduced below, though we are told that the transfiguration happened *on a high mountain, apart.*

The finest things in sculpture, as to design and execution, for all the monuments of St. Peter's are inconceivably rich in variegated marbles, are the tomb of Clement XIII. by Canova, a living artist, and that of Paul III. by William de la Porte, a pupil of Michael Angelo.

These unequalled essays of modern sculpture are invariably distinguished from other mausoleums of popes and princes, equally rich and splendid, by the spontaneous admiration of surrounding crowds.

The design of the former is equally simple and majestic. A Genius in a disconsolate attitude extinguishing the torch of life, and Religion triumphant, having at their feet two lions, one sleeping, the other watchful, support a square tomb, upon which the Pope appears kneeling in his pontifical habits, the tiara at his feet. This incomparable cenotaph is not less than twenty feet high, the whole executed in white-marble, except the lions and their pedestals, in grey.

In the latter, Justice and Prudence lie recumbent on a pedestal before the tomb of Paul III. who sits above in the attitude of giving the benediction, the tiara on his head, and on his finger the episcopal ring. The figure of the Pope is of bronze, but those of Justice and Prudence of white marble; the latter an aged matron, the former a youthful virgin, so charming in nature, dignity and grace, that it was found indispensibly necessary to cover a part of the body with bronze drapery.

The statuary of Michael Angelo, and the Chevalier Bernini at St. Peter's, is greatly inferior to these incomparable performances. You must therefore here study the genius of the former in the aery concave of the dome, and of the latter in the splendid designs executed in gilt bronze, for the decoration of the high altar and the papal chair.

It requires an hour or two to walk round the sequestered aisles, and contemplate at leisure the splendid monuments of the latter popes, and of such other sovereign princes as have died at Rome, no meaner dust being suffered to repose in state beneath this imperial canopy.

The cenotaph of Innocent VIII. whose pontificate says his epitaph was illustrated by the discovery of a new world, and that of Sixtus IV. both of them executed in bronze by Antonio Pollajolo, a Florentine artist of the fifteenth century, were brought thither from the old church, the floor of which had been arched over on building the new one, as monuments of art too precious to be left behind in its now subterranean recesses.

That of Sixtus is a low altar tomb upon the floor of the chapel of the sacrament, on which the Pope lies at length in his pontifical robes, surrounded by emblematical personifications of the Arts and Sciences, exquisitely embossed, in demi-relief, upon its sloping sides.

Paul III. and Urban VIII. were the first eminent popes inhumed in the new edifice; both Sixtus V. and Paul V. though one of them finished the dome, and the other the frontispiece, having chosen to be laid in chapels of their own, under *the more immediate protection* of the Virgin, at Santa Marior Maggiore.

Queen Christina of Sweden, that singular compound of ferocity and devotion, who abjured her religion, and abdicated her crown to spend her days in visiting the churches and convents of Rome, lies here beneath a splendid monument, near the supposed remains of the countess Matilda, so famous for her princely donation to the popes.

Here also repose the reliques of Mary, grand-daughter of John Sobieski, king of Poland, and wife of the pretender, the natural or the lawful son of James II. who long resided at Rome with the empty title of king of Great Britain.

Beside these regal mausoleums, the most remarkable tomb to an observer, who has more regard to the progress of information, than to the attributes of infallibility, or the perfections of art, is that of Gregory XIII. with a bas-relief, representing the correction of the kalendar, which was or-

dained by that pontiff in 1584, though it was not till 1752 that England, habitually suspicious of papistical precedents, could be persuaded to adopt the alteration of the style. "I do not like new fangled notions," said the old duke of B——, when the measure was proposed to him by the volatile Chesterfield, for his support in the house of peers.*

Such a reader as his grace of B—— would skim over the technical information, that this historical monument was sculptured by Rusconi, and is supported by colossal figures of Religion and Strength; he might perhaps mumble through the various expressions in brass and marble, of the fertile fancy of Monot or Algardi, but he would certainly drop asleep, should I attempt to distinguish the vigorous productions of Bernini in the statue of Longinus, and the tomb of Urban, from the feeble efforts of his expiring genius in the crowded cenotaph of the last pope Alexander.

An unbeliever in the christian system, will learn with triumph or contempt, the imaginary miracles that strike the eye at St. Peter's, with the aggravation of contrast, amidst the real wonders of art, by which they are surrounded.

Here an antiquated picture of the Virgin, preserved from the rubbish of the old church, is hung, though but scantily with votive tablets, and ludicrous representations of hair breadth escapes. There St. Peter and St. Paul, the promulgators of piety and peace appear, in the clouds, sword in hand, to defend Pope Leo from the incursions of Attila, king of the Huns.

Here Gregory the great converts the consecrated wafer into a shoulder of mutton, to the utter confusion of an unbeliever in *the real presence*. There some female martyr, in emulation of St. Denis, carries her own head in her hands to place it upon an altar, for the veneration of the faithful.

But at Rome miracles are familiar, and all these wonder-working saints attract little attention, in comparison of a

* Chesterfield humorously describes his own ignorance of the subject in the celebrated Letters to his son, of whom he would so gladly have made a statesman or a philosopher; but he was not du bois dont on en fait [the stuff of which such things are made.] It was Lord Macclesfield that framed the bill, and supported it in a scientifical speech, that nobody understood, while Chesterfield displayed to such advantage, the astronomical phrases he had got by heart on the occasion, plentifully interlarded with amusing episodes, and rhetorical flourishes, that it was his speech convinced their lordships, and rang through all Europe as a master-piece of modern elo-

brazen image of St. Peter, which was cast out of a broken statue of Jupiter Capitolinus. It sits upon a marble pedestal, beneath a scarlet canopy, on the right hand of the altar: a lamp burns constantly before it, the accompaniment of the keys is not forgotten, the right foot extends with a magisterial air, and men, women and children kiss it as they pass, bowing and scraping adoration!

A hundred clerks perform the offices of the choir in the various grades of priest-hood, from the candle-snuffer to the canon and the cardinal arch-priest, all of whom are bound to live in a state of celibacy, and have apartments in the vestry.

They assemble twice a day, in full dress, for matins and vespers, when the pomp of instrumental music is accompanied by half a dozen eunuchs, whose enchanting voices are sadly contrasted by their pallid faces and distorted limbs.

It is a singular fact in the history of superstition, that the chapter of St. Peter's, in white and silver, glittering with illumination and fuming with incense, attracts but few spectators, even among the church-going populace of Rome. While crowds of devotees collect every evening to chant the litany before a portrait of the weeping Virgin* in a little chapel of the Piazza Colonna.

But the privileged performers of the papal cathedral, do not even affect the semblances of zeal. Noviciates often smile at the awkwardness of initiation, and the canons themselves sometimes slumber in their stalls.

The splendid mosaic of the chapel glistens with the tapers of the altar, which is served with vessels of silver, and covered with cloth of gold. On either hand is a gallery for the musicians, and I have often heard thirty performers at a time arrayed in linen vestments, chanting alternately the responses of the choral service, in which the canons and the clerks occasionally join, from ascending desks parallel with the galleries, before which benches are placed transversely for spectators; but so few attend at St. Peter's, that a philosophical observer may speculate at his ease upon the ceremonies of the choir, where no mark of co-operation or obeisance is expected from strangers.

If this were not the case, the doubts of a protestant, or the scruples of a dissenter, might be lulled to rest by the

* Mater Dolorissima.

inscription over the organ loft, selected from the pious rhapsodies of the sweet singer of Israel:

PSALLITE DEO NOSTRO*

But when the song of praise ascends, from the graduated band of voices and instruments, sceptics and infidels might listen with rising fervour to repeated hallelujahs, and bow to the valedictory ascription of

GLORIA PATRI! ET FILIO! ET SPIRITO SANCTO!

St. Peter's and its appendages are supposed to have cost twenty millions sterling; as many centuries of progressive ingenuity must have preceded the bold design; and successive generations have concurred to raise and to decorate this magnificent temple, which concentrates the sublime conceptions of a Raphael, a Canova, and a Michael Angelo, the painter, the sculptor, and the architect of a revolving period of the arts, which returns (if it returns at all) like the comet of Newton, in an ellipsis of ages.

LETTER XII.

THE PALACE OF THE VATICAN.

THE morning of yesterday, was fully employed in rambling over the endless apartments of the papal palace, the number of which you are gravely told exceeds eleven thousand. Be that as it may, they have remained unoccupied ever since the departure of Pius VI. the present Pope residing altogether in the Quirinal, or Summer Palace, in which his state can be maintained with a far less expensive establishment than would be necessary to people the twenty courts, and two hundred staircases of the Vatican.

This irregular edifice, or mass of edifices, has been erected at different periods, without any general plan, according to the taste or convenience of successive priests and princes. It has arisen by degrees, from the humble dor-

* Sing unto our God.

mitory of St. Liberius, or St. Symmachus, in the fifth century, to the royal palace of Sixtus V. who erected the magnificent court of St. Damasus, which has been ever since the winter residence of the sovereign pontiffs, and the Imperial Museum of Pius VI. who added to the darksome galleries of Sixtus, the splended Rotundas that once inclosed the proudest monuments of the Arts.

The imposing pile is beheld as you approach the dome of St. Peter's, towering over the northern Piazza, through which coaches may drive under cover, a thousand or twelve hundred feet, and set down at the entrance of the right hand corridor, in the side of which a private door way leads, by a winding ascent, into the great court or cloister; around which, in three stories, run the celebrated piazzas, one of which has been ornamented three hundred years by the luxuriant fancy of Raphael.

But to go on by the principal entrance, the corridor, four hundred feet long, terminates in the angle of the portico of St. Peter's, in which is the statue of Constantine, astonished at the Vision of the Cross.

Here you instinctively cast an eye to the left, ranging four hundred feet along the vaulted portico, to the distant figure of Charlemagne, in the opposite corridor, before you prepare yourself to ascend the marble steps of the great stair-case. They extend from wall to wall, beneath an Ionic colonnade, terminating in a half pace, from whence another flight leads you into the great hall, at the far end of which you enter the chapel, where the cardinals assemble in conclave for the election of the popes.*

It is in this chapel, called the Capella Sistina, because it was erected by Sixtus IV. that the gigantic genius of Michael Angelo has displayed all its sublimity, uncon-

* The great hall is called the Sala Regia, because it was there that the popes gave audience to foreign ambassadors. In it, among other paintings by Georgio Vasari, and other second rate painters, is Alexander III. (the haughty pontiff that made the kings of France and England hold his stirrup, and lead his mule) setting his foot upon the neck of the Emperor Frederick. The Return of Gregory XI. from Avignon to Rome; the Battle of Lepanto, gained over the Turks by Pius V. in which 30,000 Mahometans were slain, and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew at Paris, during the pontificate of Gregory XIII. by whom a medal was struck in commemoration of that shocking event; on the reverse of which appears the destroying Angel, with the cross in one hand, and the exterminating sword in the other!

trolled, it is true, by the rules of decency, and unshackled by the fetters of truth.

Over the papal altar, at the west end of the chapel, in a space forty feet wide, and fifty or sixty high, the daring painter has depicted the Day of righteous Retribution, when the actions of men will be weighed in the unerring balance of the Sanctuary. It swarms with innumerable figures of angels, men, and devils, under the various impressions of hope and fear.

But it is upon the coved cieling of this celebrated chapel, that Michael Angelo has peculiarly stamped the supernatural ideas of his fervid imagination.

The whole space is divided into compartments of different dimensions, with intervals for correspondent accompaniments. Along the middle of the vault are represented Scripture Histories, from the stupendous moment of Creation, when God said, " Let there be light," *and there was light*, to the portentous hour when our first parents were driven out of Paradise, by *the Angel with a flaming sword.*

At each end, and on both sides, prophets and sibyls alternately impress the trembling spectator with the lamentation of Jeremiah, and the visions of Ezekiel; or contrast the prediction of Isaiah, " Behold a Virgin shall conceive! *a Virgin!* bear a Son," with the incantations of the Delphic Sibyl, who is said to have foretold *the birth of Christ.* Two youths in concomitant postures of grief, of wonder, or of fear, wait upon the revelations of the prophet or the sibyl, and imbibe or impart the visionary rapture. While contiguous angels develope men or women, whose attitudes are legibly impressed with the melancholy, the terror, or the extacy of the particular Visionary to whom they refer; or introduce some episode of Jewish story, fraught with the accomplishment of prophetic denunciation, *grisly Heads hung out of a window, or new born Infants dashed against the wall.**

* This famous cieling is said to have been painted forty years before the picture of the Last Judgment, which must therefore have been a production of declining age, especially as it employed the labour of eight years. Biagio, the then pope's master of the ceremonies, having ventured some remark upon the shameless nudities with which the piece abounds, the painter drew him as a Demon, and placed the poor courtier in hell, from which situation he wittily excused himself from complying with the pope's solicitation for his release: " If he had been in purgatory, your holiness could no doubt have released him, but in hell there is no redemption."

At the other end of the great hall is the Capella Paulina, in which are some rough sketches by the same master-hand; this chapel being only intended for ceremonies that require illumination, such as the exposition of the forty hours, and the *tenebræ* of the holy week.

On one side is another large hall, which leads to the celebrated lodges of Raphael. They consist of thirteen lofty arcades, erected by Leo X. forming one wing of the second story of the court of St. Damasus.

What is usually reckoned the most remarkable in this famous gallery, is the Sacred History on the sides of the coving of every lodge, from the dawn of Creation to the last Supper of our blessed Lord. The latter is said to be the only piece of the series immediately from the pencil of Raphael, all the others having been painted by his scholars, from the designs of their master.

But the infinite variety of invention, in the grotesque ornaments, with which these lodges are covered, forms a much finer specimen of the peculiar talents of this great painter; and some libidinous exhibitions, that lie perdue here and there, grossly indicate that the expenses of St. Peter's were not the only temporal causes of the reformation.

At the end of these lodges, a side-door opens into the state apartments of Julius II. comonly called the chambers of Raphael, because they were painted by him and his scholars. They are four in number, all drawn from the designs of Raphael, though those of the third only are painted by his own unrivalled hand.

The first of them, called the Hall of Constantine, is a room of thirty feet by sixty, the corners of which are ornamented with Virtues, Geniuses, &c. among which Justice and Clemency are easily distinguishable to the eye of taste, as emanating from his own pencil. They are seen too with peculiar interest, from having been in hand at the time of his early decease.

These figures form noble accompaniments to an immense picture, which covers one side of the hall, representing the Victory of Constantine the Great over the tyrant Maxentius at the Ponte Molle. At one end of the apartment is seen the pretended apparition of the Cross, while the Emperor was haranguing his army before the battle, which is said to have been accompanied with these encouraging words, though they were probably of much later invention,

In hoc signo vinces.*

In consequence of this victory, Constantine is said to have submitted to be baptized as a christian, by Pope Sylvester, as is represented at the other end of the room; and between the windows is depicted the Imperial Donation, afterward made to the prelates of the Roman See.

The second chamber, twenty-five feet square on one side, represents the apocryphal story of Heliodorus, prefect of Seleucus, King of Assyria, when he was sent to pillage the Temple of Jerusalem, from which he is driven away by two angels at the prayer of the high priest Onias. Here the vanity of Julius has forced Raphael into an anachronism equally false and incongruous. The Pontiff in a velvet cap and slippers, appears tranquilly seated in an armed chair, upon the shoulders of his vacant porters, in the midst of this scene of confusion.

Opposite, St. Leo the Great, in the likeness of Leo X. attended by two cardinals mounted upon mules, which are almost entirely covered by their flowing robes, meets Attila on his way to Rome, and threatens the barbarian characteristically enough, with the vengeance of St. Peter and St. Paul. The meek Apostles accordingly appear in the clouds, brandishing naked swords, over the affrighted chieftain, notwithstanding they have themselves left it upon record, that the weapons of their warfare were not carnal. This piece however is said to be by Raphael's own hand.

On one side of this chamber, Julius is again present, kneeling at an altar, while his brawny porters repose themselves below, at which a priest of Bolsena is represented elevating the Host, from which are seen to trickle drops of blood, to convince the astonished officiator of the doctrine of the *real presence*, of which he is said to have before entertained some doubts; a fictitious miracle, which however seasonably wrought, at the moment when the harbingers of reformation first dared to disbelieve, proved altogether ineffectual to arrest the progress of reviving truth.

Between the windows is St. Peter in prison, when the Angel came to him by night, caused *the chain to fall from off his hands, and led him forth into the streets of Jerusalem.* In this piece three different lights are thought to be very

* Under this banner thou shalt conquer.

happily expressed, but I should have preferred the unbroken effect of a single one, emanating from the effulgent Angel.

The third chamber, which was entirely wrought by Raphael himself, contains his master-piece, the School of Athens, which was also his first essay at Rome. In this admirable performance you are at a loss, whether most to admire the invention, the character, or the style. The scene is an open portico of magnificent architecture. Plato and Aristotle appear in the midst discoursing philosophically. On one side Socrates lectures Alcibiades. Below Pythagoras in the midst of his pupils descants upon the principles of harmony. Diogenes reposes upon one of the steps, enjoying his book and his porringer, and Archimedes traces a hexagon upon the floor, for the instruction of a noble youth; while Zoroaster contemplates a globe, near which the painter has introduced himself, his master Peragino, and his patron Bramante.

In the opposite pannel, the Doctors of the Church hold a theological argument upon the mystery of the Sacrament, one *of those things that have been hid from the wise aad prudent, to be revealed unto babes and sucklings.*

Over the windows on the right and left are subjects, indifferently treated, though by the pencil of Raphael, who has however introduced among the ornaments of the cieling allegorical personifications, sublimely characteristic of Poetry, Philosophy, &c; the eye of the former, as Shakespeare says, *in a fine phrensy rolling.*

In the fourth and last chamber, the only picture attributed to the hand of Raphael is the Conflagration that happened in the neighbourhood of the cathedral, in the time of St. Leo IV. who shews himself at a window of the old church, and the superstitious multitude prostrate themselves at his feet for his apostolic intercession.

Opposite to this sketch, the perspective of which is very defective, Leo III. another equivocal saint, *canonically* purges himself from the crimes imputed to him, in the presence of Charlemagne. On the third face, the Prelate crowns the Prince in the church of St. Peter; and on the fourth another Leo, of still more dubious sanctity, triumphs over the Saracens at the port of Ostia.

Returning to the Loggia, and continuing along the second and third wing, you enter the private apartments, from which a covered gallery, carried over intervening streets

and houses for the space of half a mile, connects the pontifical palace with the castle of St. Angelo.*

Descending to the ground floor, a door on the left opens into the grand corridor of the Belvidere, twenty feet wide, and nine hundred long. An iron gate half-way along this gallery is the entrance to the Vatican Library. It was formerly kept at St. John de Lateran's, but Martin V. removed it to this palace, the old apartments having become too small, in consequence of the large addition made to the Papal library by Nicholas V. and Sixtus IV.

Sixtus V. erected the present superb apartment. It is divided into a double arcade, two hundred feet long and fifty wide, by a range of quadrangular piers, around which as well as along the walls, the books and manuscripts are preserved in close presses, the uppermost shelves of which are within reach from the floor.

In this famous library, in which Nicholas V. liberally deposited the literary treasures of the east, which he acquired from the Greeks who fled into Europe on the taking of Constantinople, there is a small folio of Virgil, supposed to be at least thirteen hundred years old. It is broader than it is long, and the text is written wholly in capital letters without points.

But the curiosity of an Englishman will be much more powerfully excited by Henry VIIIth's Defence of the Seven Sacraments, against the exceptions of Martin Luther, which procured for the sovereigns of England, the title they still maintain of Defenders of the Faith. It is inscribed upon the title page with the following monkish distich:

Anglorum Rex Henricus Leo Decimo mittit
Hoc Opus et fidei testem et amicitiæ.†

The letter which accompanied it is also preserved. It begins thus, "Beatissime Pater post humillimam commen-

* By this gallery in 1527, when Rome was sacked for the last time by the troops of Charles V. under the command of the Constable de Bourbon, Clement VII. saved himself from the fury of the onset in which the city was given up to pillage and slaughter, not as in barbarous ages by Goths and Vandals, but by the subjects of a catholic prince, who kept his spiritual father a long while in close confinement; yet at Madrid the imperial hypocrite could blind the eyes of the faithful, by directing prayers and processions for the deliverance of the head of the church.

† Henry king of England presents to Leo X. this testimony of his faith and friendship.

dationem et devotissima pedum oscula beatorum."* The superscription runs

Sanctissimo clementissimoque Domino Patro Papæ.†

The two first points asserted by Luther appear to have been, "Indulgentiæ sunt adulatorum Romanorum nequitiæ," and "Papatus est robusta venatio Romani Pontificis.‡"

There are also seven love letters written to Anna Bolevn, before marriage, in the barbarous French of that age. One of them begins thus, "Ma Mastres et Amye, Moy et mon cœur se mestet en vous mains, vous suppliant les avoir pur recommandés a votre bonne grace, et que par absens votre affection ne leur soit diminué."§

At the end of the hall you enter a transverse gallery, the left wing of which is richly furnished with Etruscan vases, and christian antiquities; the latter very rude, having been mostly discovered in the catacombs.

It terminates in a cabinet, the walls of which are lined with Egyptian papyrus, and the ceiling is painted in fresco by Mengs, the last painter of original genius that was born or patronised in Italy. He has here depicted a beautiful allegory of History, writing her memorandums upon the back of Time.‖

In the right wing there is a collection of engravings, and a cabinet of antiques, particularly rich in medals, cameos, intaglios, &c. At this end of the gallery, an iron gate richly ornamented, communicates with the great stair-case of the Clementine Museum.

Returning through the library into the great corridor and going on towards the Museum, you observe upon the right hand wall, an immense number of antique tablets, with inscriptions in Greek and Latin, an

———*ample page,*
Rich with the spoils of Time

* Most holy Father, after my humble duty, and devout salutation of your sacred feet.

† To the most holy and most clement Lord and Father the Pope.

‡ Indulgences are an iniquitous invention of the Roman courtiers. The papacy is the great sin of the Roman pontificate.

§ Sweet heart, I put myself and my heart into your keeping, beseeching you to accept this recommendation to your favour, that absence may not diminish your affection, &c.

‖ Mengs was a German. Carlo Marratti, who flourished in the seventeenth century, was the last Italian artist, whose works are legibly superscribed, "to posterity," in the universal language of truth and nature.

You come at length to a flight of steps, at the top of which is an iron gate, by which you enter the unparalleled Museum founded by Clement XIV. and perfected by Pius VI.

It is a suite of ten or twelve magnificent apartments, superbly enriched with seulptured walls, and painted cielings, in which have been arranged with correspondent dignity the various objects of inventive art, that once decorated the baths, the palaces, the forums, the temples, and the tombs of the conquerors of the world.

In the outer vestibule, a small cube, among other less interesting objects, are preserved the monuments lately discovered in the tomb of the Scipios on the Appian way.

These precious reliques consist of a sarcophagus, ornamented with roses and triglyphs, surmounted with folding serolls, and inscribed with the name and honours of Scipio Barbatus, the bust of a youth crowned with laurel, no doubt one of the three mentioned by Cicero, in describing the tomb of the Cornelii, two of which were of that noble family, and one of their protegée, the poet Ennius, (some fragments only of which poets have escaped the ravages of time) and a number of laconic inscriptions, one of which records Cn. Cornelius Scipio Hispanus, and another Cornelius Scipio Comatus, a youth that died at the age of sixteen*.

The inner vestibule is a circle, in the midst of which was once placed upon a pedestal, the famous Torso of the Belvidere, the workmanship of Apollonius, the son of Nestor. It was a headless trunk, without arms or legs, greatly admired by Michael Angelo, and after him by all professed artists and connoissures, though a common observer would not be likely much to regret that it is now replaced by a plaster cast, the French having conveyed the original to Paris.

Each of the four niches with which it is surrounded, contains other admired fragments, for the contemplation of the curious; but as I prefer legs with feet, and necks with

* Scipio Barbatus was consul in the year of Rome 456, three hundred years before Christ, the inscription upon this tomb is therefore one of the most ancient that has come down to our times. It follows, *verbatim et literatim*, for the satisfaction of the curious.

CORNELIVS. LVCIVS. SCIPIO. BARBATVS. GNAIVOD. PATE PROGNATVS. FORTIS. VIR. SAPIENSQUE.—QVOIVS. FORMA. VIRTVTEI. PARISVMA. FVIT. —CONSOL. CESOR. ÆDILIS. QVEI. FVIT. APVD. VOS.—TAVRASIA. CISAVNA. SAMINIO. CEPIT.—SVBIGIT. OMNE. LOVCANA. OPSIDESQVE. ABDVCIT.

heads on, to all the mutilations of time and chance, I shall pass on through the chamber of Bacchus, where I see nothing worth particular notice, to

The court of statues, under the colonnades of which, among sarcophaguses of marble, and basons of basaltes and granite, the edges of which are as square as if they had been cut but yesterday, by chisels of forgotten temper, were exhibited to the admiration of successive ages, those miracles of art, the Apollo Belvidere, and the Groupe of Laocoon; but the French have transported them both beyond the Alps, and they are now replaced by models in plaster.

From the court you enter the hall of Rivers, which begins the unparalleled suit of rooms that was added to this museum by Pius VI.

A vestibule formed by colonnades, divides the hall into two, for the reception of recumbent statues of the Tiber and the Nile, the original of which now repose upon the banks of the Seine.

The vestibule is paved with ancient mosaics, representing among other objects an eagle devouring a hare; and it is lined, as are the two wings, with an infinite variety of birds and beasts, executed in the richest and hardest marbles, emulating the natural colours of the animals they represent.

The hall of Rivers communicates on the right with the gallery of statues, where among many fine things there is nothing worth particular notice, since the sitting figures of Posidippus and Menander, of Trajan and Demosthenes, (the emperor holding in his hand a globe, as the sign of universal empire) have been removed to Paris, together with the recumbent effigy of Cleopatra, with the asp upon her arm.

At the end of the gallery, two columns and an arch successively admit you into three chambers of bustos, in which, upon marble slabs, continued round the rooms, are placed a vast number of antique heads. Among them you readily select the well known characters of the elder Brutus, of Scipio Africanus, of Julius Cæsar, &c. In the middle of the second of these chambers are two superb tables of verde antique, and within a niche at the end of the third, is a Jupiter Fulminans, which the French have left (I know not for what reason) sitting upon his eagle, the scepter in one hand, and the thunder-bolt in the other.

From these chambers you pass into an open balcony, lined

with statues, which reconducts you to the upper end of the gallery, through a cabinet elegantly decorated with all the refinements of modern taste, for the reception of some beautiful statues of Venus, Adonis, Ganymede, &c. with correspondent bas reliefs, and a tesselated pavement, found in the Villa Adriana, with a most beautiful border of fruit and flowers.

You now re-enter the right wing of the hall of Rivers, the vestibule of which leads into the chamber of the Muses, a vast and beautiful apartment, whose cieling, blooming with the Loves and Graces, is supported by sixteen columns of Carrara marble, with antique capitals from the Villa Adriana.

Here are richly enshrined, Apollo, and the fabled Nine. Here are, did I say? I should have said, here were, for Thalia and Melpomene, Clio, Erato, Calliope, Urania, Euterpe, Terpsichore, and Polyhymnia, were all swept away at a stroke, together with the Termini of the Grecian sages, by which they were originally accompanied. Some of the blocks were with heads, and some of them without. Among the latter, alas! Solon and Pittacus. Among the former Plato, Epicurus, Demosthenes, Zeno, and Periander.

Let us go on to the Rotunda, a hall of fifty feet diameter, with ten windows, richly intercolumniated, and a vaulted roof ornamented with stucco.

Ten collossal busts, of peculiar elegance, once stood around the superb apartment upon blocks of porphyry. The most remarkable of them were those of Adrian and Antinous, the Sun and the Ocean, and the geniuses of Tragedy and Comedy, all of which had been found in that inexhaustible mine of antiquities, the Villa of Adrian.

The colossal statues, intended to adorn this Rotunda, had not been placed in their niches when the French depredators decimated this unparalleled collection, to enrich the gallery of Paris. The most remarkable of them were those of the Goddess Juno, and of the Emperor Nerva.

The pavement is black and white mosaic, representing Medusa's head, with a border of Sea Monsters, was found at Otricoli, and in the midst, upon a bronze-stand four feet high, is a bason of porphyry, fifteen feet diameter.

From this Imperial Hall, you pass into a chamber in the shape of a Greek cross, by a bronze door, the jambs of which are of red granite, and they are supported by

Egyptian caryatides of the same imperishable material, twelve feet in height. They stand on pedestals, and bear vases upon their heads, or rather upon an entablature, the frieze of which is an antique bas relief, representing a combat of lions and gladiators.

The most remakable objects in this room are two prodigious blocks of porphyry, embossed with figures, the heads of which are in full relief. One of them was brought from the ancient temple of Bacchus, now the church of St. Constantia, where it contained the ashes of the daughter of Constantine. The other was found among the ruins of the tower, called Pignatara, a few miles without the gates of Rome; and is supposed to have been the tomb of St. Helena, the mother of the first Christian Emperor. The pavement is a mosaic, which was found at Tusculum.

This apartment opens into the great stair-case. It is of Carrara marble, divided into three flights. One of them descends to the library, the garden, &c. and the other two lead to the upper galleries. It is decorated with twenty columns of granite, beside statues, vases, &c.

Ascending the marble steps, you enter a long gallery, divided into six apartments, by as many arches, supported by Ionic columns. They are all lined with Vases, Tripods, Candelabra, Demi-columns, and Egyptian Idols of the rarest marbles.

But before you advance, an iron gate invites you to peep into a lesser Rotunda, still more richly decorated than the former, and ennobled by a view of the dome of St. Peter's, which appears at a distance through one of the windows. In the middle of the apartment is an antique Car with two Horses, driven by a victor at the Olympic games.

Passing through the six divisions of the gallery of vases, with a cursory glance at the innumerable objects they contain, you enter the picture gallery of the Belvidere, of which I shall say nothing, as every thing particularly valuable has been selected by the French.

Returning to the great-stair case, you may descend into the garden, if you choose; but it contains nothing remarkable to a French or English traveller, excepting the pedestal of the column of Antoninus Pius, which was raised to his memory by his adopted sons Marcus Antoninus and Lucius Verus.

It is a single block of white marble twelve or fourteen feet square, ornamented with superb bas reliefs. One of them

represents the Apotheosis of Antoninus and Faustina, with whom a powerful Angel ascends to heaven. Below this groupe, on one side is a Roma Triumphans, on the other a figure of Eternity, embracing an obelisk.

LETTER XIII.

ROMAN TEMPLES AND OTHER ANTIQUE EDIFICES.

OF the many heathen temples at Rome, which have been converted into Christian churches, although several are strikingly beautiful, yet none are comparable to the Pantheon in respect either of sublimity or preservation.

This majestic Rotunda has withstood the injuries of time and nature ever since the age of the Consuls. By them the gigantic concave was dedicated to Cybele, the fancied mother of the gods, and her numerous progeny, celestial, terrestrial, and infernal, as in after times, by the Popes, to the Virgin Mary, and all the saints of the kalendar.

It was originally a simple dome, a form of all others, the least liable to decay, as if intended by its founders to endure for ever.

The interior is a hundred and fifty feet diameter, and an hundred and fifty high, within solid walls of Roman brick, little less than twenty feet in thickness. They are only perforated by a single door, twenty feet wide, and a single window, in the centre of the vault, large enough to admit at once a sufficiency of light and air.

Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus, added the marble portico, forty feet by eighty, or ninety, supported by sixteen Corinthian columns, five feet diameter and forty high, although each of them is but a single piece of red granite, with bases and capitals of white marble. The Augustan inscription is still legible upon the frieze.

M. AGRIPPA L. F. COS. TERTIUM FECIT*.

Within a lofty niche, on each side of the entrance, the royal favourite proudly or impiously placed colossal statues

* Erected by M. Agrippa, the son of L. in his third consulate.

of himself, and his adoptive father, and the self-created deities are supposed to have appeared again above in triumphal cars, upon the square towers, which rise to the entablature of the edifice, and now terminate in modern belfries. But every thing of that kind, on the outside of the building, has long been overthrown and buried in the accumulated rubbish of surrounding ruins, occasioned by the ravages of the Goths and Vandals, the effect of successive conflagrations, and the silent devastation of corroding time.

The bold concavity within remained uninjured, amidst the fallen walls of neighbouring edifices, by which two of the massy columns of the portico had been crushed to pieces, and a sallow hue is to this day the only indication of remote antiquity in the minutest mouldings of the pediments, supported over the perpetual altars, by coeval pillars of porphyry and granite.

This magnificent temple was stripped of its images, its sacrificial vessels of gold and silver, and its ornaments of precious stones, by Constantine II. who removed them to Constantinople, then the seat of empire; and the bronze doors, curiously embossed, were taken away by Genseric king of the Vandals, and afterwards lost in the Sicilian Sea. It remained for Pope Urban VIII. in our own times, to strip the beams of the portico of their bronze plates, for the brazen canopy of St. Peter's.

On beholding, for the first time, this prodigious rotunda, the spectator involuntarily stops at the entrance, and surveys with astonishment, tinctured, perhaps, with apprehension, the immense concavity of the dome, which is seen so much nearer the eye than that of St. Peter's, as to impress more strongly with an idea of physical impossibility and invisible support.

From hence the opening in the centre, appears to be of moderate dimensions, although it is little less than thirty feet diameter; and through it the sight of clouds and azure in the ambient air adds unspeakable sublimity to the artificial hemisphere.

The circling walls, encrusted with marble, presents alternate niches and colonnades, forming ample recesses within the thickness of the walls; and the compartments of the vault are said to have been originally plated with silver.

The everlasting pavement has been chiefly laid with porphyry and granite, and the centre piece, a circle of

ten or twenty feet diameter, is perforated with holes, to carry off the rain which occasionally enters from above.

There is nothing remarkable among the seven altars, which have supplanted the pedestals of the heathen Gods ever since the year 606, when the Emperor Phocas assigned this temple to Pope Boniface the fourth.

The busts of Raphael, of Annibal Caracci, of Poussin, of Metastasio, of Winkelman, and of Mengs, are modestly placed in circular niches around the walls, and serve to point or to recal appropriate meditations, which are here frequently disturbed by clamorous beggars, and idle devotees.

Towards evening, when these were withdrawn, I have often niched myself in a corner of one of the recesses, to review the evanescent scenes connected with the history of this everlasting edifice, when, separated from the jarring world by the impervious circle, I could fancy myself secured, like it, from the effects of years and revolutions.

But the Pantheon is not the only monument of Roman magnificence, that rears its venerable head in a form that promises to endure as long as the globe on which it stands: two others remain uninjured, the witnesses, and the survivors of the decline and fall of the Empire of the World. I mean the Doric columns, erected in the respective forums of Trajan and Antonine.

Of these unparalled pillars, a single block of white marble, two-and-twenty feet square, forms the plinth; four others, placed two along, and two across, makes the pedestal; another gives the base; twenty or thirty more turn the shaft, in circular blocks, of ten or twelve feet diameter; and another, twenty feet square, displays the soaring capital, a hundred and twenty or thirty feet in the air.

The pedestal of that of Trajan is enriched with bas reliefs, representing missile weapons, and coats of mail, and the shafts of both these matchless columns are fretted with the historic scenery of the successful expeditions of the respective emperors, represented by some thousands of figures, occasionally interspersed with towers and gallies, curiously embossed upon a spiral bandelet three feet wide, which forms fifteen or twenty evolutions, gradually rising to the abacus.

A door in each pedestal opens into a spiral stair-case, which perforates the shafts, and leads out upon the capitals,

on whose proud elevation were anciently placed colossal statues of Trajan and Antonine; but the mutilated remains, which survived the devastation of the middle ages, were removed by the princely prelate Sixtus V. to make way for those of the chief of the apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul.

These superb columns are of a dingy hue, and to the height of forty or fifty feet, they bear the marks of many a heavy shock, from the fall of surrounding edifices. They now stand, like the effects of enchantment, in the midst of modern buildings, which have successively risen upon the ruins of the ancient forums, and effaced every vestige of contemporary grandeur*.

Having contemplated the remaining monuments of ancient Rome, which preserve entirely the perfect harmony of their original proportions, let us now take a walk across the elevated site of the capitol, which is disguised by the porch and turret of a modern town house, and after looking down the precipice of the Tarpeian rock, a cliff that would now scarcely give tragic sublimity to a lover's leap, let us descend into

The Roman Forum, now a common field without the town, only distinguishable here and there by a broken portico, or a mutilated arch, interspersed with prostrate columns, and mouldering capitals, half buried in the earth. On one side are the remaining vaults of the temple of Peace, in which were deposited the spoils of the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, whose sacred vessels had been restored by Cyrus, together with *the children of the captivity*; on the other the shapeless ruins of the palace of the Cesars, overshadowed with funeral cypresses, which have emblematically supplanted the laurels of the Palatine hill. In front are the yet undilapidated arcades of the gigantic Coliseum, towering at a respectful

* Trajan died of a dysentery, in the city of Seleucia, while they were finishing at Rome, the column that should perpetuate his victories. Adrian, however, transported his remains from Asia, and placed the ashes in a golden globe in the left hand of a colossal statue of his benefactor. On one side of the pedestal may still be read the following inscription:

S. P. Q. R.
IMP. CÆSARI. D. NERVÆ F.
NERVÆ TRAJANO AUG. GERM. DACICO.
PONTIF. MAX. TRIB. POT. XII. IMP. III. COS. VI.
P. P.
AD DECLARANDUM QUANTÆ ALTITUDINIS.
MONS: ET LOCUS TANTIS OPERIBUS SIT EGESTUS.

distance, over intermediate objects of majestic ruin; among which are the fallen Temples of the Sun and Moon.

Going down the venerable hill, you pass between three columns and a piece of entablature, exquisitely wrought, which once formed a corner of the magnificent Temple of Jupiter the Thunderer, (erected by Augustus in gratitude for his safety, when a freed man was struck dead by his side) and an Ionic colonnade, the only remains of that Temple of Concord in which Cicero convened the senate, to impeach the treachery of Catiline.

On the frieze of the latter, may still be read this laconic inscription.

S. P. Q. R. INCENDIO CONSUMPTUM RESTITUERUNT.*

Below these interesting mementos of classical antiquity, you pass through the Triumphal Arch of Septimus Severus. It is now almost buried in a hill of ruin, and the Imperial Car with its four brazen Horses, has long been tumbled from the crumbling entablature.

Farther on is a little chapel, which has been erected over the dungeons of the Mammertine prison, whose dark and humid cell is now venerated by all good catholics, as the place where St. Peter and St. Paul were confined by the tyrant Nero. There also the unfortunate Jugurtha was starved to death, by the *civilized savages* of antiquity.

On one side of this horrid dungeon is the Scala Gemonia, or hill of groans, upon which the bodies of real or pretended malefactors, executed in the prison, were barbarously thrown out, to amuse the ferocious curiosity of the populace of Rome.

Advancing along the Via Sacra, so called from the religious processions of heathen Rome, you pass on the left the portico of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, the body of which has long been converted into a christian church.

At a distance on the right, there stands a single column of some unknown edifice, not one stone of which has been left upon another, excepting the shaft and capital of this solitary pillar, which looks as if it had been dropped from the clouds, among the miserable hovels that have been framed around it.

A little farther you see three noble columns, which still

* Restored by the S. P. Q. R. when consumed by fire.

supports a massy portion of the rich entablature, of the Temple of Jupiter Stator.

Beyond these are the fallen arches of the Imperial Palace, once the abode of the Roman Cæsars, now a mass of undistinguishable ruins, concealed by rubbish, and entangled with briars and thorns.

Two semicircular piles, however, at a prodigious distance from each other, still exhibit half a rotunda, and support in the air half a dome, the naked compartment of which once plated with silver, vaulted over a colonnade of the richest marbles of Paros or Numidia, glittering with foliage of Corinthian brass.

But the towers of the Septizonium, seven ranges of columns which reared aloft the eastern portico are now totally prostrated, and their precise situation is no longer remembered. Three stories of this superb colonnade remained unshaken, till the time of Sixtus V, when they were removed by that indefatigable pontiff, to decorate the tombs and altar-pieces of the cathedral of St. Peter.

From the proud balconies of this incomparable palace, Tiberius and Nero, Commodus and Domitian, could overlook the area of the circus Maximus, whose incredible dimensions occupied the whole space between the Palatine Mount and the Aventine hill. Within its vast circumference, in the sight of a hundred and fifty thousand spectors, the charioteers of Rome used to drive seven times around the conical goals, which terminated the Spina, frequently overturning, and trampling upon each other, in their headlong course.

One of these balconies remains unbroken, or at least repaired, from whence the Imperial Pandars sometimes directed the public amusements, sometimes ignobly descended into the area, to assist in person at the foot races, or the courses of horses and chariots, round the Egyptian obelisks, which now dignify the Piazza del Popolo, and the court of St. John.

The central spina was then surrounded by a broad and deep canal, upon which sea-fights were sometimes exhibited, a boast of Rome, that would now be the jest of Britain.

But the chariots and the obelisks, the gallies and the canal, have disappeared alike, and the length and the breadth of the wide extended area, can now only be traced upon the slopes of a cabbage garden!

Let us return to the Forum. Opposite to the palace,

are the three brick arches, that once formed as many recesses of the Temple of Peace, the vast concaves of which are fretted into square compartments, that have long since lost the sculptured roses of stucco, of marble, perhaps of silver or of gold, with which they were once interleaved.

Here this venerable field, so richly strewed with the spoils of antiquity, contracts itself to a single arch, which is supported by Corinthian columns, and fretted with bas reliefs of the most exquisite workmanship. It is that of Titus, erected in the commemoration of *the destruction of Jerusalem,* and *the dispersion of the Jews,* those awful events which had been expressly predicted in the sacred records.

I could never contemplate this arch but with a degree of veneration, as a *visible* proof of scripture history, singularly corroborating that of the actual situation of the children of Isarel, *without a king, and without a prince, without a sacrifice, and without teraphim.*

Within the arch is a marble bas relief, five or six feet in height, and ten or twelve in length, in which are represented the sacred vessels of the Holy of holies, which *Moses was commanded to make in the wilderness of Zin, according to the pattern which had been shown him on the mount.* As *the table of shew-bread, with its rings and its staves; the cup of libations; the silver trumpets, with which the sons of Aaron were to gather together the congregation, to sound an alarm, or to sanctify a fast; and the golden candlestick of seven branches, with its bowls, its knops and its flowers, three branches coming out of the one side, and three out of the other.*

Upon the frieze of the southern frontspiece, a reclining Jordan is conveyed in triumph by *the people of the prince that should come* (so said the prophet Daniel, in the days of Darius the Mede) *to destroy the city and the sanctuary, and to cause the sacrifice, and the oblation to cease.*

It is said that the Jews of Rome have always avoided passing under the arch of Titus, as a monument of their national subjugation, and departed polity.

However this may be beggars frequent it without scruple, and deafen the curious observer while he is studying remote allusions, or poring over the adulatory inscription:

SENATUS POPULUSQUE ROMANUS, DIVO TITO, &c.*

With vociferous exclamations of "Dio vo'accompagn'a

* The senate and people of Rome to the god Titus.

"la Madonna!" or "Date me quelq'ose per le anime Sante del Purgatorio!"*

This venerable arch is at the entrance of a long passage, enclosed between high walls, which being a noted resort of foreigners, is generally lined with whole families of the begging tribe, among them I once overheard a mother teaching her child the trade.

At the end of this passage is a second field or common, in which are situated the amphitheatre of Vespasian, and the Arch of Constantine the great; at a little distance are also massy fragments of the baths of Titus, in which was found the wonderful groupe of the Laocoon, and the painting of the Roman Marriage, which is allowed to be the finest specimen of that art, among the ancients, which has been recovered from the ruins of ages.

We are now in the forum of the Flavian amphitheatre, the most imposing edifice, excepting the Pyramid of Cheops, that has decended from antiquity, to confound the calculations of modern art. The amphitheatre, however, encloses an area of no less extent than that of the pyramid.

One side of the majestic circumference still rises to the height of one hundred feet, by three rows of open arcades, and one unperforated story, ornamented with intermediate columns and pilasters of all the Grecian orders, surrounded with the Roman composite.

The other half of this immeasurable structure has been long partially dilapidated, not by the incursions of Goths and Vandals, nor the explosion of an earthquake, but by domestic and ignoble enemies, the Farneses and the Barberini, who found in its solid masses a quarry of marble or a pit of limestone, for the enormous piles they reared in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, under the fostering indulgence of Paul III. and Urban VIII.

Quod non fecerunt barbari fecerunt Barberini,†

said the indignant populace, at the shameful abuse of this unparalleled monument of the glory of their ancestors.

The external arcade forms an oval of six hundred feet long, and four hundred wide, originally shelving down within by marble seats, whose contracting rows formed an area for the exhibitions three or four hundred feet over.

*God accompany you to the Madonna! Give me something, for the sake of the holy souls in purgatory.

† What the barbarians left has been destroyed by the Barberini.

In this vast arena, Titus is said to have produced ten thousand wild beasts, on the day of its dedication, to entertain with sights of cruelty and horror, the idlers of Imperial Rome.

Here until the decline of the empire, naked gladiators, armed with a shield and a dagger, tempted the unequal conflict with the fiercest beasts that could be found in the remotest deserts, and the unhappy wretches were often commanded to turn their arms against each other, and fight till one or the other fell, when the fainting victim, if not already dead, received from the roaring galleries, according to the humour of the moment, the sentence of death or dismissal.

Enough; perhaps too much of Roman cruelty, or I could tell a tale of systematic horror, barbarous as the death dance of American savages.

This unhallowed spot has been latterly consecrated by the church, as the place where many of the first Christians suffered martyrdom, *obliged to fight with beasts, as was St. Paul at Ephesus.*

A wooden cross now occupies the centre of the area, privileged (if I recollect right) to confer forty days of pardon upon the devout believers who shall kiss it as they pass; and the inner circumference of the stupendous ellipsis is now christened with fourteen equi distant chapels, upon the frontispieces of which are painted as many circumstances of the eventful story of our blessed Redeemer, which are here called the fourteen mysteries of the passion of Christ.

These chapels are occasionally visited by the neighbouring monks, who are followed by crowds of women and children, to recite before each of them with noisy zeal, a certain portion of the litany.

One day in the year, I think the first of May, the lads and lasses of Rome affect a pilgrimage to the distant churches, many of which now stand a mile or two in the fields, at length forsaken by the successive regulars that continued from age to age, with real or pretended devotion, to officiate at their solitary altars, till a second Nebuchadnezzar carried away the pope and his cardinals, to lament a second captivity, by the rivers of a modern Babylon.

On these edifying occasions I have seen the sprightly pilgrims romping with jocund glee, from church to church, like the playful truants of a country school, alter-

nately bestowing their balmy kisses upon the forsaken images, and upon each other, with mingled merriment and devotion.

The arch of Constantine has a centre and two posterns. It is adorned with columns supporting an attic, and interspersed with bas reliefs, which exhibit a striking proof of the decay of the arts, before the decline of the empire. A number of them of the boldest design and the freest relief, were taken from an arch of Trajan, and strangely contrast with the unvaried outline and flat projection of those which were made on purpose for the last Imperial arch, in the beginning of the fourth century.

They exhibit rude indications of approaching barbarism, yet the inscription ascribes to the emperor the saving of the state, with all the pomp of Roman eloquence in the best days of the republic.

INSTINCTU DIVINITATIS, ET MENTIS MAGNITUDINE.*

The entablature is nobly ornamented on each front by four Dacian Captives of exquisite workmanship, in attitudes expressive of their melancholy situation. These were taken, as well as the beforementioned bas reliefs, from the dilapidated arch of Trajan, in whose time the arts had attained that pitch of perfection, from which they so suddenly declined.

It has been fondly imagined that the inscription upon this arch alludes to the vision of the cross, and the accompanying promise, *in hoc signo vinces;* but if such sounds were really heard before the battle of the Milvian Bridge, a Christian can feel no hesitation in describing them to any other power than that of the Prince of peace.†

Between the Coliseum and the Tiber you may examine the open tunnel of the Cloaca Maxima, a part of which is still in good repair, though constructed by Tarquinius Priscus, in the infancy of Rome; and successively con-

* By the inspiration of the divinity, and the greatness of his own mind.

† I have often been shocked with the unseemly arrogation of this appropriate title by a Spanish Grandee, and wondered that foreign prints have so familiarly adopted a distinction that borders on impiety. As to the Spaniards themselves it is quite of a piece with their *Conceptio*, their *Santissima Trinidada*, and their *Salvador del Mundo*, applied with no less absurdity than irreverence to ships of war, the most powerful engines of destruction.

template the venerable temples dedicated to Vesta and to Fortuna Virilis, by Numa Pompilius and Servius Tullius, the second and the sixth kings of Rome, now disfigured by modern reparations.

Then tracing in the bed of the river the foundations of the triumphal bridge, over which none were permitted to pass but the generals and their legions, returning in triumph from the kingdoms they had subdued, you may moralize upon the countless horrors of three hundred and twenty two triumphs, which were granted between the days of Romulus and Probus, to the cruel claim of destroying, in a single battle, five thousand of the enemies of Rome.

Farther on you may discover the remains of the Sublician Bridge, so called from the beams of timber with which it was originally constructed, and from which, after it had been converted into marble, were precipitated into the Tyber, the brutal emperors Commodus and Heliogabalus, by the vengeful fury of that very populace upon whose necks they had till that moment trampled with impunity.

Above are seen the picturesque arches of the Ponte Rotto, or broken bridge, originally the Pons Palatinus, which had been rebuilt as lately as the sixteenth century, but was soon afterward half swept away by an inundation, and has never since been repaired.

Not far distant is the only bridge now remaining at Rome of the age of the Consuls and the Cæsars. It has been thrown at twice over the Tyber, by means of an island in the river, now covered with houses; and remaining inscriptions preserve the memory of the respective founders, Fabricius and Curtius, two consuls of the ancient republic.

Pursuing our route toward the walls we see the church of San Stefano Rotundo, the elegant colonnades of which were originally dedicated to some heathen god; and we may perceive at a distance the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, upon the Via Astia, the only monument of that form now remaining at Rome.*

* This indestructible mausoleum is a hundred feet square, and as many high. There are several inscriptions upon it. By one of them

C. CESTIUS. L. F. POB. EPULO. PR. TR. PL.
VII. VIR. EPULONUM.

its illustrious occupant appears to have been one of the seven officers who had the directions of the sacrificial feasts.

Reaching at length, through crooked lanes, formed by the walls of surrounding vineyards, the gate of St. Sebastian, the Portus Capenus of the wall of Aurelian, without turning aside to trace the endless labyrinth of the baths of Caracalla, or to examine the unaccountable composition of of the Mons Testaceus, a considerable hill entirely formed of fragments of ancient pottery, we behold with veneration the everlasting pavement of the Appian Way.*

On the left hand is the tomb of the Horatii, now a shapeless mass of Roman brick, disguised by a modern turret, for the convenience of a vine-dresser.

On the right, if I mistake not, is that of the Scipios, forgotten by tradition, though recorded by Livy, till it was accidentally discovered in 1780, when its precious contents were lodged in the museum of the Vatican.†

Not far distant is the principal opening of the catacombs, those endless excavations, which were originally formed by digging puzzolana for the enormous edifices of ancient Rome, and are now venerated by the Catholic church as the burying-place of the primitive Martyrs, into which I shall not venture to descend, nor shall I pledge my veracity upon the number of miles, through which it is said the winding cavities may be pursued.

On the opposite side of the Roman way, at the distance of a mile or two after the ancient pavement has been quitted by the modern road, is the superb mausoleum of the wife of Crassus, that Crassus whose wealth was a counterpoise to the name of Pompey, and the fortune of Cæsar, since he was one of the Triumvirate, which at Lucca divided the dominions of the Roman world.

This noble monument, more durable, perhaps more splen-

* Poring antiquaries can still trace among the endless walls of the baths of Caracalla the vestibulum, which was an immense rotunda, a theatre, two libraries (one Greek, the other Latin) a grove (then planted with the plane tree) in which were placed chairs for poets, philosophers, and rhetoricians, and two temples; beside the rooms where the wrestlers undressed, where they were sprinkled with dust after having been anointed with oil, where they sunned themselves, and where they exhibited the gymnastic games; and beside the terraces for throwing the discus or quoit, the piscina, or pool for swimmers; and baths whether cold, tepid, warm, or sweating, sufficient to accommodate three thousand persons at a time. For the imperial thermæ were rather luxurious lyceums, to which the baths, properly so called, were nothing more than a sensual appendage.

† "Extra portam capenam," says Livy, "in Scipionum monumento tres statuæ sunt; quarum duæ P. et L. Scipionum dicuntur esse; tertia poetæ Ennii. Lib. xxxviii. c. 56.

did, than the tomb of Mausolus, erected by Artemisia (a wonder of ancient Greece, when she proudly despised the barbarian of the west) is a round tower sixty feet diameter, rising from a square basement. It was once surmounted with a dome, and there still remains a beautiful entablature of white marble. It is of the Doric order, bearing ox-heads hung with garlands, in the alternate metopes, which shew no marks of age, but the perfection of the workmanship, and the laconism of the inscription,

CÆCILIÆ
Q. CRETICI F.
METELLÆ CRASSI*

inscribed in large capitals upon a marble pannel.

The form and the materials of this magnificent structure would seem to have entitled it to endless duration, if it had been left to time and nature; but the dome was levelled to make room for a fortification in the wars of the barons, and in less turbulent times, when the fort became useless, immense blocks of stone were successively drawn away from one side of the tower, for the purposes of neighbouring buildings, until it was discovered that there was a cell in the centre. It was broken into with avidity in the hope of treasure, and the dust of Cecilia, which had reposed a thousand years in a marble sarcophagus, shrouded by impenetrable darkness, was in a moment scattered to the winds.†

Not far from hence, in a winding valley, is the fountain of the nymph Egeria, visited in ancient days for oracular divinations, by the pious Numa; but the spot is now scarcely distinguishable amidst surrounding thickets, by a broken statue, and a dripping grotto.

Returning towards Rome without visiting the ambiguous remains of temples and churches, which have been successively deserted by successive priests and monks, notwithstanding the patronage, equally miraculous, of successive demi-gods and saints, we may trace the enormous outline of the Circus of Caracalla, in crumbling brick work.

* Crassus to Cecilia Metella, the daughter of Q. Creticus.

† The fairy tale has been fondly repeated by credulous virtuosos, that in some of these ancient repositories of the dead, sepulchral lamps have been found still burning; but if the doubtful dictum had ever any foundation in fact, it were more probable that the lamps had been filled with some phosphoric substance, which might kindle on the admission of air.

But before we turn our backs upon this seat of desolation, silent and solitary as the deserts of Arabia, let us walk through one of the arches of those stupendous aqueducts which conveyed to Rome the water of distant springs, not by the simple principle of hydrostatics, the discovery of which in our times has precluded the necessity of such expensive structures, but by an artificial level, procured with immense labour, by piercing through hills and arching over vallies. The gigantic arcades yet stretch their interminable arches in various directions across the desolated plain, like endless chains of inconceivable communication realized from the fictions of romance.

As we go on toward the city by the pavement of the Appian way, let us examine the artificial construction by which the ancients seem to have bespoken for their works the perpetuity they inherit. The pentangular stones are of a bluish flint, and they have been selected of unequal sizes from one to three feet diameter, and twelve inches thick. They were bedded in a layer of gravel, which has since hardened into one solid mass, and the layer itself rests upon a bed of sand, closely rammed down. The surface is flat and the joints never run in the direction of the road, thus the carriage wheels were prevented from ploughing up the pavement by running between the stones. The Appian and Flaminian ways are scarcely fifteen feet wide, and would therefore be insufficient for two modern carriages to pass at once, but they were sufficiently spacious for two and even three of the ancient cars.

By making a considerable circuit without the walls we may visit the church of St. Constantia, the daughter of Constantine the Great, all the females of whose family have been sainted by the gratitude of the Popes.

Passing by the gate of St. Lawrence, we can see within the walls the ruined temple of Minerva Medica, a majestic decagon, whose soaring dome, irregularly perforated by decay, and hung round with ivy, in the inimitable taste of time and nature, has long formed one of those picturesque objects which artists intuitively select for elegant imitation.

The church of St. Constantia was once a temple of Bacchus. Its interior is still the most beautiful, though not the most magnificent, specimen of ancient architecture in its kind.

A lofty dome springs lightly from the arches of a circular colonnade (I think of doric columns) coupled, not longitudinally but diametrically, and by that means uniting

strength with lightness, a beauty rarely aimed at in Grecian architecture; and an exterior row of single columns originally formed a circular aisle around the graceful cell.

But the outer colonnade is now walled up, and the exterior elegance of the aerial structure, once open on all sides to the approaching votary, has been totally obliterated by concealing the swell of the dome, with an angular roof.

Again entering within the walls of Rome by the Porta Pia, after walking a long way, between the parallel walls of vineyards and gardens, we may admire the frontispiece of the Fontana Sistina, erected by Sixtus V. to ornament the reservoir of an ancient aqueduct, repaired by that magnificent prelate, among the many stupendous works which will ever illustrate the five years of his pontificate.

Within its lofty arcades is represented in alto relievo, the appropriate story of Moses striking the rock, in the wilderness of Kadesh, and before them are placed in gardant attitudes, four Lions of Egyptian workmanship, the hardness of whose materials had preserved them from being crushed to pieces beneath the falling columns of the Pantheon.

This elegant and useful structure is surrounded by the wide spread departments of the bath of Diocletian, some of the recesses of which have been turned into public storehouses for wine and oil, and others of them have been converted into churches and convents. But the greatest part of them now exhibit to the curious spectator little more than frowning arches and mouldering walls.

LETTER XIV.

MODERN CHURCHES.

AFTER having seen St. Peter's, it is natural to suppose that no other church can engage curiosity or arrest attention, yet among the two or three hundred that embellish Rome, numbers are astonishingly rich and beautiful.

Some of these, which are comparatively small, present fronts adorned with columns and pilasters, one or two stories high, in every imaginable combination of architectural symmetry, and are gracefully moulded within into rounds and

ovals, or distributed into aisles and domes, their walls encrusted with painting and marble, and their cielings pannelled with stucco, often richly gilded, and sometimes hung with festoons of fruit and flowers, in gilt bronze, according to the purest style of Grecian ordonnance.

Several of them defy the effect of comparison, even in point of size, as soon as you enter their folding doors, and perceive that thousands of such beings as you behold, traversing the aisles, or kneeling before the altars, might range the ample pavement, without incommoding each other; and some of these contain single altar pieces in the name of favourite Saints, far superior in size and richness to any at St. Peter's, where particular decoration has been necessarily sacrificed to general uniformity.

Of the principal churches, whether within or without the walls, I shall take particular notice, after having mentioned several others, in which there are single objects that merit description.

At the Trinita da Monte, the chapel of a convent, which owes its foundation to St. Lewis, and which has shewn its gratitude to the memory of its founder by portraits of the long list of French monarchs painted on the walls of its cloister (now probably terminated for ever by that of Lewis XVI.) is a celebrated fresco of the Descent from the Cross by Daniel de Volterre.

At the convent of Capuchins in the Piazza Barberini, is Michael chaining the Dragon, a painting by Guido, from which was taken the Mosaic at St. Peter's, the countenance of the Archangel, beaming with celestial mildness, a little of which has been lost in the copy, however admirable in other respects.

At the church of the Augustines is the Isaiah of Raphael, which is said to have been attempted in emulation of the Prophets of Michael Angelo, in the Capella Sistina. A vain attempt. There is no more holy zeal in the Prophets of Raphael, than virgin purity in his Madonnas; no wonder, since the latter are supposed to be nothing more than portraits of the favourite mistresses of a dissipated youth.

At St. Andrea della Valle are admired the cupola painted by Lanfranc, and the St. John of Domenichino.

At St. Agnes, a beautiful little church, with a noble dome, elegantly contrasted without by two open spires or turrets, is a bas relief, by Algardi, representing the

Saint (a Roman Virgin) miraculously covered by her own hair; when dragged into the Lupanaria of the Circus Agonalis, in order to be defiled.

At St. Pietro in Vincoli is the unfinished tomb of Julius II. celebrated for a statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo.

A beautiful chapel on the Quirinal Hill is remarkable for being erected on a ground plot, no more than equal to that of one of the piers which support the dome of St. Peter's.

The church of Santa Maria della Pace is celebrated for a fresco of Raphael, which represented the Sibyls of antiquity receiving or communicating oracular inspiration; but it is fading from the walls.

Those of San Pietro Montorio, and San Jeronimo della Carita, have been stripped of their ancient boast, the master pieces in oil by Raphael and Domenichino (originals of the Ascension and Communion of St. Peter's) to enrich the insatiable corridor of the gallery of Paris.

The venerable church of St. John de Lateran was originally built by Constantine the great, together with an adjoining palace in which the bishops of Rome resided for many ages before they assumed the title of Pope, and exchanged the Mitre for the Tiara.

They were both destroyed by fires in the fifteenth century, and the church was soon rebuilt, but the Pontiffs then preferring the more central residence of the Vatican, the Palace remained in ruins, till the time of Sixtus V. who erected a superb edifice for occasional residence, which has never yet been occupied.

Clement XII. in the beginning of the present century, ornamented one of the chapels for his own burial place, and added the eastern portico, to dignify the spot.

It is the grandest modern colonnade in the world, though that of the Louvre at Paris exceeds it in beauty. It is a hundred and fifty feet long, and a hundred high, in two stories, formed by coupled columns, Corinthian and composite, surmounted by a central pediment, a balustrade, and colossal statues of John the Baptist, and other Saints.

Upon the elevated frieze is written in letters of gold the dedication to Christ and St. John, and somewhere else (I cannot recollect where) is inscribed the antiquated and disputable title of Mother Church.

OMNIUM ECCLESIARUM URBIS ET ORBIS TERRARUM, MATER ET CAPUT.*

The Pope of Rome still considers himself as Bishop of this church, and it is the closing act of his installation to take possession in form of the supposed See of St. Peter, when he pronounces the papal benediction from the central balcony, in the second story of the portico. A ceremony that I shall describe in course, as preparations are now making for its celebration, which his present holiness had thought it prudent to defer till the continental peace should confirm his tottering elevation.

On entering this august edifice, you find yourself in a long and broad aisle with a flat cieling, richly gilt, in massy compartments. At the end of it is a gothic tabernacle erected over the high altar. Behind this is the cross aisle, and farther still a semicircular tribune, the vault of which is covered with ancient mosaics, rudely representing the Saviour, and if I remember right the four and twenty Elders of the Apocalypse.

But the sides of the nave are nobly ornamented with colossal statues of the twelve Apostles. They stand in ample niches, separated from each other by the arcades of the side aisles, under dove-coloured pediments, supported by beautiful columns of verde antique.

These statues are all well designed, and exquisitely wrought in flowing draperies, by the best artists of the last age. Those of St. Peter and St. Paul, on the right and left of the altar, are by Monot, one of them, as usual, displaying the keys of *the pearl gates;* and the other *reasoning of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come,* with that impressive animation which made *Felix tremble,* and *almost persuaded king Agrippa to be a Christian.*†

Those of St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew are by Le Gros.

Those of St. Andrew the uncle, and St. James the brother of our Lord, are by Rusconi, as is also that of St. John, the youngest of his disciples, looking upward

* The mother and head of all the churches in the world.

† Except these bonds (said the dignified confessor of Jesus from the accusing bar to the convicted bench) I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am."

with that eagle-eye, which should afterward penetrate into the remotest ages, when (banished to the Isle of Patmos) he should be in the spirit, on the Lord's day.

But an unknown sculptor deserves equal praise for a representation equally meritorious of St. Matthew, examining his Gospel, and neglecting a bag of money, which he scatters at his feet, with the disinterested ardour of that disciple, who (*sitting at the receipt of custom*) when Jesus called him, *immediately arose, and followed him that had not where to lay his head.*

Four antique columns of gilt bronze ornament the altar of the Transept. They were preserved from the dilapidation of Jupiter Capitolinus, and are said to have been brought by Titus from the temple of Jerusalem.

The Corsini chapel, supposed the finest in the world, is encrusted with marble, and richly gilt. Its altar presents a picture by Guido, of some equivocal Saint of the Pope's lineage, and the remains of Clement now repose in the famous porphyry Urn, which was found in the mausoleum of Adrian, and is supposed to have contained his ashes. Upon it lies the triple crown, glittering with precious stones, at the foot of the papal effigy, in gilt bronze.

In the cloisters is the tomb of St. Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, and two seats of marmo rosso, found in the Imperial baths.

In one of the courts of this church, the indefatigable Sixtus erected again, an obelisk of red granite, the largest in the world. It is covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics, the edges of which are still correct, although twelve hundred years before the Christian æra, it had been placed by Rameses, King of Egypt, in a Theban temple, from whence it was brought to Rome by the Emperor Constantius, and by him set up in the Circus Maximus, the gigantic appendage of the palace of the Cæsars.

It was then a single stone, ten feet in diameter, and one hundred and twenty-five in length; but when Sixtus employed Fontana to set up a third time the incredible mass, it was buried in sixteen feet of rubbish, and had been broken into three pieces by its fall.*

* In the interesting account of Egypt, lately published in France by the ingenious Denon, the operation by which such enormous blocks were detached from their native beds, is curiously described. A cleft as long as the intended monument was first cut into the solid rock, and then the whole mass was split off at once, by means of a line of wedges struck in at the same moment. The marks of these first operations, says that curious

In another court is the Scala Santa, or holy stair-case, so called from having been ascended by our Saviour, when he was arraigned, before Pontius Pilate, by the rulers of the Jews.

Whether this was or was not the identical stair-case of the prætorium of Palestine, when the prototype of the Paschal Lamb, was brought before the Roman governor of Judea, at the time of the celebration of the typical pass-over, which he was about to abrogate, it was undoubtedly brought from Jerusalem at the time of the crusades, and here set up for the adoration of the faithful, who creep up it upon their hands and knees, and descend again by a less holy flight, on either side of the venerated steps, which are nearly worn through by the zeal of the devout.

The church of St. Paul stands upon the banks of the Tiber, a mile without the walls of Rome, on the very spot (said its founder, the Emperor Theodosius) where the holy apostle was buried, three hundred years before, after having been beheaded at the command of Nero.

You enter this venerable edifice from the great road behind the high altar, standing under a gothic canopy, with fretted pinnacles, before which the nave stretches out in barren vacancy, like a great barn, seventy feet wide, and three hundred long, covered with painted rafters of unknown antiquity, intended for a flat cieling, and a broken pavement, made up of the fragments of antient tomb stones.

Yet is this damp and gloomy nave divided from four side aisles by double rows of fluted columns of the most precious marbles, taken from the mausoleum of Adrian; and over the superb colonnade is continued all round the church an historical series of the two or three hundred prelates who have successively occupied the chair of St. Peter, from the days of the prince of the apostles, for such is now the designation of Simon Peter, in the very place where he is supposed to have suffered an ignominious death.*

observer, are preserved so fresh in this unalterable material, that one might suppose the work to have been lately interrupted, for such is the hardness of Egyptian granite that the rocks which have been brushed ever since the deluge by the current of the Nile, are not worn, but only polished, by the friction of the waves.

* They are drawn in half length ovals, the last of which was actually the only one left vacant on the demise of Pius VI. This successor has filled it up, and to avert the evil omen which three years since might have been supposed to threaten the extinction of the papal hierarchy, he has already em-

Toward the river is a portico not long since erected upon clustered pilasters, crowned with arcades, the noble simplicity of which imposes veneration, as do the mystic symbols of the four evangelists, which are seen in antiquated mosaics under the covings of the eaves.

Over the great arch of the nave is a mosaic head of the Saviour, which was made in 440, and the central door in bronze, embossed with bas reliefs, was cast at Constantinople in the year 1070.

There was in the middle ages a covered passage of a mile in length from the gate of Ostia to the cloisters of St. Paul, but it has been suffered to go to ruin since the antiquated shrine has been almost forsaken for nearer or more recent sanctuaries. San Carlo Borromeo, or San Felipo Neri, are now preferred by the devout to St. Peter and St. Paul, who may be thought to have forgotten their ancient partiality for the good people of Rome.

The church of Santa Maria Maggiore was erected upon the foundations of a temple of Juno Lucina, in the year 335, by a Roman citizen, to whom the Virgin appeared (says the legend) and directed him to build this chapel to her honour, the outline of which she promised to mark the next day, the first of June, (some say of August) by a fall of snow, which should exactly cover the spot she designed for the building.

Several paintings in the church represent the snow as falling accordingly, and whether it fell or not, the edifice was then built, where it now stands, and it is inscribed with primitive simplicity.

Xystus Episcopus plebi Dei.*

Mosaic representations coeval with the miraculous period, still existing over the arch of the tribune, imply the corruptions of christianity which had already obtained in the fourth century. They depict the adoration of the virgin, the use of images and other innovations so suddenly introduced into the christian church.

ployed a painter to sketch another row, and occupy the first angle immediately with his own portrait, unwilling to rely any longer upon the unbroken succession of the sacred college.

* Bishop Sixtus to the people of God.

This historical scenery is darkly represented with the concomitant barbarism of the decline of the arts, and the dingy colouring is now so faded that an attentive spectator might pass under the arch itself without ever suspecting that he beheld the most ancient and most remarkable monument of Christian History extant. Since the innumerable pieces of the true cross, the nails or the spear that pierced the Son of the blessed, the holy handkerchief that received the impression of his face, when he sweated drops of blood, the pictures of the Virgin, painted by St. Luke, the identical heads of St. Peter and St. Paul, and the wooden crucifixes which have bowed to the invocations of favoured votaries, can only be contemplated by protestants with that kind of admiration which is provoked by the boldness of imposture and the credulity of zeal.

Excepting this arch, and the Ionic columns of the nave, most probably borrowed from the ancient temple, little now remains of the original edifice, which different Popes in distant ages have vied with each other to decorate or to repair.

The double portico at the east end is a noble specimen of Grecian architecture, not long since erected.

The cieling of the nave is flat and heavy, but its massy compartments are richly gilded; it is said with the first gold that was brought from South America At the upper end, opposite the high altar, over which there is a superb canopy supported by columns of gilt bronze, are the two magnificent chapels of Sixtus V. and Paul V.

These beautiful chapels are separated from the nave by folding gates of wrought iron. That of Sixtus is on the right. He appears on one side, upon his knees, in white marble surrounded with exquisite bas reliefs, representing the erection of fallen obelisks, the rearing of the dome of St. Peter's, and other remarkable circumstances of his active reign. The other side of the chapel was by him gratefully devoted to St. Pius V. to whom he owed his cardinal's hat.

Pius is the last of their own order, on whom the Popes have thought proper to bestow the honours of canonization, however liberally they continue to confer them upon others. Perhaps the holy fathers, his successors, may have less deserved the distinction by acts of piety and devotion, yet the emaciated figure of the last papal Saint is here displayed among unsanctified representations of battles and

sieges, of pillage and slaughter, as the leading features of his holy pontificate.*

The Borghese chapel on the left is esteemed one of the finest in Rome. It is profusely ornamented with painting and statuary, bas reliefs and stucco. The altar, enriched with agate and oriental jasper, over a row of candlesticks of massy silver, displays on solemn occasions upon a ground of lapis lazuli, a dingy picture of the Virgin, one of the many that were or were not painted by Luke the evangelist. On one side of the chapel is Paul in the attitude of prayer. On the other is his successor Clement VIII. the *peaceful* prelate who took possession of Ferrara, at the head of twenty thousand men, the last military exploit of the prince bishops of the Roman see.†

The church of Santa Maria degli Angeli was formed by Michael Angelo, at the command of Pius IV. out of the Pinaxotheca of the baths of Diocletian, in honour of the forty thousand Christians who are said to have been employed in the building, and afterward massacred, by the inhuman tyrant in the last persecution suffered by the Catholic Church, but a few years before Christianity was embraced by the Emperors of Rome.

It is two hundred feet long; and the ceiling, a hundred high, is still supported by eight blocks of granitello, five feet diameter, and little less than fifty high. The entrance, a rotunda, was one of the caledariums or stews belonging to the baths.

This vast edifice is little frequented, and the daily mass is often mumbled over to an audience of two or three persons, sometimes to the naked walls, which re-echo the mysterious chant in hollow murmurs.

The church of the Holy Apostles was erected by Constantine, and rebuilt under the direction of Fontana. The ceiling of the nave represents the Apotheosis of St. Francis, and the Fall of the Angels is so boldly thrown over the entablature of the Tribune, that you are appre-

* I find from history that Pius V. assisted Charles IX. against his protestant subjects with an army of 5000 Men; excommunicated Queen Elizabeth, and made war, in conjunction with the Spaniards and Venetians, against Selim then Emperor of the Turks.

† Traversing this church, my profane eyes glanced upon an inscription intended only for the faithful. It was written over the door of the vestry, and imported that whosoever should introduce a woman into that sacred inclosure should stand excommunicated *ipso facto*.

hensive, at first sight, for the safety of the priest that officiates below...

Here are three rich and beautiful chapels, formed in the arcades of the side aisles, one of them is cieled with gilt stucco, and they are all encrusted with the richest marbles.

Over the door of the vestry is the tomb of Clement XIV. by Canova, in which the sculptor has aptly placed the philosophic Ganganelli, between expressive figures of Temperance and Meekness.

The church of St. Ignatius, one of the finest in Rome, was built by Cardinal Ludovisi, the nephew of Gregory XV.

The cieling of the nave, sixty feet wide and two hundred long, supported by Corinthian pilasters in coupled rows, was painted by Father Pozzi, a brother of the order, with the apotheosis of St. Ignatius, from whose head issue rays of light, illuminating the four quarters of the globe. They are boldly personified with their respective attributes, amidst architectural perspectives, and accompanied with a blasphemous representation of the Elect as rising up toward the Saint, while the reprobate are seen below falling before him through the opening clouds.

Over the tribune is a puerile perversion of the saying of St. Paul:

Ego vobis Romæ propitius ero.*

This magnificent edifice was intended to have a dome, which would have been second only to that of St. Peter's; but the pontiff and his nephew both dying before it could be raised, the centre of the aisles is covered in at a vast height, with a flat cieling, painted blue. The angles however of the intended cupola are richly adorned with bloody stories, characteristic of that domineering genius which eventually occasioned the abolition of the order, such as Judith with the head of Holofernes, Jael slaying Sisera, &c. &c.

One gladly turns from these disgusting objects, in which the finest talents have been so often prostituted, to the splendid altars of the transept, the marble frontispieces of each of which suitably fill a space sixty feet wide, and

* I will be favourable to you Romans.

ninety or a hundred high, but as they are both finished in the same style, I shall only describe the finest. It is that to the right.

The altar, placed upon a broad basement of white marble, is a tomb encrusted with lapis lazuli, and richly gilt. The front of it is wrought in open work, and a lamp burning within, glitters upon the gilding, with brilliant effulgence.

Above is a superb bas relief, by Le Gros, eight or ten feet wide, and fifteen ortwenty high. It represents the Ascension, not of Jesus Christ, but of San Luigi Gonzagua.

Two twisted columns of the richest marble, projecting on each side obliquely from the wall, support over it at a vast height a marble pediment, while on the pavement stone balustrades keep kneeling devotees at a respectful distance, and marble angels hold golden lamps, which glimmer day and night before the resplendent shrine.

In a side chapel is the tomb of Gregory, likewise by Le Gros, from which flying angels withdraw a curtain of Sicilian jasper, and display the Pope sitting in his robes of state, a medallion of the cardinal at his feet.

The church of Jesu belonged to the same order before it was suppressed It was built by Cardinal Farnese, upon a plan of Vignola.

The frescos of the nave and cupola are beautiful, and richly adorned with gilded pannels; but as the subjects are still catholic saints and Jewish heroines, I shall pass on to the altar of St. Ignatius, the finest in Rome. It was erected upon the design of the same father Pozzi, at the end of the north transept, in a space of fifty feet wide, and seventy or eighty high.

The altar, blazing with gold and precious stones, is elevated upon an ample platform, to which the priest ascends by four or five broad steps of white marble, encircled by a sweeping balustrade, which is surmounted by four angels of gilt bronze, holding aloft lighted lamps.

Over it in a niche encrusted with lapis lazuli of the most vivid blue, was once a silver statue of St. Ignatius, nine feet high, attended by three angels of the same precious metal, and the habit of the saint sparkled with precious stones; but all these valuables were swept away by the French, and a curtain or a picture now conceals the deficiency.

The coupled columns which support the magnificent pediment, shining with coloured marbles, at a height of fifty feet, are of gilt bronze, fluted with lapis lazuli; the bases and capitals of Corinthian brass; and the broken apex is filled with a presumptuous personification of the Majesty of Heaven, holding in his right hand a globe of lapis lazuli, the largest and the purest that ever was seen.

In the angles of the wall below are splendid accompaniments of gilt bronze, and seven massy candlesticks upon the altar, once glittered with burnished gold.*

The church of Santa Maria in Vallicella was erected by Felipo Neri, afterward sainted by I know not what Pope,

* From this splendid church, one of the two or three dedicated at Rome, to the name of Jesus, the famous, perhaps I should say, the infamous order of Jesuits took its denomination. It was given them by cardinal Farnese, a nephew of Paul III. by whose bull the order had been then lately created. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of this imperious order, was originally a profligate officer in the Spanish service, which he quitted to devote himself to the cloister, on being wounded at the siege of Pampeluna in 1521. The gloomy enthusiast obtained the papal sanction, for the professors of his rules in 1540; he was eventually canonized at Rome in 1609. This celebrated sect of the *Chiesa Catolica, Apostolica, e Romana*, devoted itself to the Virgin, and undertook the education of youth, to which circumstance is to be attributed the ascendancy attained by its members in the cabinets of princes. The fathers of the order selected their noviciates from the most promising youths, entrusted to their tuition, watched their opening faculties, and cultivated instead of checking the opening propensities of nature. By this means they had soon professors fit for the most elevated situations, and capable of undertaking, and fulfilling with address, the most secret charge, and the most dangerous mission. Incredible as it may appear in this philosophic age, so *temperate* in church affairs, some gloomy dispositions were regularly trained by these ghostly fathers, to emulate the crown, and to endure the sufferings of martyrdom. These hopeful scyons were afterward planted in both the Indies, and at one time they had insinuated themselves into the jealous court of China, and created an absolute dominion among the savages of Paraguay, where they have been wittily said to have become themselves more than half Pagans, to make their wavering proselytes less than half christians. But their craftier brethren at home contrived to sway the conciences, and direct the councils of all the catholic princes in Europe, without departing in the least from the rules of canonical orthodoxy. Obedience was the band of the order, policy was its rule, and courtesy no less a badge of the modern knight errants of the church, than it had been of the antiquated devotees of chivalry. But the morals of this insinuating order, became at last so infamous, and their principles so detestable, that they were banished from one state after another, and finally abrogated by the apostolic see, when the papal chair was filled by the enlightened Ganganelli. The education of the catholic youth, then devolved upon the Dominicans, and the churches of the Jesuits were given to other fraternities.

upon a design of Pietro da Cortona, who painted the cieling of the nave, the cupola, and the tribune.

The rich little chapel of San Felipo is on the left of the high altar. It is with difficulty the curious can get within it for the crowd of devotees with which it is always surrounded. The altar piece represents the saint drawn by Guido, and its polished walls, and gilded cieling, reflect the lights which are always blazing below.

Santa Maria sopra Minerva belongs to a convent of Dominicans, and it was here that the tribunal of the inquisition, happily no longer dreaded in Italy, long held its merciless inquest.

The church is a Gothic structure, and its long and gloomy aisles exhibit nothing more remarkable than the amazing number of altars and chapels, founded or endowed *in articulo mortis*, by the trembling sinners who in the lapse of ages have been interred at their feet, trusting to escape the vengeance of heaven by presenting themselves to Peter in the weeds of St. Dominic.

Some of these have been specially privileged by favouring Popes, and either here or elsewhere I have been shocked with the arrogant inscription of:

INDULGENTIA PLENARIA QUOTIDIANA PERPETUA, PRO VIVIS ET DEFUNCTIS.*

and the insidious composition of the poor box, inscribed with.

ELEMOSINA PER LA MADONNA.†

There is however a statue of the Saviour holding his cross, by Michael Angelo, but it owes its celebrity to the fame of its sculptor; and the tomb of a Pope, elegantly wrought by some later artist.

In the square before this church is a small Egyptian obelisk, which has been appositely elevated upon the back of a marble elephant.

The church of San Martino in Monte is erected over a chamber of the baths of Titus. In it Pope Silvester held a council, at which Constantine and his mother, the empress Helena, condescended to assist.

* Plenary indulgence every day for ever, for the living and the dead.

† Alms for our Lady.

The present edifice is as brilliant as a ball room. Marble columns with gilded capitals, drawn from the Villa of Arian, divide the aisles; the walls are covered with landscapes, by the joint efforts of the two Poussins, one of whom painted the scenery, and the other the figures; and the tabernacle for the host is a gilded dome supported by pillars of African marble, and exhibited upon a lofty altar, before a blaze of light.

On one side a little chapel, gay as the church with glossy incrustations, presents an illuminated altar, and a picture of Purgatory, in which an angel descending with his warrant in his hand, (the consecrated wafer) delivers one soul at a time from the tormenting flames, which are made to crackle in the candles burning on the altar, to heighten the stage effect of this painted tragedy. An unworthy misrepresentation of the doctrine of the atonement, which was made *through the eternal Spirit*, without the gates of Jerusalem, *when by one offering were perfected for ever all them that are sanctified.*

San Carlo al Corso, designed by Pietro da Cortona, is one of the most beautiful churches in Rome. The front rising upon a flight of steps, which runs its whole length, is formed by four three-quarter columns of the Corinthian order, sixty feet high, surmounted by a rich pediment, over which in a side view, the well proportioned dome may be seen from the street, supported by clustered columns, and terminating in an open lanthorn, with a gilded spire.

The aisles, the dome, and the choir are finely proportioned, and every where richly ornamented with Corinthian sculpture, though it is here lavished with less profusion than is usual at Rome.

Where the nave opens into the dome the eye is completely gratified with its aerial swell, lighted by eight or ten windows, and relieved by stuccoed roses, terminating in an open cupola.

On the right and left, at the terminations of the transepts, are seen superb frontispieces to the principal altars, of the construction before described, but like the body of this beautiful church, less profusely than elegantly adorned.

This elegant structure being directly opposite to our lodgings, I have sometimes risen before day, to observe the effect of darkness upon its distinct proportions, when faintly dissipated by the glimmering tapers of the morning

mass, which in the winter solstice is celebrated before day-light.

The interior of San Luigi de Francisi is similarly distributed, and more richly adorned. But you are tired of churches, so am I, and I would break off directly, did not the matchless frescos of San Carlo a Catenari imperiously demand description.

This beautiful edifice is a dome of fifty feet diameter, branching into the recesses formed by a Greek cross. It is supported by superb pilasters of the Corinthian order, with an entablature of the richest sculpture, from which spring stuccoed arches, the unity of whose majestic masses is no where disturbed by gilding.

In the four angles of this charming dome Domenichino, has painted the Cardinal Virtues, which characteristic accompaniments, and the colours of these exquisite performances, seem endowed with indelible vividity, bearing no marks of decay, though they have not been painted less than two hundred years.

LETTER XV.

PALACES AND MUSEUMS.

THE site of the ancient capital is now occupied by the modern town house, but you still approach it by the long ascent which has been so often trod by the senate and people of Rome, in the days of the Consuls and the Cæsars.

It had been enclosed with porticoes by the Conscript Fathers, whose generals conquered the world; and Nero, who never fought with any thing but beasts, had vainly erected in its centre a triumphal arch.

The venerable area was surrounded with temples, of which the most ancient was that of Jupiter Feretrius, built by Romulus in the infancy of the city; the most magnificent that of Jupiter Capitolinus, erected by Tarquin the Superb.

In the latter were deposited the spoils of conquered nations, and offerings to the imaginary deity, whose statue was of solid gold.

But Jupiter Capitolinus has long since given way to Maria d'Ara Cœli, though the columns of the temple still support the nave of the church.

Nothing else remains of ancient dignity upon this imperial eminence, the temples of other Jupiters, of various fortunes, of Egyptian gods, adopted by their superstitious conquerors, having totally disappeared, with the *immobile saxum* of the capitol.

Thanks, however, to the genius of destruction, the sculptures of antiquity have been preserved, under protecting ruins, daily to reward the industrious antiquary, with the discovery of precious objects, among the accumulated rubbish of two thousand years, which covers the ancient surface to the depth of fifteen or twenty feet.

A statue of Tiberius was lately found at Piperno; another of Minerva has just been discovered at Veletri; and one of Antinous at Palestrina.

Two lionesses of Egyptian basaltes guard the ascent to the capitol; and the headless trunk of a statue of porphyry exquisitely draped, indicates alike the evanescency of empire, and the perpetuity of Rome.

Two colossal statues of Grecian sculpture, Castor and Pollux, leading their horses, ornament the top of the steps, and on a line with them to the right and left, are trophies taken from the arch of Trajan, and ancient mile stones; one of which was that which marked the first stage from the Forum Romanum, towards the distant provinces of Spain, of Britain, or of Egypt.

An equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius in bronze, once gilt, now occupies the centre of the platform; and before the steps of the senatorial palace, is a sitting figure of Rome triumphant, supported by the Tiber and the Nile.

On the right is the conservatory, on the left the museum; upon the former, within a gloomy court, you again see a Roma triumphans attended by conquered Provinces; a lion devouring a horse; and two prodigious heads, two feet and one hand, of colossal statues of Commodus and Domitian, which had been mutilated by the people, on the death of those inhuman monsters.

Julius and Augustus occupy the arcades, leading to the stair-case, at the foot of which is a rostral column, supplied by some modern artist to the original inscription of that celebrated pillar, from whose customary orations popular declaimers are still said to mount the rostrum.

The landing-place is ornamented with superb bas-reliefs preserved from the late dilapidation of an arch of Antoninus Pius.

The official apartments are indifferently painted with Roman history, ancient and modern; but the side of one room is lined with the shattered pannels of a tabular list of the ancient Consuls; and its centre is occupied by the identical bronze wolf, which is said to have been struck with lightning at the fall of Cæsar.

Here is also a gallery of paintings, but it has been so stripped by the French, that little is left worth notice. Yet there remains a portrait of Guido, and another of Michael Angelo, painted by themselves, the features of which are strongly marked with their respective characteristics of gracefulness and sublimity.

In the court of the museum is the statue on which were pasted the replies of Marforio to the interrogatories of Pasquin, in days when the repose of power could only be disturbed by the sting of ridicule*.

Under the arcades is the tomb of Severus, and his mother Mammea, with their effigies in reclining postures; and on the stair-case are inserted in the walls, the mutilated fragments of a plan of ancient Rome, which was found on the pavement of a temple when it was converted into a church.

Here an infinity of sculptures are arranged in different apartments.

One of them contains Egyptian idols, more curious for the hardness of the materials in which they were wrought, than for the truth of their forms, or the beauty of their features, the cheeks round and full, the lips thick, the mouth large; in short, the African physiognomy, which in the

* The story of Pasquin wearing a dirty shirt, because his washerwoman had been made a princess, by the elevation of Sixtus V. is too well known to be repeated; but when Clement XI. became the butt of satire, much better jokes were sported and forgotten. Soon after the election of Clement, in the room of Innocent XII. whose arms were three pots, Pasquin was represented bewailing himself, with a broken vase in his hand. Marforio asks what he is crying about, and Pasquin replies "Come! non vuvi che me lagni se per tre pile che havevo ni'hanno dato un boccale" [Don't you see that for three pots they've given me nothing but a cracked pitcher!] Clement gravely employing himself in regulating the canonical length of cassocks and perriwigs at a time when the imperial troops were preparing to enter Italy, Marforio asks Pasquin what he thinks of the Pope. Pasquin replies, "Clemens Undecimus Pontifex Maximus in minimis—minimus in maximis." [Clement is great in little things—little in great ones.]

modern negro is stigmatized by interested prejudice as the legible type of ignorance and stupidity.

A second constitutes a receptacle for marble sarcophaguses, embossed with the games or customs of antiquity, and the ambiguous emblems of heathen mythology.

A third exhibits statues of bronze, of Parian marble, or of Egyptian stones of adamantine hardness.

A fourth contains busts of consuls and emperors, philosophers and heroes, poets and historians, of the flourishing periods of Greece and Rome, whose names are familiar to the civilized world, after the lapse of twenty or thirty centuries.

In the wall of a cabinet is preserved a tablet of mosaic work, representing four doves sipping out of a bowl, as perfect as when it was described by Pliny, as a master-piece then existing in the villa of Adrian

This art, however, has been improved by the modern Romans, and I have myself a copy of the four doves much better executed, by an unknown artist.

To describe all the paintings, and the sculptures, the cameos and intaglios, the medals and the precious stones, collected by the nephews of Popes and Cardinals, and preserved in the palaces of Rome, where they are readily exhibited to the curiosity of strangers, would require additional volumes, notwithstanding the merciless requisition of French rapacity, which swept away at once, a hundred statues, a hundred busts, a hundred vases, and a hundred pictures, together with gems and medals innumerable.

I shall therefore confine myself to the principal collections, and to the principle objects which they contain, excusing myself from noticing many others, though one of them may justly boast of a Madona, by Guido; another of a bust of Cicero, and another of that very statue of Pompey, at the foot of which Julius Cæsar wrapped himself in his mantle, and received twenty-five mortal wounds, saying "And thou too Brutus!" when he perceived his own son among the assassins.

Others abounding with pictures, have alienated to the French the portraits of Titian, the Venuses of Raphael, and the Madonnas of Guido.

All of them, excepting only the Palazzo Doria, have exchanged for British gold the landscapes of Claude Lorraine, glowing with cerulean hues.

The palazzo Colonna belongs to one of the most ancient families of Rome, and adulatory genealogists have found or sought to find in their surname, an allusion to the pillars of Hercules, or the columns of Trajan, the magnificent monument which rears its venerable head in the vicinity of their palace.

Their wealth, however, like that of all the other great families of Rome, may be traced from the papal chair, though often by doubtful or illegitimate consanguinity, and Martin V. the restorer of the Romish hierarchy, after the long defection of Avignon, is the first pope who endowed his family with the title and the revenue of princes.

This palace, like most of the palaces in Italy, is built round a court with open colonnades, in which the owner may alight under cover, and ascend a marble stair-case to the servant's hall, preceding the state apartments, which are usually uninhabited, the family residing in an upper story, or a distant wing.

Its gallery is the noblest in Rome, belonging to a subject, being a room of forty feet by a hundred and twenty, opening into a pavilion at each end; one of which communicates with the gardens, which are very extensive, and laid out like those of the palaces upon the Continent, in that formal manner known in England as the style of William III.

The ceiling is painted with the victories of Mark Antony Colonna, the general of Paul V. over the Turks, and the walls are adorned with the finest productions of the Italian pencil.

The first pavilion is or was chiefly hung with landscapes by Claude Lorraine, Gaspar Poussin, and Salvator Rosa. It also contains a cabinet of precious stones, the door of which is embossed in ivory, with the last Judgment of the Capella Sistina.

In the gallery itself, the multiplicity of objects confuse my recollection, as I saw it but once, and I can now only remember the distinct impression made by a picture of Titian, in which an old nobleman, in his armed chair, listens with attention and complacency to a young amanuensis who reads to him standing from a written paper, with a captivating air of modesty and deference.

In one of the smaller apartments is a Magdalen of Guido, with dishevelled hair, and at the end of a corridor, either is or was the Belgic column, once placed in the temple of Bellona.

The pallazzo Farnese, an immense hollow square, three stories high, is now chiefly remarkable for having been built by Michael Angelo, and painted by Annibal Caraeei, as it is at prent uninhabited, and has been long stripped of the Flora, the Hercules, and the Tauro, those celebrated seulptures whieh still bear the name of the family, though the heiress of the house has dissolved it by an alliance with the king of the two Sicilies, who has conveyed every thing that was moveable to Naples.

Annibal spent the greatest part of his life in ornamenting the gallery, and he is said to have died of mortifieation, on being inadequately rewarded by Cardinal Farnese.

The vaulted eeiling is divided into seven sqnare compartments, and eight rounds, supported by aeademic figures in all imaginable attitudes.

In the eompartments are represented the triumph of Baechus and Ariadne, Pan offering the wool of his flocks to Diana, Paris receiving from Mercury the golden apple, Aurora and Cephalus, Venus and Anehises, Hercules and Iole, with many other lascivious stories, drawn from the Metamorphoses of Ovid, and other fables of ancient mythology.

The palazzo Barberini, built by a nephew of Urban VIII. is a prodigious edifice, containing a valuable library, and an immense eollection of painting and sculpture.

The ceiling of the great hall was painted by Pietro da Cortona, with the apotheosis of Urban; and in the apartments I particularly recolleeted two heads of Modesty and Vanity, by Leonardo da Vinci, a whole length Magdalen of Guido, and half length of the four Evangelists by Guercino da Cento.

On the ground floor are several rooms lined with statuary, among whieh are busts of Marius and Sylla; but the celebrated sleeping fawn, from the mausoleum of Adrian, has been lately sold, or presented, to the king of Spain.

The palazzo Doria, built, if I recolleet right, under the patronages of Innoeent X. [Pamfili] from whose family it passed by marriage to the Dorias, fronts the Corso, and has been planned with more attention to conve[illegible]nce, than is usual in the palaees of Italy.

Its gallery runs round the four sides of a square, near the entranee of which is an aerial Claude, the finest now remaining in Rome, near whieh a landseape sketehed by Domenichino grates the eye of the connoisseur. There are several other Claudes in this gallery, though none of them

have been so lightly touched by his magic hand, fine portraits of Luther and Calvin, by Titian, &c. &c.

In one of the leading apartments is a head of Christ, crowned with thorns, and bearing the cross, with a look of patient suffering, which I shall never forget. It was painted by Andrea Mantegna, the master of Michael Angelo.

The palazzo Braschi, the last palace built in Rome, and indeed not yet finished, though it has been in hand ever since the beginning of the pontificate of Pius VI. is built on one side of the piazza Navona, in the centre of modern Rome.

Here the nephew of the late pope, immured in a corner of the unfinished pile, now spends with profusion, what had been gained by rapacity, in decorating with all the elegancies of painting and sculpture, a palace he can himself hardly ever expect to inhabit.

The great stair-case, however, is now nearly finished, and is probably, the most expensive and magnificent apartment of the size, that ever was adorned with the perfections of art. It is thirty feet by forty and ninety high.

Over the great doors, on the ground floor, are bustoes of ancient philosophers. The steps are of white marble ten feet long, the balustrade is of wrought iron, and every flight is adorned with an antique statue, and supported by columns of Egyptian granite.

The gallery displays two doors of mahogany, encased with marble, surmounted with bas-reliefs, and separated by a niche and a statue.

Arches springing from the columns, form compartments in the newest taste, and the cieling, elegantly ribbed and fretted, terminates in an ample sky-light.

The palazzo Borghese, the costly monument of the nepotism of Paul V. now contains but few paintings worth notice, though many pieces in this still ample collection are by the first names in the annals of the schools.

But the Casino or villa of the same family without the Porta del Popolo, still remains a perfect mass of ancient modern sculpture.

The front of this building is covered with bas-reliefs, distributed in the form of pannels, above, below, and between the windows, and the portico is peopled with bustoes and statues.

In the hall are busts of the twelve Cæsars, and an equestrian statue of Curtius leaping into the gulph.

In other apartments are seen the Hermaphrodite of obscene celebrity; the fighting Gladiator, by an Ephesian sculptor, thought to be the finest statue now remaining in Rome; a groupe of sleeping boys, by Algardi; and David with the sling and stone with which he smote Goliah, I think the master-piece of Bernini.

In the gardens of this palace, the Italian honey-suckle retains its verdure through the winter, and the single gilly-flower and glowing ranunculus there bloom throughout the year.

The palazzo Madama, is now only remarkable for a façade of uncommon elegance, erected by Catharine de Medicis, before she was married to Henry II. of France.

In the villa Aldobrandini is preserved an antique fresco, which was found in the baths of Titus. It represents a Roman marriage, in the same bas-relief style in which all the antique paintings yet found exhibit figures, with little attention to grouping or perspective, though with a perfection of form and drapery apparently copied from the finished works of contemporary sculptors. None of them give a high idea of the progress of painting among the ancients.

In the casino Farnesina, on the right banks of the Tiber, erected by Augustine Chegi, a famous banker in the time of Leo X. and afterwards purchased by the Farnese family, is an oblong saloon on the ceiling of which is represented the fable of Cupid and Psyche, in different compartments, separated by rich festoons of fruit and flowers, designed by Raphael, and painted by his scholars.

In an adjoining apartment is the Galatea of the same inimitable master, painted by his own hand. The imaginary deity sails through the water in a scollop shell, drawn by dolphins, and surrounded by Nereids and Tritons, blowing conch shells, and sporting with the waves.

In one of the angles of the same apartment, is a colossal head roughly drawn with charcoal, which tradition declares to have been sketched by Michael Angelo, to reprove the delicacy of Raphael.

In the palazzo Costaguti, are six painted ceilings, two of which are strikingly fine. One of them, by Guercino, exhibits Rinaldo in the car of Armida, drawn through the air by winged dragons; the other, Apollo, in the chariot of the sun, by Domenichino.

In the gardens of the palazzo Rospigliosi, on the ceiling

of an ablong pavilion, is the Aurora of Guido, one of the finest frescos in the world.

At the moment of sun rise, Apollo, seated in his car, drawn by four horses, and surrounded by the dancing hours, in attitudes of graceful motion, begins his brilliant career. Lucifer flies before him, with an expiring light, and Flora, hovering round the mystic circle, scatters opening flowers upon the morning air.

In the villa Ludovisi, within the Pincian gate, is another sublime effort of genius, upon the same subject, though this is day-break, a moment better adapted to the strong shades of Guercino.

Aurora in a car drawn through the clouds by pied horses scatters flowers upon the earth, and before her fly the stars of night, while in semicircular compartments behind her a woman watches a sleeping boy, over a midnight lamp, and before her the son of the morning, extinguishes his torch, and shakes his wings for flight.

LETTER XVI.

GENERAL VIEW OF ROME FROM THE JANICULINE MOUNT.

THREE things, said a Latin Father of the fourth century, I could wish to have seen,

Christum in carne, Paulum in ore, et Romam in flore.*

The last of these three wishes was enjoyed in perfection by the poet Martial, from his commanding villa, which was situated on this very mount. *Hic,* says the satirist in his epigrams,

Hic septem dominos videre montes,
Et totam licet æstimare Romam,
Albanos quoque, Tusculosque, colles.

* Christ in the flesh; the face of St. Paul, and Rome in its glory.

and *here* still, after a thousand years have rolled into eternity.

> O'er Rome's seven hills the admiring eye may stray
> Albano too, and Tusculum survey.

The mass of a temple, whose walls are twenty feet thick; the circuit of an amphitheatre, which could receive thirty thousand, or eighty thousand spectators, for such is the difference of computation allowed by its ample scope; or the extent of imperial baths spread out like so many cities, into halls and galleries, courts, porticos, and squares, may well excite astonishment in the native of a country that is scarcely disencumbered of the forests with which it had been covered by the hand of nature, the buildings of whose towns have not yet exceeded the proportions of necessity or convenience.

One who had been accustomed from childhood to venerate the antiquities it afforded of the age of Winthrop, of Calvert, or of Penn, the perishable materials of which are already crumbling into dust, may be allowed to contemplate with enthusiasm inscriptions which have been read by a hundred generations, and sculptures of brass or marble in which the serenity of Augustus, nay, the smiles of the minion of Adrian are still undisturbed, in which the sterner features of Caius Marius, of the elder or the younger Brutus may frown for ever upon the enemies of Rome.

From the summit of the Mons Janiculus, on the west side of the Tiber, abruptly rising over the seven hills of the imperial city, the mount of the Vatican, and the plain of Transtevere, we may take a general view of churches and temples, fountains and aqueducts, convents and theatres, palaces and tombs, linking together in brass and marble, the ancient and the modern world.

Here an obelisk, transported from Africa by a Roman emperor, preserves in forgotten hieroglyphics the learning of the ancient Egyptians, engraved upon a mass of granite, whose incredible dimensions bespeak the grandeur of Memphis or of Thebes, no less than the Pyramids of the Nile.

There an arch exhibits the spoils of the Temple of Jerusalem, embossed on marble by the conqueror of Judea, as if on purpose to remain for an indisputable memorial of

Sacred History, in conjunction with the unaccountable existence of the Jews, to manifest the accomplishment of Hebrew prophecy, in *the destruction of the holy city, and the dispersion of the chosen people.*

Every where the shattered columns of innumerable temples, in some of which ebriety, in others prostitution, were acknowledged rites, whilst in more than one of them imaginary malevolence was vainly deprecated by human sacrifices, recal the absurdities of heathen mythology, which impiously imagined,

> Gods faithless, vicious, cruel, and unjust,
> Whose attributes were rage, revenge, and lust.

Here and there the crumbling walls of theatres where gladiators were fed, that they might bleed freely and taught to die gracefully for the amusement of unfeeling spectators, women as well as men, silently demonstrate how much the civilized world has gained by the introduction of christianity, obscured as it is by traditional superstitions, and national wars.*

Heathen temples dedicated to Christian saints, and the statues of the apostles elevated upon the columns of the emperors, indicate the triumph of Christianity over pagan Rome, although the successors of the martyrs adopted heathen rites, and ingrafted profane ceremonies upon the simplicity of Christian worship.†

"The statues of heroes," says a clerical tourist, "were converted into those of saints, still to receive adoration, and to preside at consecrated altars. Those who entered the church, like those who entered the temple, sprinkled themselves with lustral water, inhaled perfumed incense,

* At the savage exhibition of these infernal orgies (the Barbarians of America will discredit my veracity, should the story be related around some council fire) an honourable place was allotted for the vestal virgins, the priestesses of heathen purity, devoted to perpetual virginity, under pain of being buried alive!

† Upon the Esquiline Hill the Roman matrons had been accustomed to solicit the favourable auspices of Juno Lucina.—Catholic wives expect the same assistance from Santa Maria Maggiore, whose magnificent church now occupies the site, and inherits the privileges of the abdicated temple. At the altar of Romulus and Remus mothers presented their children, when they were afflicted with obstinate diseases, and to this day, in desperate cases, infants are carried to the very same edifice for the intercession of St. Theodore.

beheld the lighted taper, and hung up the votive tablet." *

A defection however unlikely in the days of St. Paul, yet by him expressly predicted;

> The day of Christ shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and the man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition.

Under the shade of the Fontana Paulina, upon the summit of the Mons Janiculus, whilst on the right the setting sun gilds anew the fretted vaults of the temple of Peace, and illumines with a golden gleam the broken rotundas of the palace of the Cæsars, and the crumbling monuments of the Appian Way, at the same time gaily glittering on the left upon the domes and turrets of modern Rome, let us take a general view of the rival structures of imperial and pontifical magnificence.

Immediately below us on the left is the dome of St. Peter's soaring above its colonnades, its fountains, and its obelisk; beyond it are the courts and galleries of the Vatican, and before it at a respectful distance is the swelling tower of St. Angelo, surmounted by a flying angel with a flaming sword.

There a bridge crosses the Tiber, adorned with statues, and the venerable river is seen to wind on either side betwixt domes and palaces, ruins and vineyards, till it reaches the antiquated walls which present the towers of seventeen gates, and inclose a circumference of thirteen miles. They were erected by Aurelian, two hundred and seventy years after Christ, and have been ever since kept in repair by the princely successors of the fisherman of Galilee.

Without the walls are seen lonely churches, particularly that of St. Paul, far to the right. They were once in the heart of populous suburbs, which surrounded on all sides the imperial city.

Farther on are shapeless ruins standing, in a barren desert, that extends fifteen or twenty miles to the foot of distant hills, upon which may be faintly discerned Albano, Tivoli, and the ancient Tusculum, founded, says tradition, by Telemachus, the son of Ulysses, and in after times

* At the entrance of the Via Sacra, Esculapius is turned into St. Bartholomew, and at St. Agnes, *fuori della porta*, a statue of Diana is still venerated under the name of the saint.

the birth-place of Cato, the censor, and the retreat of Cicero.

Among the crowd of nearer objects in front the sight is arrested by the globular roof of the pantheon, rising into view like the side of a hill.

Near it are seen the solar obelisk of Augustus, restored by the late pope (it once shewed the hours of the day by its shadow falling upon lines of brass) and the column of Antonine, that still occupies the spot on which it was placed by Marcus Aurelius.

Farther on is the column of Trajan.

Above it, on the Quirinal Hill, is the summer-palace of the popes, and the church of Santa Maria Maggiore.

To the right lies the Capitol, now a modern town house.

Behind it is the Forum Romanum, surrounded by the broken porticos of temples, the falling arcades of the palace of the Cæsars, and the sunken arches through which the insulted dignity of captive monarchs were led in chains, to swell the triumph of returning conquerors. A practice which would have been more suitably accompanied by the war-whoop of Canadian savages than by the *clangor tubarum* of civilized Rome. Even queens were not exempted from this barbarous usage. It was suffered by a Parthian princess, the splendour of whose court is still attested by the ruins of Palmyra, and the last descendant of the Egyptian Ptolomies only escaped the insupportable indignity by a voluntary death.

Beyond them are seen the sweeping stories of the Coliseum, one of its ample sides frowning in naked majesty over the dilapidated ruins of the other.

Farther on are the turrets of St. John de Lateran, with the gigantic obelisk by which they are overlooked.

Not far distant is the pyramidal tomb of Caius Cestius, at the foot of which protestants who die at Rome are permitted to repose in peace.

To the right we look down upon the multifarious departments of the baths of Caracalla (the Caracul of Ossian, *king of the world*) extending over whole acres of ground, in undistinguishable ruin.

Without the gate of St. Sebastian, anciently the Portus Capenus, the Appian Way may be traced for miles by double rows of crumbling monuments, like a funeral procession attending the obsequies of imperial Rome.

"All is now silent and solitary," I quote the language of the eloquent historian of the empire, "where the pavement once resounded to the hasty proofs of the messengers of command, and the harbingers of victory, encountering each other from the remotest parts of the earth."

Farther on are seen diverging from their centre the interrupted chains of broken aqueducts, stretching with gigantic strides, as far as the eye can reach across the desolated plain.

Methinks I see the venerable shades of Roman virtue hovering over the scenes of their patriotic devotion! The unconquerable captive, who, in those very fields below me, thurst his hand into the flames, to defy the impotence of victory; the dauntless knight who singly defended yonder broken bridge, against a host of foes; the generous citizen who leaped into a bursting gulph to save his country, in the area which is now surrounded by yon mouldering ruins; the voluntary hostage, who returned to Carthage through yonder streets, to devote his life where he had pledged his honour; the relenting conqueror, who suffered himself to be vanquished, without those gates, at the head of a victorious army, by the intercession of a Roman matron.*

But before all the heroes of antiquity, many of whose crumbling tombs may yet be traced around me, let me call to mind the disinterested patriot, who repeatedly descended from the curule chair to dress again the neglected fields of his humble patrimony at the foot of yonder hills.

The example of Cincinnatus, after a lapse of ages, has been revived or exceeded amid the forests of America, by the unassuming cultivator of the banks of the Patowmak. Washington, like the Roman sage, too rich in himself to be seduced by wealth or honours, to forsake the calm enjoyments of domestic life, obeyed again and again the summons of his country, to devote himself to the emergencies of the state.

Mankind I trust will one day become wise enough to transfer their admiration from their conquerors to their benefactors. The virtues of Washington and Cincinnatus,

* "The noble sister of Publicola,
"The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle
"That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
"And hangs on Dian's temple."

will then efface the victories of Buonaparte and Alexander, and the modest mantle of republican simplicity will eclipse the frippery of imperial robes.

The little rotunda which appears upon the right, behind those pointed roofs, marks the very spot where the new born infants, Romulus and Remus, exposed upon the Tiber by the command of Amulius, were found and fostered by a neighbouring shepherd.

Its impenetrable cope has successively protected a temple and a church; and tradition, pointing to the solid hemisphere, has told the story of the suckling wolf to a hundred generations, which have fallen around it like the leaves of autumn.

Within yon shapeless mass of Roman brick that can scarcely be discerned on the left, amidst clustering battlements, were deposited the remains of Cæsar Augustus; the same who at the auspicious birth of the babe of Bethlehem, *had sent forth a decree, that all the world should be taxed.*

It was once a pompous mausoleum, surrounded by alleys of evergreens, and distinguished by obelisks of granite, whose solid masses promised to illustrate it for ever.

But the groves have been supplanted by plebeian hovels, and the obelisks themselves, after having been overturned and buried in the dust, have been removed to other courts, to gratify the pride of other princes.

Somewhere hereabout were the gardens of Lucullus, and somewhere there was the palace of Mecænas, where Virgil may have penned his Æneid, or Horace pointed his satires, speculating at their ease upon life and manners, under the convenient patronage of the rich and great.

Yon insignificant turret disguises the spot where Cato reasoned, and Cicero declaimed, in the venerable audience of the conscript fathers of imperial Rome.

In the same direction, though not within sight, are the remains of *Appii Forum,* and the reputed ruins of *the Three Taverns, where the Brethren of Rome* met St. Paul on his arrival from Judea; "whom, when Paul saw," says the author of the Acts of the Apostles, "he thanked God and took courage."

Below us is the very street in which the eloquent Apostle of the Gentiles, *having appealed to Cæsar, dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all that came in unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence—no man forbidding him.*

It was there that, *being rejected by the chief of the Jews, though bound for the hope of Israel,* he prophetically declared

the salvation of God was sent unto the Gentiles, and that they would hear it.—A prediction which was marvellously fulfilled upon this very spot, though ten persecutions afterward oppressed the church.

Just below me, on the right, is the roof of Santa Maria in Transtevere, a church that was built in the year 222, and dedicated by Calixtus, then bishop of Rome, to the Virgin Mary.

It marks, I believe, the first palpable departure from primitive purity, in point of worship, though professing Christians had long before enlisted in the Roman legions, ingloriously deserting the banner of the Prince of Peace.

Around me I can still trace several monuments of the piety, perhaps the policy of Constantine, when christianity became the predominating religion of the empire.

Those fields upon my left were the scene of the pretended Vision of the Cross, on the strength of which the first Christian emperor actually gained a victory over his rival Maxentius, who perished in the Tiber, below yon distant bridge.

Within the next three centuries were instituted some of the many convents that might be counted from where I stand, in which numerous fraternities of devoted regulars have dozed away their useless lives in unbroken succession for a thousand years.

From the courts of the Vatican, on my left, issued for ages the Papal bulls, which could dissolve private obligation, and dispense with public allegiance, until the princes of Christendom were taught by the harbingers of reformation to dispute the supremacy, and to doubt the infallibility of the supposed vicar of Christ.

The everlasting High Priest of the Christian dispensation, far from appointing a lordly successor to rule over his flock, expressly abolished the Levitical priesthood, *that he might teach his people himself.*

Yon gloomy turret betrays the Dominican cloister in which the tribunal of the Inquisition long strove, in vain, to stifle the vigorous birth of heaven-born truth.

In the plain upon our right, two centuries before Augustus, encamped the veteran Hannibal, after he had thrice defeated the Roman consuls and dictators, in a toilsome march from the Straits of Gibraltar through Spain, France, and Italy, across the Alps and the Apennines.

Yet, while at one gate lay the victorious Carthagenian, the imperturbable senate sent off recruits, by another, to the army in Spain.

But below me (behind the palace, or the castle) is a modern postern, through which general Berthier, having encamped his

forces on the Monte Maria, penetrated the Papal citadel, and ascended without striking a blow, the capitol of the Cæsars.

Such was, and such is Rome, alike in the tropes of Cicero, and the figures of Gibbon, *the citadel of nations*, and *the metropolis of the globe—the eternal city*, that survived the empire of the world, to establish a new dominion over the nations of the earth.

CHAP. XVII.

SKETCHES OF LIFE AND MANNERS.

THE Italian populace is every where idle, rude, and noisy. In Rome itself the meanest of the people make way for no one; and as they stand chattering upon the narrow footways, where there happens to be any, will oblige the genteelest passengers to turn into the street; nay, retort upon them with insolence, if requested to give way even for a lady.

Yet, in polite address, the French and English second person plural, and the German third, are in Italy sublimely refined into the feminine gender, and John Bull is struck dumb on his arrival at Rome to hear himself ceremoniously announced as "Sua Excellenza."

A common tradesman is designated in writing with "Illustrissime Signor, Signor;" and the usual form of subscription to a letter of business is "Your Slave;" that of *most humble servant* (unworthy as it is of English sincerity) not being quite abject enough for Italian adulation.

The nobility are princes, their houses are palaces, their sons are Cæsars and Scipios; nay, their cooks are "Ministra della Cucina," and their scullions are "Della Famiglia" of such and such a grandee.

In Rome idle beggars will stretch themselves quite across the pavement, and oblige all that pass by to turn out into the mud, or step over their extended limbs, nauseous with real or pretended ulcers.

In the porticoes of frequented churches, lazy raggamuffins will sun themselves upon the steps, and pick vermin from their bodies, in a manner which decency forbids me to describe.

The market-place, a large oblong square, ornamented with

sculptured fountains, under the elegant appellation of Piazza Navona, exhibits twice a week an unparalleled scene of uproar and confusion.

Imagine the hubbub of ten thousand voices, rough with the jargon of a dozen dialects, and hoarse with incessant outcry, opening at once upon the turn of a corner.

A Philadelphian would think there was a fire, and that every man was calling upon his neighbour to help to put it out:—no such matter, they are only endeavouring to cheat one another in counting cabbages and measuring potatoes.

In this interesting operation the buyer struggles for over-measure, and the seller shuffles off under weight, with deafening vociferation.

This amicable mode of interchanging the commodities of life so frequently extends to blows, and would otherwise terminate in pitched battles, that a file of soldiers constantly attend, with shouldered firelocks, to keep the citizens and the country people from falling together by the ears.

In the Corso itself, the chief street of Rome, lined as it is with churches and palaces, we are stunned every morning by day-break with the shrill cries of those who sell fried minnows, or roasted chesnuts, the price of which I shall never forget, for my ears ring with the discordant sounds of

Quattro baioce! Quattro baioce! Quattro baioce!

We learn to count Italian, without intending it, from a butcher's stall just under our windows, where we overhear continually an idle custom, I believe, peculiar to these noisy people, of counting aloud every penny of change, one by one.

For instance, beef is four-pence a pound, and supposing a slip-shod slattern (for such is the appearance of low life in Italy) has bought a pound and a quarter, she will be sure to count out her broad copper baioces,

Uno! Due! Tre! Quattro! Chinque!

in the tones of a bell-man or a ballad-singer.

The Italians still estimate the beginning of the day from the end of it, and count the circling hours from sun-set to four-and-twenty. At noon accordingly, in the summer solstice, the clock strikes sixteen, in the winter nineteen, and as the increase or decrease is often several minutes in a day, the town clocks are hardly ever right, they being only corrected as often as this difference amounts to a quarter of an hour. Thus, for instance, you are gravely advertised by the almanac, that from the 16th

of February to the 24th, it will be noon at a quarter past eighteen; but that on the 24th it will be noon at eighteen o'clock precisely, and so continue till the 6th of March.

The beggars seldom turn out to earn their daily bread till toward noon, when they begin to be hungry, and then you are occasionally serenaded with loud and continual moans, most probably from some impostor more shameless than ordinary, who will exhibit an appearance of accident or disease too shocking to be examined, from which those who choose to drop any thing into his hat, turn away their eyes; and those who do not are fain to cross over the way, or turn about and take up the next street.

This, however, is too great an exertion to be continued long, and too bold an imposition to be suffered twice in the same place; a silent display of palpable wretchedness is much more frequent, like that of Lazarus at the door of Dives.

Of such there were several in my daily walks, whose well-known stations I always avoided by going about, if I had it not in my power to deal out to them the customary tribute; for one must be loaded with pence at Rome, as well as at London, to satisfy all the beggars one meets.

When I first arrived at Rome, I resolved to give nothing to any of the tribe whose age or decrepitude did not interest my feelings, but this resolution cost me more than I gained by it; and I am convinced I should have done better to have taken the opposite extreme, and kept my pocket ready for every applicant, as the cheapest way to get rid of them.

But I could not help being scrupulous of supporting such worthlessness, and my *English* temper was besides unwilling to yield to their irritating importunacy, especially in the churches, where it provoked me beyond measure to see them disturb people at their devotions.

I once saw a dirty sibyl persecute by turns a whole string of kneeling nuns, whispering their orisons two by two before an altar, till she drove them all away, and then turned round to me —you will readily believe for a frowning reprimand.

Another time, while I was sitting in the dusk of the evening at the foot of the statue of St. Andrew, which occupies the hollow face of one of the pillars that support the dome of St. Peter's, two French soldiers suddenly advanced from the Nave, cast their eyes into the air, and walking round to where I sat, asked me in respectful tones, "Est ce donc ici Monsieur la coupole dont on parle tant?"* They were pursued by a ragged

* Is this the dome of which so much is said, Sir?

slattern, as keen as a hawk, teasing them for charity; and though they politely assured her that they had no money to give, she followed them with increasing importunity as far as I could see them.

Besides occasionally collections at St. Peter's, one old woman had a stationary residence in a corner of the Tribune, where she levied a tax upon all who ventured to ascend it; and another at a distance, far beyond the sphere of her influence, got a living by holding up the curtain of a door whenever she saw any body going out that way likely to reward the service.

Every good Catholic seems to hold beggars sacred, as the East Indians are said to venerate their crazy Santos.

I soon found that nobody repelled their importunities but myself; nay, that if they asked alms in the name of the Virgin, "Per la Madonna Santissima," or any favourite saint, such as St. Joseph (the betrothed husband of the Virgin Mother); the St. Francis de Sales, or St. Anthony of Padua, a good Catholic would lift one hand to his hat, though he should not put the other in his pocket.

I must certainly pass for an arch heretic in the streets of Rome, notwithstanding my devout attendance at St. Peter's; for I often refuse importunate beggars without minding what Saint they invoke, yet my credit may be sometimes locally restored when a decrepid old woman kneels before the next Madonna, and prays for the soul of the stranger, that has put into her palsied hand a *paul* or a *scudi*.

Their usual resource of the convents has been cut off ever since the French revolution, but they still hold every devotee under a contribution, which they levy with inexorable strictness on the day of his tutelar saint, and you often see them running in crowds from house to house and demanding their money, as confidentially as if they were suing for a debt.

Perhaps, indeed, they may be thought to earn the gratuity by a Pater-noster, or an Ave-Maria, which the beggar is always expected to say for the soul's health of his benefactor. An additional reason *for giving to all that ask*, as however little the slender faith of a Protestant may be disposed to rely for salvation upon the prayers of another, what sectarian would suffer himself to be suspected of heresy in the sight of the hereditary representatives of the primitive church, when such a trifle would make him pass for a true believer.

The nobility of Rome (for there is no social gradation in Italy comparable to that of gentry in England, and the United States, which, admitting scientific and commercial pursuits, embraces almost exclusively the useful and the agreeable of life) were

never remarkable for their attention to strangers; indeed the very construction of a Roman palace almost precludes the enjoyment of social intercourse, and the exercise of domestic hospitality.

Their family accommodations are inconvenient and remote, and the state apartments of their palaces, or rather museums of painting and sculpture, are only adapted for the gratification of curiosity, or the fluttering circulation of a hundred butterflies at a time, through the prolonged train of anti-chambers, saloons, and drawing-rooms, at a conversazione, or a masquerade.

Their little curiosity, and less exertion, (since the fraternal embraces of the French revolutionists have squeezed their purses) has shut most of them up within their palaces, where they can avoid all expences but those of equipage and attendance; contenting themselves with the occasional display of an old-fashioned coach and six rattling across the ring of the Corso, with half a dozen attendants.

The right honourable practice, however inconsistent with the duty of public worship, indispensible to humbler Christians, which allows the indulgence of a private chapel, or a domestic chaplain, sheds convenient obscurity upon the idleness or inattention of private service. At Rome, as well as at London, the nobility are rarely seen at church. Indeed, throughout Europe, the public practice of the duties of religion is every where left to the decent attention of the middling, and the zealous fervour of the lower classes of society.

I have, however, seen a Roman prince stop his chariot in the dusk of the evening, upon the bridge of St. Angelo, and kneel down in the dirt before a brazen image. A beggar was soon at his side, and as his highness rose from his knees he handed a baioce to the kneeling suppliant, pleased with the opportunity of discharging, at once, the irksome obligations of penitence and charity.

Before the Revolution, the Cardinal de Bernis, so justly celebrated by grateful travellers for his liberal hospitality and polite attention to strangers, prided himself upon reflecting upon the splendour of his court, whose ample allowance to its ambassadors, together with the perquisites of cardinal protector to the Gallician church, enabled the courtly prelate to maintain at Rome the munificence of a prince. His Eminence used to say, with characteristic

gaiety, "Je tiens l'Hôtel de la France, au Carrefour de l'Europe.*

In 1769 (if I recollect right) when the emperor Joseph visited Cardinal Albani, at his celebrated villa, near the Porta Pinciana, the astonished prince praised it so excessively, that the cardinal could do no less than *beseech his majesty to accept of the trifling bauble.* The extravagance of Roman generosity at first embarrassed the titular king of the Romans; but recollecting himself with magnanimity, Joseph II. restored the princely donation, with the royal compliment, that *he was not rich enough to make a suitable return.*

The general idleness of the people of Rome is provoking as well as contemptible to strangers. If you stop to look at any thing, others will stop to look at you. If you cheapen a print or a medal (an indispensible operation in buying any thing upon the continent of Europe, however disagreeable to the feelings of an American) a dozen idlers will be sure to look on till the conclusion of the bargain; perhaps to satisfy their impertinent curiosity, by minutely examining the object of your fancy.

The Romans themselves think it a recommendation to a tradesman, or a confidant, to be a foreigner; and even the members of the Sacred College are rarely natives of Rome.

The few manufactories of mercery or hard-ware are so coarsely finished, that those of France or England are decisively preferred. The art of painting has been again lost at Rome, notwithstanding the pompous apparatus of the Schools of the Conservatory. Only in music, in statuary, and mosaic-work, do they maintain the proud superiority of the Roman name, though engravings, cameos, and intaglios, are yet done at Rome.

Perhaps some of these circumstances may be traced from physical causes. The gradual progress of sculpture indispensibly requires a patient and steady hand. My own acquaintance with statuaries, chiefly in Italy, confirms the observation: to a man I have found them mild and tranquil, no less regular in their motions than steady in their pursuits.

There is certainly something enervating in the general mildness, and occasional heat of the climate of Italy, notwithstanding the enterprising character of the ancient Romans. But it has materially changed since their day; for we learn from Horace, that the streets of Rome were filled, during

* I keep the French Hotel, at the cross roads of Europe.

winter, with ice and snow; and it appears from the satires of Juvenal, that it was nothing uncommon to see the Tiber frozen over, and covered with skating boys, as the surface of the Delaware often is at this day; whereas, at present, the fields are rarely whitened by snow, and the river has not been frozen within the memory of man.

In modern Rome, an essay upon any thing but the wonderful life of the saint that was last canonized would be itself a wonder; and the only newspaper that can be seen at the coffee-houses, or the book-stores, is the still solitary *Gazetta* of Venice, whose name bespeaks the antiquated original of the innumerable advertisers of Europe and America.

Accordingly of the history or geography, the religion or the politics of the surrounding countries, nothing is distinctly known at Rome, and Cardinal A———, when our countryman, W——, was introduced for his protection, as a student of painting from Philadelphia, being then blind with age, desired to feel the features of the young American—the first that had ever appeared at Rome, and with a smile of courtly condescension, he expressed himself agreeably surprised to find that they were not unlike his own.

It is told, I think of Ganganelli, perhaps, because it could not be supposed with probability of any other head which has worn the triple crown since Sixtus V. that his holiness once meeting a capuchin well mounted, humorously asked the bare-footed friar how long it was since St. Francis rode on horseback, and was tartly answered, "Ever since St. Peter rode in a coach."

It is said too, that the same Pope asked Cardinal B—— if he was sincere when he wished he might live for ever, according to the phraseology of etiquette, on his elevation to the papal chair; "As much so," replied his Eminence, "as your Holiness, when you did homage to your beatified predecessor."

At Rome, at least before the French and English taught a better taste, the palm of excellence was distributed among the unrivalled painters of the age of Leo X. by the rules of devotion, rather than those of taste. The Transfiguration of Raphael, the Communion of Domenichino, the Crucifixion of Daniel de Volterre, and the St. Romuald of Andrea Sacchi, were long considered as the finest paintings in Rome, by the devout amateurs of Italy; but since those philosophic nations have revived the art of painting, which

may be said to have died in Italy with Carlo Marratti, at the expiration of the seventeenth century, the four paintings most esteemed at Rome, at least by foreigners, are the Scripture History of the Capella Sistina, by Michael Angelo; the School of Athens, by Raphael; the Aurora, of Guido; and the Cardinal Virtues of Domenichino.

Even in the Capella Sistina, contemporary Romans fixed their admiration upon the picture of the Last Day, in which there are more defects of judgment than flights of imagination. It has been reserved for critics of the French and English schools to distinguish the master-strokes of Michael Angelo among the prophets and sibyls, which had nearly faded from the ceiling before the Italians thought of engraving those matchless compositions of poetic enthusiasm.

Thus too, the Madonna della Sedia of the Palazzo Pitti, now in the private apartments of the Thuilleries, passed current under the name of its author (*il divino Raphaello*) for one of the finest things in the world, till Dr. Moore ventured to promulgate the pictorial heresy, that the Virgin was nothing more than a buxom lass, and the child only a hearty urchin.

The merits of statuary have been alike determined by predilection for a name, witness the monstrous model of the Hercules of Glycon, which, at London, in the full extravagance of unnatural proportions, oppresses, with ponderous and unweildy limbs, the stair-case of the Royal Academy.

At Rome, the devotion of the commonalty is constant and invariable; you would think they had nothing to do but attend to the ceremonies of the church; yet such is the ferment occasioned by the drawing of the lottery, that the quantity of bread then consumed at Rome is observed by the bakers to be perceptibly less than usual. Many of them hear a mass at the next chapel every morning, though in winter, *mattins* take place an hour before day, and between the frequent holydays there is always an illumination; a concert, or a representation in dumb-shew of scripture-history, at one or other of the innumerable churches to amuse every day of the tedious interval between Christmas and Easter, between Easter and the anniversary of St. Peter and Paul, between the anniversary and that of the reigning Pope, and between that and Christmas, beginning again the never ceasing round.

But the sameness of the annual exhibitions is seasonably varied, by occasional interludes, the coronation of a pope,

or the interment of a cardinal, expected with equal eagerness and enjoyed with equal satisfaction by gaping crowds, who thus without perceiving it barter their individual interests for the splendour of the church.

All these operations however are performed with the usual indifference of matters of course. Polite people will compliment one another whilst on their knees before the altar. Devotees will give or take a pinch of snuff, with all the ease of good breeding, between a pater and an ave. The very canons of Saint Peter's will snuff up incense from the consecrated censer, when it is offered them with affected veneration, resume their seats with indifference, and talk away the tedious moments whilst the same ceremony is performed, with graduated abatements, before the beneficiaries and residentiary clerks, nay his holiness himself when kneeling in silent prayer (a custom derived no doubt from the usage of the primitive church) will be surrounded by four of his life-guards, with their hats upon their heads, and drawn swords glittering in their hands, whilst the silence of his clerical attendants is disturbed by the whisperings of impatience, and the importunities of beggary.

The only ceremony that I ever observed to be accompanied with much appearance of mental fervour, or heart-felt zeal, was the singing of the litany in a kind of evening service, which is peformed before the Madonnas, at the corners of the streets.

The assistants at this ceremony, like those who sing psalms in protestant churches, are seldom deficient in zeal, whatever else they may lack, and it has often stirred up my own stagnant piety, to hear them from our windows of an evening praying with devout vociferation, before an image in the corso, in a language they did not understand.

Virgo pussima! Ora pro nobis!
Mater dolorissima! Ora pro nobis!
Regina altissima! Ora pro nobis!*

When they have all their changes to the same monotonous tune, they generally conclude with a solemn intonation in their native tongue:

* Most pious virgin! Pray for us!
Most sorrowful mother! Pray forus!
Most potent queen! Pray for us!

Eviva! Maria!
Maria! Eviva!
Eviva! Maria! Eviva! Eviva!
Eviva! Maria! E'chi la creo!*

LETTER XVIII.

CEREMONIES OF THE CHURCH OF ROME.

IN the month of October the pope performs an apostolical visitation, going every day in state to assist at high mass in one or other of the innumerable temples, whose privileged shrines have given to Rome the surname of *La Santa*, and his holiness compliments the patrons of eight or ten particular churches by attending on the day of their anniversaries, when he is borne aloft on men's shoulders, through the long-drawn aisles.

The papal functions at the celebration of Christmas begin an hour before midnight, at the private chapel of the palace on Monte Cavallo.

The Capella Paulina is a parallelogram of thirty feet by ninety, with a flat ceiling. At one end of it is an altar overshadowed by a purple canopy, on one side of which is the pontifical throne, on the other a gallery for the papal band, concealed from view by a screen of trellis work. Between them are raised seats for the cardinals, before which are footstools for their clerical attendants, whose business it is to adjust the robes of their eminences, according to the established ceremonial.

The Sanctum Sanctorum is separated from the lower end of the chapel, in which attendants and spectators are allowed to stand promiscuously, by a low railing, on which are placed six or eight massy candlesticks, with enormous wax candles, which are always kept burning in time of service, whether it be day or night.

Near the railing is a raised pew, latticed round, in which ladies are permitted to attend, provided they appear in black, and veiled.

Into this chapel, illuminated with consecrated tapers, the cardinals in robes of scarlet, having been previously seated around the papal throne, at eleven o'clock on Christmass eve, in the year 1801 entered Pius VII. arrayed in a scarlet robe, embroidered with gold, having on his head

* Long live Mary, and he who created her!

an episcopal mitre, sparkling with precious stones, the united voices of a dozen musicians ascending at the same moment.

When the pope had seated himself on the throne he graciously received the homage of the cardinals, who approached his footstool one by one, in a continued row of adulatory attendance, under a thundering intonation from the gallery, which continued till their eminencies had resumed their seats, received the papal blessing, which was three times thrown over the beaming circle, and graciously snuffed up the smoking incense, which had been cast by his holiness himself upon the live coal of the censer, presented to him by kneeling prelates, after having been consecrated at the altar to scent with its spicy odours, perhaps to purify with its penetrating fumes, the possible, or probable uncleanness of princely ministration.

After this ceremony had been performed, the music ceased; *silence prevailed for half an hour*, their eminences muttering private ejaculations with different degrees of zeal. At midnight all was still: during the solemn pause, anxious with expectation, cardinal Litta, a tall and graceful figure, advanced with a measured step to the middle of the floor, which is on this occasion covered with green cloth; his scarlet robes flowing behind him, in an ample train, and pronounced aloud, from a brazen eagle (upon whose outspread wings had been unfolded the sacred volume) those passages of unparalleled sublimity, in which St. Luke has recorded the annunciation of the Messiah.

Now you hear the magnificent prelude of John the Baptist:

Vox clamantis in deserto, Parate viam Domini,*

Anon you listen to the grand accompaniment of *the Heavenly Host*, singing and praising God in the air:

Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra, pax in Homines benevolentia.†

And you retire from the imposing scene, your ears still tingling with the joyful acclamation of Simeon, the man just and devout, that had long waited for the consolation of Isarel, who when the child Jesus was presented in the Temple took him up in his arms and blessed the God of

* The voice of one crying in the wilderness; Prepare ye the way of the Lord.
† Glory to God in the highest. Peace on earth and good will to men.

Israel, who had raised him up, according to his promise, a Horn of Salvation in the house of his servant David:

Nunc dimittis servum tuum Domine!*

Nobody goes to bed at Rome on Christmas-eve; men women and children are up in arms the whole night, running about from concert to illumination, and from illumination to concert.

There was a splendid illumination of the high altar at the beautiful church of San Luigi de Francisi, where the innumerable lights had a brilliant effect upon the gilded stucco of the nave; but the clergy of St. Apollinaire, I know not for what reason, disappointed the public of a concert which had been devoutly expected.

This desultory movement wears away the night, and toward morning every body flocks to see the Bambino, at Santa Maria Maggiore.

Here a wax baby is produced by the canon, in a side chapel at the lower end of the church. We were told they had one of silver before the incursion of the French.

The Bambino is carried in procession upon a bed of state, beneath a lofty canopy, thousands of Transteverini following pellmell, and singing with all their might, to the upper end of the church, where the iron gates of the chapel of Sixtus V are thrown open to receive it, and a concert of instrumental music is performed from the organ loft, in emulation of the symphonies of the Heavenly Host, when the real Messiah was ushered into the world.

At day-break it is brought forth, with the profoundest reverence and placed upon the high altar, between two Seraphs, who guard it with their wings.

Here it remains all day to receive the tardy and less tumultuous homage of the genteeler classes of society.

As we went home to breakfast charity was asked in the name of the new born Bambino, to whom even the Madonna Santissima yields the precedence on Christmas day.

She had been serenaded every morning for a month past, at the corners of the streets, by Calabrian pipers, whose devout attendance ceasing on the happy delivery, the monks of Santa Maria now vied with the nuns of St. Joseph in their respective exhibitions of the holy family in the stable of Bethlehem.

At ten o'clock high mass was celebrated by the pope

* Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.

himself at St. Peter's, attended by all the cardinals, in episcopal habits flowered with silver, and bordered with Brussels lace, a temporary throne and seats having been erected for their accommodation in the tribune.

On this occasion the Latin and Greek gospels were chanted by the priests of the respective churches, with that peculiar monotony, which seems to have been appropriated to the reading of the scriptures, by ancient and modern Christians, with universal consent.

The pope's dress was frequently changed during the ceremony, as some operations were to be performed in a red cloak, and some in a white one, and some things were to be done with the mitre on, and some with it off.

He received the communion in both kinds himself, sucking a drop of wine from the chalice, through a golden pipe, a custom introduced, it seems, about the tenth century, and since discontinued, except by the pope, whose peculiar privilege it is to do nothing like other people.

The pontiff afterward administered the wafer to each of the cardinals, and was borne away on men's shoulders, under a silken canopy, a fan of ostrich feathers waving on each side of his chair, while drawn swords glittered before and behind.

There must have been five thousand people at St. Peter's on this occasion, yet there was no crowding: there would have been room for as many more within the circumference of the dome alone, and I make no doubt but that all the people in Philadelphia might have been present, and left room to spare in the immense recesses of this gigantic edifice.

On such occasions the pope is slowly conveyed to church in an old fashioned state coach, drawn by six horses, the postillions riding before his holiness, bare-headed, a low coachman's box-covered with scarlet damask, the livery of the postillions being always left vacant to give a full view through the fore glass.

This vain parade is preceded by an ecclesiastic, mounted upon *an ass*, though bearing in his hand a golden cross. Thus proudly imitating the humble Jesus, when *he rode into Jerusalem upon an ass's colt.* The way too is strewed with tanners' bark, in imitation of the palms and garments which were then strewed before the Son of David.

But when the prince bishop rides out to take the air, he drives furiously through the streets of Rome in a travelling

coach, preceded by horse-guards, with their swords drawn, and followed by attendant ecclesiastics, in two or three coaches and four.

Every body runs to the window at the cry of, *Il papa! Il papa!* the devout kneel before this heterogeneous rattle, in which the prelate would be quite lost in the prince, if his equivocal holiness did not betow his blessing as he passes, by waving his right hand over the prostrate crowd, while strangers stare or smile at the incongruous medley of things sacred and profane.

The officers of the pope's army, more willingly contemplate him as a prince than as a priest. They never speak of the pontiff, but always of the sovereign, and they scarcely know how to keep themselves in countenance at the head of their ranks, when according to the established etiquette they fall upon one knee and ground their arms before the pope's coach, or face about to that of a cardinal with the military salute.

The papal troops, however, have at last thrown away their antiquated helmets and breast plates, and now appear equally formidable in a hat and feather; but they still perform the evolutions of tactics with less dexterity than the ceremonies of religion.

Even the regimental band, when it plays martial airs, seems like church music in comparison of the deafening clamour of English drums, and the penetrating vibration of French trumpets, the favourite instruments of those rival nations, with which they are always threatening revenge or breathing defiance against each other.

Modern Rome has been emphatically called the kingdom of priests. Every third or fourth person you meet is a limb of the priesthood, and many of them make a very genteel appearance in suits of black, being only distinguished from laymen by their flapped hats and silken skirts.

The same three cornered hat which is worn at Bethlehem or Philadelphia by *the brother* or *the friend*, at Rome would bespeak an abbé, perhaps a cardinal, for the red hat is only worn in full dress, and a lady abbess in the streets of Philadelphia might pass for *a single Sister* or *a Matron friend.*

These are the gentry of the church, and to say nothing of the cardinals in their coaches, with three footmen in laced liveries behind, and a spare carriage for attendant ecclesiastics, they contrast as much as laymen themselves

with the vulgar herd of monks and friars, in the livery of St. Benedict, St. Dominic, or St. Francis.

The latter use no linen, wear sandals, instead of shoes, and carry a knotted rope about their middle, the symbol, perhaps the instrument of penance and mortification.

Yet even these pure patterns of catholic humility sometimes throw away the dingy weeds of their order for the imperial purple of the college of cardinals, and ascend in their turn the papal throne to wield with one hand the temporal sword, and with the other the spiritual rod, over the prostrate subjects of this twofold empire.

The other day there was high mass at the pope's chapel, I forget on what occasion, but I perfectly remember the ceremony.

Ascending to Monte Cavallo, at eleven o'clock, I found the court-yard rattling with the coaches of the cardinals, and mounting the great stair-case with a crowd of priestly personages, some of them in red hats, I amused myself with seeing their eminences robed by their attendants without the rails of the chapel.

Among the rest came Cardinal York, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. His approach was marked by unusual respect from the opening crowd of attendants and spectators, in the lobby of the chapel, and the good old man made every body happy, by that familiar affability, which distinguishes his royal cousin, the K—— of G—— B——. He resembles him as much in countenance, and that legitimacy need no longer be denied to the cardinal Duca, which was politically disputed with the elder scyon of the unfortunate house of Stuart, in the person of the pretender.

The cardinal is now the last representative of the abdicated family, and has merited by his peculiar protection of Englishmen at Rome, the royal pension of 5000l. sterling, which has been nobly remitted him from England, ever since the late revolution, to enable him to support the dignity of a prince of the blood of England.

When the consistory was assembled, the pope entered, the band singing an anthem, unaccompanied by instruments, none being allowed in the presence of the pontiff. I suppose, from the usage immemorial of the catholic church.

His holiness having seated himself upon the throne, and being attended on the right hand by a solemn pageant in a black gown and full bottomed wig, too aptly represent-

ing the degraded dignity of a Roman senator, received the customary homage, and pronounced the customary blessing, in the imposing attitude of standing up, and throwing out the right hand, with expanded fingers.

After the adoration mass was said by a cardinal, richly attired in episcopal surcoats, an attendant ecclesiastic holding up the white silk cloak, embroidered with silver, just high enough to shew his red shoes, and the fine lace of his lawn surplice, over the glowing scarlet of his under garments.

During the celebration, a cardinal bishop, having the mitre on his head, was seated in an armed chair, supported by the symbols of the four Evangelists, on the right hand of the altar, his eyes cast down, as if absorbed in meditation, and his hands extended, one upon each knee, in white gloves, tiff with embroidery.

This hereditary representative of primitive perfection sat the whole time perfectly motionless, unless when he affected to incline his ear to the reading of the gospels, a practice probably imitated by uninterrupted succession, from the deafness of the patriarchs of the church.

When the pope had received the communion, in both kinds, kneeling before the altar, during which ceremony there was total silence, and was again seated on his throne, the band burst forth in tones of exultation, while the pontiff, and afterward the cardinals, each in his turn, were liberally perfumed with incense by a stout ecclesiastic, who tossed the censor before their sanctities with an air of the profoundest veneration.

A dominican monk, in the habit of his order, which is black with a broad white cape, hats being allowed to the genteeler classes of monks, instead of cowls, now preached a sermon before their eminencies in sonorous Latin, which he pronounced with all the distinctness of enunciation, and temperance of gesture, becoming, in the presence of a princely audience.

To descend from the aerial elevation of the papal chapel to the subterraneous vaults of the confraternity of the dead, or charnel-house of human bones, under one of the sixty or seventy churches at Rome, which have been dedicated to the Virgin Mary, since the expiration of the two first ages of Christianity.

In these gloomy recesses, haunted by superstitious visions, was first imagined the prayer of forty hours, an exhibition of the sacrament, day and night, upon an illumi-

nated altar, which is attended in turn by the priests of the respective churches, where it is exhibited once a year, and visited by all the devout of the neighbourhood, who embrace these opportunities to signalize their zeal by midnight devotion.

The celebration of the Ottavario delle Morte (the week of the dead) peculiarly belongs to this consecrated brotherhood, though every church in Rome then exhibits upon its pavement a general pall crowned with a death's head and hung with cross bones. Around this simulatory the friends and relations of all who have perished in the ocean, or been slain in battle during the past year, have an opportunity to attend the imaginary obsequies, and thus bestow on their unburied reliques the benefit of Christian burial.

On this occasion the vaults of "our lady," adjured by the solemn surnames "of prayer" and "of death", completely lined, paved, and arched over with human bones in every variety of arrangement, sometimes ridiculously horrible, are fitted up with a dramatic representation of the pool of Bethesda, designed to induce the crowding populace to have masses said in the church above for the souls of their departed friends, who may be thus (say the priests at the altar) as surely delivered from the pains of purgatory, as the infirm man in the gospel would have been cured of his infirmity, if he had any body to have thrown him into the pool, *when the angel troubled the water.*

Marvel not, gentle reader, at the furniture of this sepulchre, a vault is a suitable receptacle for dead men's bones. I could take thee to a church beside the dome of St. Peter's where thou mightest see the walls of a frequented chapel, entirely constructed with the bones of thy fellow creatures, exposed in the face of day.

There death's heads would mock thee from storied windows, and disjointed bones would threaten thee from tottering pinnacles, reared upon gothic buttments of fantastic lightness, knotted with the balls and sockets of kness and elbows, bleaching in the wind.

But dry bones are not the only reliques of the dead, which are indecently exposed in catholic countries. Their sallow corpses are conveyed to church upon an open bier, accompanied by hired fraternities, who attend in white frocks, under the disguise of a mask, and the rude mummers often talk and sometimes laugh aloud as they roar out unhallowed hymns along the inattentive streets.

A prince or a prelate will lie in state for a day or two,

surrounded with burning tapers upon the pavement of a nave, and canopied by the arcades of a church, hung with black and fringed with tinsel.

A few days ago I saw the emaciated features of the Prince de M—— exposed in this shocking manner, in full dress, to the gaping populace, his hat upon his head, his sword by his side, and his shoes on his feet, while masses were saying in a dozen chapels for the doubtful repose of his soul; though I never understood but what he was a good catholic, and as such must have had the benefit of *plenary indulgence* and apostolic benediction.

Enough, you'll say, of the ceremonies of the holy Roman church; but the scene must change to a guard-house. I have beheld, would you believe it, the inside of a prison, and felt the feverish impatience of involuntary confinement for four-and-twenty hours together.

The last moonlight nights tempted me to break through the gentle restraints of my prudent adviser, on a solitary excursion through the most unfrequented parts of Rome.

I must needs see the dancing moon-beams shoot a fairy glimmer athwart the colonnades of St. Peter's, and pour a stream of silver across the mountain of the dome.

I must needs explore the bleak arcades of the amphitheatre, infamous for the resort of thieves and murderers, when their frowning horrors were dimly reflected by the lunar ray.

As I contemplated the vast circumference and unequal dilapidation of the crumbling walls, they faintly resounded to the broken chant of a solitary friar, slumbering over his nocturnal orisons by a glimmering straw light, in the lonely oratory, which has been erected to consecrate the unhallowed spot.

If I had not been an incorrigible amateur of the sublime, in the composition of which, unfortunately, terror is an indispensible ingredient, I might have taken warning from the dozing mutterer, and gone home while I was well; but I had still another object of moonlight devotion, the portico of St. John de Lateran, and the obelisk of Thebes.

I scanned the mystic column, and I viewed the elevation of the portico in every direction of picturesque effect, till a penitent kneeled before the gates, and dissolved the charm, whereupon I turned about for home, which my long and hasty strides promised to reach in half an

hour, and bless me again with the smiles of expeting affection.

But the moment I reached the portentous walls of the Coliseum, I was arrested with a shrill "Chi é?"* It was uttered by the nightly watch, who meeting me at such an hour, in a place so suspicious, demanded my passport. I felt for it, but found it not, and though I had in my head a smattering of half the languages in Europe, I was unable to make them understand me. They therefore hurried me to the guard-house, and left me to ruminate upon my situation in charge of the corporal of the night.

I sent off one soldier after another to relieve the anxiety of my wife, with the intelligence of my confinement. But they returned, one after another, without finding my lodgings, though I could repeat to them by heart that they were "Incontro San Carlo al Corso."†

I vented myself at first by rating at their unaccountable stupidity in a hodge podge of languages, the chief ingredient of which was French, though it was highly seasoned with Latin and Italian phrases of vexation and contempt; but toward midnight I was stung to desperation by the distress of my wife, and compelled the astonished corporal to let me go, under a guard, on a promise to return as soon as I had informed her of my situation.

By this time the moon was obscured by clouds, there fell a drizzling rain, we made a circuit through lanes and alleys to avoid being hailed by the main-guard, and as soon as I came within sight of our chambers, I perceived the partner of my heart at her windows listening to every breeze.

The sight of me was sufficient, though under a guard of soldiers, and she willingly permitted me to go back with them, accompanied by our landlord, whom she had vainly importuned to go in search of her husband, among the broken vaults of the Coliseum, where she had fancied him weltering in his blood.

The landlady, however, had endeavoured to console her by praying before a picture of "Our lady of miracles," that the unhappy *Forestiesi* might be restored by her propitious interference.

Next morning I was transferred to the main-guard, in the Piazza Colonna, between two soldiers, who had

* Whos there? † Opposite to St. Charles's in the Corso.

been directed to leave their arms behind them, in deference to the confidential appearance of their prisoner.

Here I could contemplate at leisure the bas-reliefs of the Colonna Antonina, in the middle of the square, for the officers on duty received me with politeness, and left me at large, in their own apartments, excusing the unnecessary officiousness of the watch.

I was soon waited on by the Abbé C——, a lively little Cicerone, well known to the officers of government, at the request of our affectionate landlord, who assured me, with tears in his eyes, that he would not rest till he had procured my enlargement.

The Abbé was no sooner withdrawn than my dear B—— ascended the stairs of my prison, through a file of soldiers, and entered, with a smile of serenity, before the officers of the guard.

But it was not till after night that our worthy landlord brought me a discharge, which it had been impossible to procure before, from the insolence of power or the delays of office, telling me in a whisper, that I might think myself well off to have fallen into the hands of the soldiers, for the sbirri (a sort of constables) would have stripped me of my watch and money, as the perquisites of their rapacity, for which there was no redress, as they were under the protection of a well known cardinal.

A few days after this vexatious adventure took place, the coronation of the immortal Pio Settimo, as the modern Romans make no more scruple to call one tottering prelate after another than did the ancient to deify their living emperors.

This ceremony is perhaps more properly the taking possession of the church of St. John de Lateran, and being installed as universal bishop in the see of Rome. It had been deferred nearly two years for political reasons, but was now performed with great pomp in the presence of a hundred thousand spectators.

The day was fine, and the streets of Rome, from the palace to the church, were lined with impatient crowds, and gaily adorned with silken tapestry, streaming from every window.

The courts and the fields around the church, for like many other ancient churches at Rome, St. John's is now quite out of town, though within the walls of the ancient city, swarmed with people on foot and in carriages.

At some distance to the left of the noble portico, already

described, a pavillion had been fitted up for the senator of Rome, the representative of the temporal administration of this ghostly empire.

His lordship soon appeared in a state-coach, and took the station, from which he was to address the pontiff in a set speech, upon his arrival on the ground.

The train of the state pageant was followed by those of the temporal barons, who alighted in the court, and ranged themselves, according to their rank, within the portico, where they were to do homage to their spiritual sovereign, as he passed into the church.

The papal troops now took possession of the avenues, and ranged a dozen pieces of cannon in front of the parade.

An hour afterward appeared the pope, drawn in a magnificent coach of state, in which he was attended by two prelates bare-headed.

He was arrayed in white and silver, and listened with condescending inattention to the tedious harangue of the senator, at the coach side, being evidently discomposed at the sight of the innumerable multitude by which he was surrounded.

From time immemorial their holinesses on this occasion have been reverently led to church, mounted upon a white palfrey, and sheltered from rain or sunshine, by a silk umbrella, held over their heads by a sturdy priest. Ganganelli, was, I think, the first that ventured to break through the antiquated custom in this age of universal innovation.

Their clerical attendants however still ride after them, in the style of antiquity, and make a respectable appearance on horseback, as they follow two and two, in flowing cloaks of purple cloth.

While the pope was received on the steps, and conducted into the portico to accept the homage of the barons we got into the church, with great difficulty, under favour of the guards on duty.

We found the spacious aisles by no means crowded, though thousands of people genteely dressed, no others being admitted, were already ranged on both sides of the files of soldiers, which lined a broad passage from the great door to the high altar, a distance of two hundred feet.

The pope's band, in linen vestments, waited within the folding doors, and the moment they were thrown open they

raised a solemn intonation, as the new pope entered the majestic aisle, which is so nobly ornamented by colossal statues of the twelve apostles, the college of cardinals falling into his train from a side chapel richly habited in episcopal garments of white silk, embroidered with silver, having mitres of the same on their heads.

The pope now paid his devotion, during a pause of silence at a side altar, and returning to the nave with the attendant train of cardinal bishops, he proceeded round the high altar to the tribune, ascended the throne, and was invested with the triple crown, sparkling with diamonds, and beaming with rubies and sapphires.

After the coronation, the pope ascended to the second story of the portico. The great doors were thrown open below, and every body hastened to the principal front of this venerable edifice to see "the vicar of Christ" appear at the balcony, and pronounce absolvatory benediction from an elevation of fifty feet.

The moment the pope advances, like a fairy vision, invisibly supported over the heads of attending cardinals, the cannons roar; they are reverberated from the distant castle; the great bell of St. John's rings out, and ten thousand voices shout at once,

Eviva! Eviva!

The pope rises from his seat. All is instantly still as midnight. The people throw themselves upon their knees, to receive the apostolic benediction. The pope pronounces it, with extended arms, and is again withdrawn, as if by art magic, during a thundering peal of universal acclamation.

LETTER XIX.

A HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE CORRUPTION OF CHRISTIANITY, AND THE INTRODUCTION OF THE PAPAL HIERARCHY.

ROME, if not the birth-place, may be considered as the nursery of Christianity, in which the doctrine of a crucified Redeemer was declared by the companions of his suffer-

ings, and the witnesses of his resurrection. Every thing here calls to mind the religion of Jesus. The churches and even the palaces abound with the most correct representations of sacred history; the self-denial and humility of the monastic orders are palpable indications of primitive simplicity; and the life and conversation of the Son of God are perpetually recalled by a round of imitative ceremonies, which, together with the essential circumstances of his birth and death, renew to the eye the minute transactions of *appearing before Pilate*, or *washing his disciples' feet*. *The angel of the church*, to use a scripture metaphor, has not yet lost all his original brightness,

> Nor appears less than arch-angel ruin'd,
> And th' excess of glory obscur'd.*

A secret reformation, at least of life and manners, has taken place even at Rome, since the rise and establishment of the protestant professions; and the important variation has been observed to obtain in catholic countries, in proportion as they communicate with the reformed. The Saviour of the world was himself born in a province of the Roman empire, and suffered *for our sins* without the gates of Jerusalem, under the authority of Pontius Pilate, the proconsul of Judea, as we learn from the text of Tacitus, as well as the united testimony of the four Evangelists.

> Auctor nominis ejus Christus, qui Tiberio imperitante, per procuratorem Pontium Pilatum supplicio affectus erat.†

After the dissemination of the gospel, and the settlement of the churches, so eloquently described by St. Luke in his narrative of the acts of the Apostles, in the sixty-fourth year of Christ, the tyrant Nero fomented against the Christians throughout the Roman empire, which then included the greater part of the civilized world, the first general persecution, in which suffered martyrdom at Rome the holy apostles St. Peter and St. Paul. This affliction terminated with the untimely death of that inhuman monster, and it was not till the ninety-third year of the Christian æra, that the second persecution, which also involved the Jews, was

* Milton.

† The name (Christians) was derived from Christ, who suffered in the reign of Tiberius, under Pontius Pilate, the procurator of Judea.——Tacitus, Annal. 15. s. 44.

instigated by the jealousy of Domitian, a worthless prince, who was weak enough to dread the rivalry of the house of David, although, as had been foretold by the prophets, it had ceased to sit upon the throne of Israel. It was during this persecution that the apostle John, who had so long survived his lord, was banished to the isle of Patmos, where he wrote the celebrated visions of futurity, so sublimely couched in the mystic verses of the book of Revelations. The canonical books of the New Testament are supposed to have received the sanction of the church before the death of *the beloved disciple*, who departed this life at the venerable age of a hundred, or as some say a hundred and twenty years. Clemens, then bishop of Rome, who afterward sealed with his blood the testimony of Jesus, was particularly instrumental in the collection of the sacred records.

Very soon after the removal of the last of the apostles, whose parting admonitions to the church of Ephesus are said to have been little more than a melting effusion of pastoral anxiety, "little children, love one another," those national councils began to be held in Greece, which by reducing the privileges of the people, and augmenting the authority of the priests, gave rise to that overbearing prescription, which afterward absorbed the independence of the churches, and made way for the introduction of an antichristian hierarchy.

It appears by Paul's Epistles, and by the revelations of John, that heresies and disputes had troubled the church even in the age of the apostles.* Separate associations were established among the believers, within the first century of Christianity; the practice of fasting was early superadded to the precepts of Christ, and it was not long before the church was divided into two sects, who peculiarly adhered to the ceremonies of the law, or the simplicity of the gospel. Both parties however were jealous toward God, and suffered indiscriminately, as confessors of Christ, the persecution of the heathen magistrates, who had now become jealous for the honour of their discredited divinities.

In the second century, the splendid æra of Trajan, Adrian, and the Antonines (notwithstanding the apologies of Justin Martyr, Athenagoras and Tatian, in defence of their Christian brethren) prevailed with unrelenting rigour the third, fourth and fifth persecutions, during which Ignatius bishop

* See Galatians i. 6. and iii. 1—3. and Revelations ii. 1—29. and iii. 1—19.

of Antioch was conveyed to Rome and exposed to wild beasts in the public theatre, and Polycarp bishop of Smyrna, was cruelly slain. In the days of Trajan, the philosophic Pliny, being then governor of Pontus and Bithynia, wrote to the emperor, who was celebrated for the general equity of his administration, to know his will as to the rigorous prosecution of the laws against the Christians. "Because," says the mild proconsul, "those of them whom I have examined maintained that they had been guilty of no crime, saying that they used to assemble before day-light to sing hymns to Christ, as unto God; and that "they sometimes came together for the purpose of breaking bread in common; but that they were bound not to lie, nor steal, nor yet withhold the property of others, but to abstain from all iniquity." The emperor's reply bears equal testimony to the innocency of the first Christians: "they need not be sought after," says he, "but if they are brought before you they must be punished."* In the reign of Marcus Aurelius occurred the supposed miracle of the Christian legion (for professing Christians had already forgotten the peaceful precepts of him that taught his followers to *love their enemies*). In the wars of Germany the doubtful event of a battle had been decided in favour of the Romans by a storm which blew directly in the faces of their adversaries, when the zealots of the camp attributed to their urgent prayers a natural effect, which was with equal devotion ascribed by the rest of the army to *the signal piety* of the heathen emperor; as the figure of Jupiter Fluvius pouring rain on the fainting Romans, and thunderbolts on their enemies (which may be seen to this day in the bas-reliefs of the pillar of Antoninus) evidently testifies. Yet Christianity appears to have flourished in the second century, since churches were then established in the western provinces of the empire, and several philosophers and men of learning had embraced the

* I subjoin for the satisfaction of the curious, the original of these unequivocal testimonials. They were written in the 7th year of Trajan, which answers to the 105th of the Christian æra. Pliny, the younger, to the emperor Trajan. "Affirmabant autem, hanc fuisse summam, vel culpæ suæ, vel erroris, quod essent soliti stato die ante lucem convenire, carmenque Christo, quasi Deo, dicere secum invicem: seque sacramento non in scelus aliquod obstringere, sed ne furta, ne latrocinia, ne adulteria committerent, ne fidem fallerent, ne depositum appellati abnegarent. Quibus peractis morem sibi discedendi fuisse, rursusque coëundi ad capiendum cibum, promiscuum tamen, et innoxium." Book X. Ep. 97. Trajan to Pliny "Conquirendi non sunt: si deferantur et arguantur, puniendi sunt." Book X. Ep. 98.

faith of Christ. The sixth persecution took place in the beginning of the third century, under the emperor Severus, although the cause of the Christians was now ably defended by Tertullian, Origen, and Irenæus.

A sect of ascetics had already begun to spread itself in Egypt, though the professors of austerity did not yet form themselves into those regular communities by which the Christian world was afterward over-run. They introduced the system of voluntary mortifications by denying themselves the use of wine, of flesh, and even the exercise of the lawful rights of commerce and matrimony. A dereliction of first principles rapid indeed, since *forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats,* had been indicated by St. Paul, as *a doctrine of devils, which should designate the institutions of the future antichrist.* At Rome ceremonious observances were early introduced, under the specious pretence of alluring the Jews, and even the heathens, to the profession of Christianity, by the adoption of some of their rites; and before the end of the second century, the purity of gospel worship had been adulterated with anniversary festivals and officiating garments; the payment of tithes had succeeded to the voluntary contributions of the faithful; and the love feast of the communion was converted into an imaginary sacrifice.

Early in the third century churches were established in Transalpine Gaul, and among the forests of Germany; but a seventh persecution arose under Maximin; which was followed by the eighth under Decius, Gallus, and Volusianus; as was that by the ninth, under Valerian. Yet before the tenth and last persecution, under the magnificent Diocletian (who is said to have employed forty thousand Christians in the construction of those baths, whose imperial extent is now occupied by the cells and gardens of a carthusian convent) the church had become powerful and even splendid. Edifices had been erected for public worship, embellished with painting and mosaics; vessels of silver and gold were used in the pompous celebration of the sacraments, and the dignified clergy, among whom the bishops of Rome, Antioch, and Alexandria, had obtained the pre-eminency of their brethren in the sacerdotal office, had appropriated to the episcopal functions the use of canopies and thrones. The clergy of the adulterated church were not yet however *forbidden to marry,* although abstinence was already respected as a clerical virtue.

The Diocletian persecution, which had been suggested

by the priests of polytheism, upon malicious charges of disloyalty and sedition, not improbably provoked by the ostentatious presumption of the christian bishops (among of whom, however, the life of Cyprian bishop of Carthage appears to have *adorned the doctrine of the Gospel)* began in the year 303, and continued to rage with different degrees of inveteracy, under Galerius Maximin, until in 313, Constantine, surnamed the Great, having been invested with the imperial purple by the legions of Britain, overthrew his rival Maxentius upon the banks of the Tyber, under the influence of a pretended vision of the cross, and from motives of policy or conviction embraced the profession of Christianity, which had become in three centuries, under ten persecutions, the prevailing religion of the Roman Empire.

The imperial conversion was not however promulgated by laws and edicts till the year 324, and it was not until the latter end of his life and reign that the political proselyte thought proper to prohibit heathen sacrifices, and shut the temples of the gods. Nay, Constantine himself did not submit to receive the rite of baptism till a few days before his death, in 337; and his equivocal faith may be fairly presumed from the absence of the cross in all the statues and bas-reliefs which have yet been discovered of the first christian emperor. Theodosius the elder, the purity of whose belief is demonstrated to indulgent credulity by the magnificent edifice he dedicated to St. Paul, which is yet standing in forsaken solitude without the walls of Rome) is the first of his sucessors whose ambiguous piety the church has thought proper to celebrate. Nor was it till the reign of Honorius, and the opening of the fourth century, that the profession of christianity, adopted by the emperors, was finally embraced throghout the empire, which tardily relinquished the worship of its idols.

But the impending corruption of christianity awaited not its complete induction. Father Antony in Egypt, and in France Martin of Tours formed regular communities, and prescribed fixed rules for that abstinence and seclusion which had been already observed by solitary hermits and sequestered virgins, who conceiving that communion with God was to be obtained by withdrawing the mind from external objects, began their noviciate by mortifying sense and macerating the rebellious body with hunger and fatigue. The provinces of the East were soon filled with these speculative professors, their arid climate pre-

disposing them to temperance and contemplation; but though monastic institutions were peopled in the West with equal ardour and devotion, their indulgent inhabitants were long accused by the eastern visionaries of voraciousness and gluttony. On the other hand, at the council of Nice, at which appeared ecclesiastical delegates from all the churches in Christendom, the noviciate emperor presided in person, and the innovating bishops, not content with excluding the people from all share in the administration of ecclesiastical affairs, now boldly encroached upon the authority of the presbyters, who appear to have been thenceforward little more than humble ministers to the arrogance and luxury of their lordly superiors. Although Christ himself had said to his immediate follower, "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."*

Pictures were not yet common in churches, and statues were unknown: but the names of departed saints were already venerated; the antiquated practice of christian perfection was relinquished, for the vain hope of future purification; and the duties of social life were commuted for idle visits to the tombs of the martyrs, and vagrant pilgrimages to the holy land. Baptismal fonts were now set up in the porch of every church, and bread and wine of the communion began to be held up for the veneration of the people. Yet the ceremony of the Lord's Supper was still only celebrated on the first day of the week, and other festivals; and all the communicants were yet suffered to partake of both the symbols of the flesh and blood of Christ, then and since so grossly mistaken, as referring to the carnal body of Him who himself declared to the worldly minded Jews, "The flesh profiteth nothing. My words they are spirit and they are life".†

In the fourth century however flourished Eusebius the historian, bishop of Cæsarea; Augustine bishop of Hippo in Africa; Ambrose, bishop of Milan; and Jerome, the monk of Palestine, to whose labours we are indebted for the Latin translation of the Scriptures, which has been chiefly followed by the pious divines, who have transfused the glad tidings of the Gospel into the languages of modern Europe.

The fifth century, unhappily for christianity, together with an indiscriminate reception of proselytes to policy or conviction, adopted without reserve the heathen custom of ornamenting temples with painting and statuary; the

* Matt. xxiii. 8. † John iv. 63.

embroidering of sacerdotal garments with gold and silver, and the institution of novel and ostentatious ceremonies. Pagan ideas were also now imbibed concerning departed souls, heroes, demons, &c. and the absolvatory penance of grievous sinners, originally made in the presence of the congregation was commuted, with courtly indulgence, by Leo the Great, for private confession, in the ear of a listening priest.

The second general council, that of Constantinople, which had established the doctrine of the Trinity in the year 381, was followed by the council of Ephesus, called together by Theodosius the younger, not as St. Paul advised the believers *to provoke one another to love and good works;* but to determine a dispute between Nestorius and Cyril, in which the apostate doctors anathematized each other with mutual animosity, whether the title of *mother of God* should be conferred upon the Virgin Mary, or only that of *mother of Christ.* This *sage* consulta met again ten years later to decide upon the two natures of Christ, when the heretical doctrine of one incarnate nature triumphed among the benighted fathers, and Flavianus, its principal opponent, was by their order ignominiously whipped.

The fourth council, called the council of Chalcedon, which was summoned by Marcian in 451, annulled the acts of the second session of the council of Ephesus, condemned its president, Dioscorous bishop of Alexandria, to deposition and banishment, and finally established the orthodox doctrine of *two distinct natures,* the human and the divine, in the person of Christ. The council of Chalcedon is the last general council whose decisions are respected by the protestant communions, for in the sixth century the Roman pontiffs began to assume universal dominion, and finally annihilated the prerogatives of the church.

In the year 529, the order of Benedictines was instituted on Mount Cassin, by Benedict of Nursia, a man of unaffected piety, whose rule was neither favourable to luxury nor ambition; and the new modification of catholic superstition spread with rapidity over all Europe, eventually absorbing all the professions of religious austerity by which it had been preceded.

The public worship was yet celebrated in the vernacular tongue, though political revolutions had begun to annihilate the Latin language, which continued to be used in the ritual of the catholic church when it had ceased to be understood by unlettered congregations. The Anglo-Saxon

kings were now converted to Christianity by the ministry of Augustine, and the belief of the gospel spread itself with facility from the island of Albion to the neighbouring coasts of Belgium and Batavia. In this century flourished Gildas, a monk of Bangor, the first British writer whose works have descended to posterity.

A new method of celebrating the last supper was introduced about this time by Gregory the Great. The daring pontiff added without scruple punctilious ceremonies to the recommendation of his Master; who simply *blessing the bread, and handing it to his disciples,* had directed them *to do so in remembrance of his death, until his spiritual appearance, or second coming without sin unto salvation.** In these additions originated the complex canon of the mass, which was not universally adopted, even by the Latin churches, for many ages after the ambitious Gregory, who is represented in one of the mosaics of St. Peter's as performing a miracle to confirm his suspected innovation.

Amid the gloom of the seventh century the emperor Heraclius amused himself with persecuting the Jews, while the impostor, Mahomet, arose in Arabia; and in the next darkening period the Greek and Latin churches were occupied in a bloody quarrel about the worship of images, while the Saracens strengthened themselves in the East, made powerful descents upon the coasts of the Mediterranean, and possessed themselves of the fertile islands of Sicily and Sardinia.

Every succeeding pope now added some new ceremony to the Romish ritual. The worship of images was at length systematically ordained; the bones of saints and pieces of the true cross were venerated and enshrined; and the dreaded punishments of sin were conveniently deprecated by donations "to God and holy Church." The bequests of dying sinners were conditioned *for the redemption of their souls,* and the deprecatory gifts were denominated by the accommodating church "the price of transgressions."

In the year 751, the popes of Rome sanctioned the deposition of Childeric III. king of France, and received in acknowledgment from the usurper, Pepin, the exarchate of Ravenna, which first raised them to the rank of temporal princes, though the authority of the bishops of Rome is fondly derived from the traditionary donation of Constantine. In 774 Charlemagne, son of Pepin, overturned the kingdom

* See Matth. xxvi. 26—29. Luke xxii. 19, 20. and xxiv. 30. and Heb. ix. 28.

of the Lombards, visited Rome, and enriched the papacy with new donations, the uncertainty of whose ample clauses did or did not include Corsica, Sicily, and Sardinia, the territory of Sabina, the duchies of Spoleto, of Parma, and Placentia, and the cities of Florence aud Commachio. In acknowledgment of such unparalleled generosity, Poper Leo III. in the year 800, inaugurated Charlemagne emperor of the West.

For the regular performance of the encreasing ceremonies of the church, the order of canons was about this time instituted, being a grade of priesthood between the regular monks and the secular clergy; and scholastic divines continued to puzzle believers with metaphysical difficulties.

In the ninth century the idea of transubstantiation, or the real presence, was superadded to the inventions of Gregory; departed saints were canonized by the popes, and the encroaching pontiffs persuaded priests and people that as *they* derived their authority from heaven, the bishops could derive *theirs* from them alone. Yet the election of the pretended vicegerent of *the prince of peace* was now canvassed without the least regard to law, order, or even decency; and, in this climax of clerical confusion, *a woman* disguised her sex, and filled about this time, without discovery, the papal chair.

The more than midnight darkness which prevailed in the tenth century over the apostate church, was heightened to fearful apprehensions that *the end of all things was at hand:* for so was expounded by the purblind divines the predicted *unloosing of Satan, after having been bound for a thousand years**. So strongly was this idea entertained, that temporal business was neglected, and even churches and convents were suffered to go to ruin for want of repairs. In the meantime, to dispel the tedium of expectation, the festival of departed souls was added to the crowded kalendar; the office of the virgin was instituted by her peculiar votaries, and the vengeance of heaven was vainly deprecated by *Ave-Maries,* and *Pater Nosters,* in the endless repetitions of the rosary. The critical period passing by without producing the dreaded event, the spirits of the people revived, and the Roman pontiffs began to concert measures for driving the Saracens out of Palestine.

Gregory VII. the most enterprizing prelate that ever occupied the chair of St. Peter, inflamed to madness by the

* See Revelations xx. 1, 2, 3.

complaints of the Asiatic Christians of the grievous oppression which they suffered from the infidels, resolved to head an army in person for the delivery of the holy sepulchre, and fifty thousand men were already collected for the purpose, when the pontiff's quarrel with the emperor Henry IV. obliged him to relinquish the idea of his favourite expedition. Toward the end of the eleventh century the absurd project was unexpectedly revived by the enthusiasm of an obscure individual. One Peter, surnamed the hermit, a recluse of Amiens, had visited the holy places in the year 1090, and suffered in his own person the impositions of the Saracens. On his return to Europe, the rambling visionary, having implored in vain the interference of the pope of Rome, and the patriarch of Constantinople, boldly sounded the alarm of war in the ears of the temporal princes, who were easily animated, by a pretence of religion, to a war of rapine and revenge. Urged by the spirit of the times Urban II. now assembled a council at Placentia, and afterward met another at Clermont in Auvergne, wherein the *sacred* expedition was recommended with the liberal promise of plenary indulgence. An innumerable multitude of all ranks and descriptions immediately flocked around the standard of the church. The expedition was called a crusade, because its object was to wrest the cross of Christ out of the hands of infidels; and every bandit of the gang displayed upon his shoulder the prostituted badge of Christian meekness. In the year 1096, 800,000 men set out for Constantinople to receive directions from Alexius Comnenius, the Grecian emperor, before they should pursue their march into Asia. One of the principal divisions of this wandering banditti was headed by Peter himself, with a rope for his girdle, assisted by Walter the Pennyless. In their desultory advances through Hungary and Thrace the motley rabble committed the most flagitious crimes, under the eyes of their sanctimonious leaders, and multitudes of them fell victims to the vengeance which they every where exasperated. After the scum of popular fermentation had thus worked itself off, Godfrey of Bouillon, duke of Lorraine, and his brother Baldwyn, led a regular army of 80,000 horse and foot across the heart of Germany; another formidable body, headed by Raimond count of Thoulouse, made their way through Sclavonia; and Robert duke of Normandy, eldest son of the conqueror of England, Hugh brother to Philip I. of France, and Robert earl of Flanders, embarked their respective forces at Brundisi and Taranto, from

whence they were transported to Dyrrachuim, whither they were quickly followed by Bœmond duke of Calabria, who was accompanied by his cousin Tancred, the hero of romance. This formidable levy passed without accident the straits of Gallipolis; stormed Nice, the capital of Bithynia; subdued Antioch; and finally overran Judea. In the year 1099, Godfrey of Bouillon, was saluted king of Jerusalem, and the Christian armies returned to Europe loaded with reliques, and inspired with a taste for the arts and manners of the East.

It was in the eleventh century that Nicholas II. instituted the college of cardinals, which first consisted of the seven bishops of the Roman state, and the twenty-eight presbyters of the parish churches of Rome. To these were afterward added the prior of St. John de Lateran, St. Peter, and Santa Maria Maggiore, the abbots of St. Paul and St. Lawrence, and finally as many other clerical personages as the popes inclined to favour, to the canonical number of seventy, which has never been exceeded. The celibacy of the clergy had been enforced by Gregory VII. in a council held at Rome in 1074, and the hardy pontiff proceeded to anathematize whosoever should receive the investiture of a bishopric or an abbacy from the hands of a layman.

In the meantime the Greeks accused the Latins that they impiously made use of unleavened bread, in the celebration of the supper; that the monks of their communion scrupled not to eat lard; that the priests of the altar had the indecency to shave their chins, and that in the rite of baptism the western church used but one immersion, instead of three!

LETTER XX.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE REFORMATION, FROM ITS EARLIEST DAWNINGS IN THE VALLIES OF PIEDMONT.

"WHO is this, that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?"* Is it not the true church? the spouse of Christ, made up of vital Christians, not only

* Canticles viii. 5.

of all denominations possessing the religion of Jesus; but of *them that work righteousness every nation, kindred, tongue and people.** *The great multitude* that John saw *standing before the Throne of God,* which was to be added unto the *hundred and forty and four thousand* that had been sealed among the tribes of Israel.†

Evangelic purity of faith and worship may be traced from the remotest ages, among the humble inhabitants of the vallies of Piedmont, who were long afterward denominated Waldenses, from the pions merchant of Lyons, who attached himself to their communion in the latter end of the twelfth century.

As early as the year 823, Claudius bishop of Turin, contemning relics and censuring pilgrimages, had ordered all images, and even crosses, to be removed from the churches of his diocese; and in the last year of the tenth century Leutard, a priest of Chalons, among whose scattered disciples is supposed to have originated the sect of reformers, known in France by the name of Albigenses, decried the worship of images, and the exaction of tythes. In 1004, Leutheric, archbishop of Sens, maintained that none but saints and true believers received the body of Christ in the sacrament; a doctrine which though he weakly abjured on being summoned to Rome, he afterwards again professed, and supported the same till his death, being confirmed therein by many adherents. In 1045 Berenger of Tours, afterwards archbishop of Angers, a man of great learning and exemplary sanctity, publicly taught that the bread and wine were not changed, in the eucharist, into the body and blood of Christ, but that they still preserved their natural qualities, and were nothing more than figures of the elementary substances, which were to be spiritually received. In the latter part of his life, Berenger retired from persecution to the isle of St. Cosme, near Tours, where the canons of that antient cathedral continued to honour his memory, until the late revolution, by an annual procession around his tomb.

In the year 1017, there had been an assembly of these pious christians at Orleans, the leading members of which were twelve canons of the cathedral. They placed the sum of religion in the internal contemplation of God, and the elevation of the soul to celestial objects, rejecting all external rites and ceremonies, and laying aside even the

* Acts x. 35. † Revelations vii. 4—9.

sacraments of the church, as destitute of any spiritual efficacy. Their public profession of such unpopular doctrines was expiated in the flames of persecution; and another congregation of devout men at Arras, whose principles struck still more deeply at the root of the corrupt tree which then overshadowed the christian world, was induced to recant and abjure. For the sons of the morning, who worshipped the Father in spirit, after the night of apostacy (foreseen by the apostle) *in which the Man of Sin should be revealed**, like the professors of divine truth in every age, "of whom the world is not worthy, underwent cruel mockings and scourgings, bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword. They wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented, in deserts and in mountains, in dens and caves of the earth†."

They trod to glory "the path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen, which the lion's whelps have not trodden, neither hath the fierce lion passed by it‡". Whilst poets and historians have strewed the graves of heroes and philosophers with the unfading flowers of eloquence and song, the confessors of Jesus, who, like their Master, devoted themselves to the glory of God, have perished in dungeons and in flames, without other memorial than the narrative of their sufferings, preserved in homely phrase by their zealous contemporaries, to be ungratefully forgotten by us, who reap in peace the harvest of their blood. "The tongue of the learned and the pen of the ready writer" have been employed, if employed at all, in telling the sad story of the martyrs of truth, to cast a shade of doubt or disparagement over the heroic constancy of "those who loved not their lives unto death, that they might preserve a conscience void of offence toward God §." It matters not: "their names are written in the book of life". The palm of martyrdom is a plant that blooms for ever in the Paradise of

* 2 Thessalonians ii. 3. † Hebrews xi. 36, 7 and 8.

‡ Job xxviii. 7.

§ See the 3d, 4th and 7th chapters of the philosophic Hume, in his history of the House of Tudor; and more particularly the 15th and 16th chapters of the eloquent and sceptical Gibbon. The two historians may be pardoned for their unbelief; but I hold them inexcusable for so lightly estimating those practical reformers, without whose courageous intervention they might have been occupied in prostrating themselves before the girdle of the Virgin, or the rood of grace, instead of describing at their ease the sufferings which procured their emancipation from spiritual bondage.

God. What though they lived unknown, and died in ignominy, when "the heavens shall be rolled up as a scroll, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat," then will their relenting persecutors confess, "we fools counted their life madness, and their latter end to be without honour: but now, how are they counted among the just, and their portion is with the saints*.

Although the confessors of Arras, were not ready to "contend for the faith delivered to the Saints", or to seal the revelation with their blood, they had not been awed into silence before they had widely disseminated their christian principles. These pious men men denied "the inherent sanctity of churches and altars, refused to adore images and crosses, disapproved of the use of oil and incense, bells, funeral rites, instrumental music, &c." They considered "voluntary penance as unprofitable," denied "the doctrine of purgatory", and declared that "the guilt of sin could not be expiated by the celebration of masses for the dead, or the distribution of alms among the poor." They were particularly shocked "at the distinctions established among the clergy", and maintained that "the appointment of stated ministers was unnecessary in the congregations of the faithful." Like their brethren of Orleans they rejected "baptism, especially the baptism of infants, and "the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, as not being essential to salvation; and like them they were accused "by their enemies" of the secret commission of unnatural crimes, with what probability it is now easy to judge from the harmless tenor of their acknowledged doctrines.

Amid the darkness of the middle ages, which involved alike the Eastern and the Western churches, the Greek emperors had banished the scanty remnant of the Manichæans or Paulicians, as they were sometimes called (perhaps from their adherence to the great apostle of the Gentiles) a sect of the primitive church, which yet remained in Palestine and Bithynia, into Bulgaria and Thrace, from whence some of them had about this time found their way into Lombardy, and were exploring France and Germany to find a refuge from the unrelaxing persecutions which pursued their wandering footsteps. But large bodies of these traditionary primitives fell into the train of the Gallic armies, which returned from Palestine by the province of

* Book of Wisdom, v. 4.

Bulgaria, and settled themselves in the south of France, where they readily coalesced with the sincere professors who had separated themselves from the corrupt establishment. Numerous congregations of their posterity remain in Languedoc to this day, notwithstanding perpetual persecution, never relieved but by the edict of Nantz, until the last of the Lewis's (one of the mildest princes that ever filled a throne) suspended in their favour the operation of the penal laws.

In Italy, the devout Separatists, who now began to be numerous, were called Cathari, or Purists, for in every age contemptuous appellations have been bestowed upon the humble followers of Jesus (who was himself despised of the Jews.) In the vallies of Piedmont they were called Waldenses; in Germany, Beghards; in England, Lollards; and in France they were calumniously designated by a name of reproach too infamous to be repeated.

The Waldenses were so called after Peter Waldus, a merchant or manufacturer of Lyons, who, about the year 1160, employed a poor priest to translate the four Gospels into French; and perusing them with attention, perceived that the religion then taught in the church was essentially different from that which was originally inculcated by Christ and his apostles. Impressed with the self-denying precepts of the Gospel, he abandoned his calling, distributed his goods among the poor, and in 1180 began to preach (without clerical ordination) the doctrine of Jesus. His followers soon became numerous among the simple-hearted believers in France and Lombardy. They denied the supremacy of the Roman pontiff, whom they were rather inclined to consider as *the Whore of Babylon*, than *the Head of the Church*. Professing no new doctrines, these sober reformers aimed at nothing more than reducing the form of church government, and the lives and manners of both priests and people, to the original simplicity of the apostolic age, when *the ministers of the Gospel maintained themselves by the labour of their own hands*.* The sermon of Christ on the Mount was their rule of life and manners, the precepts of which they accepted literally, and of consequence condemned *the acquisition of riches*, and forbade *self-defence, the taking of oaths*,† &c.

While the true Christian doctrine was thus gaining ground in unnoticed obscurity, a second crusade was undertaken by Lewis VII. of France, and Conrad III. emperor of Germany; but the united forces of these two powerful monarchs, melting away by famine, shipwreck, and the sword, were at length entirely dissi-

* See Acts xx. 34. † Matth. v. 34. and 39, and xxvi. 19.

pated by intestine divisions, and the perfidy of the Greeks; who had learned to dread the alliance of the Western Christians more than the hostility of their Mahometan invaders. Yet such was the blind enthusiasm of the age, that when Saladin, sultan of Egypt and Syria, in a pitched battle fought near *the sea of Tiberias*, took prisoner Guy de Lusignan, king of Jerusalem, at the instigation of Bernard, abbot of Clairval, who boldly prophecied success to the avengers of the Christian cause, the Roman Pontiff, in 1189, proclaimed a third expedition to *the Holy Land*. Flushed with the confidence of victory, Frederick Barbarossa, one of the nominal successors of the emperors of the West, marched into the Lesser Asia, where he defeated the sultan of Iconium, and penetrated in triumph to the borders of the promised land: But the hardy German, in traversing the river Saleph, sunk into a watery grave, and a pestilence interred his army in the neighbouring plains. A scanty remnant of the Christian host returned to tell the tale. The next year Philip Augustus, king of France, and Richard, surnamed Cœur de Lion, king of England, set sail from the seaports of their maritime dominions, with an innumerable fleet of ships and transports. Their united forces reduced Ptolemais, now St. John d'Acre, though the place was strenuously defended by the Saracens: but Philip, disgusted with fatigue or danger, returned in doubtful haste to sway the sceptre of the fairest realm in Europe; and the dauntless Richard, after defeating Saladin in several engagements, gladly embraced the proposal of a truce, under cover of which the Holy Land was evacuated by the Western Christians in 1192. Richard, on his return through Germany, pe nyless and forlorn (I remember from my childhood the romantic story, in some quaint historian of *the Holie Warre*) was thrown into a dungeon by the command of the emperor, and the royal vagabond, who had defended Palestine against the Turks, was fain to redeem his person, by an ample ransom, from the unfriendly gripe of a Christian brother. In 1248, notwithstanding, Lewis IX. since called St. Lewis, on account of this *holy* expedition, set sail for the coast of Egypt with a well-appointed army. At the siege of Damietta his brother, the Count d'Artois was slain, and the king himself was afterward made prisoner by the victorious Saracens. Yet in 1270, the devoted victim to superstitious phrenzy, uninstructed by the lessons of experience, again descended upon the coast of Africa, and perished with the flower of his nobility, by a wasting pestilence. Thus terminated the latest of those antichristian expeditions, by which, for two centuries, all Europe was kept in arms to disturb the peace of Asia, under the pretence

of religious obligation to rescue the holy sepulchre from the hands of infidels.

These holy, or unholy wars, gave rise to the three military orders of the catholic church, knights of St. John of Jerusalem, (since established at Malta) knights templars, (afterward so arbitrarily abolished) and Teutonic knights, an institution that still forms a part of the singular constitution of the German empire.

In the year 1233 Dominic de Guzman, canon of Osma, had been commissioned by the reigning pope to extirpate with fire and sword, the heretics of Thoulouse, and in the bloody institutions of this antichristian priest, originated the unholy office of the Inquisition, whose cruel process still disgraces the catholic kingdoms of Portugal and Spain. About the same time Francis de Assisi appeared in Umbria, and the variegated tribes of Western Asiatics soon ranged themselves under the streaming banners of these two popular leaders. But the flame of superstition now blazed with a degree of fury that alarmed the tranquillity of the sovereign pontiffs themselves, for about the middle of the thirteenth century there arose in Italy a sect of disciplinarians, so extravagant in their ideas of voluntary penance, that the pope was fain to check the ebullitions of their zeal by preventing the fiery zealots from lacerating with thongs their naked bodies in fanatical processions from town to town.

Upon the demise of Nicholas IV. in 1292, a vacancy of three years interrupted the *unbroken* succession of the papal see; and in the year 1300 Bonifice VIII. a bold and enterprising prelate, who had assumed the triple crown, and fortified the castle of St. Angelo, proceeded to palm upon the Christian church a motly imitation of the Roman secular games, and the Israelitish jubilee. Boniface affected, with unblushing front, to trace his institution from the usage of the primitive church, and proclaimed a year of plenary remission for all those who should confess their sins, and visit with contrite hearts, the metropolitan churches of St. Peter and St. Paul *. This glaring innovation was soon followed by the festival of the holy sacrament, or *Corpus Christi*, in honour of the supposed transubstantiation of the bread and wine of the Last Supper into the body and blood of Jesus.

In the year 1305 Bertrand de Got, archbishop of Bourdeaux, being elevated to the papacy, and assuming the name of Clement V, the patriotic prelate could not be persuaded to quit his

* In the year 1600, the jubilee year of Clement VIII. it was computed that five hundred thousand pilgrims visited Rome, for the benefit of absolution, or the indulgence of curiosity.

native country, and established his see in the delightful climate of Avignon, upon the banks of the Rhone. On the decease of Clement in 1314 there was another interval of two years in the *perpetual* succession, when he was succeeded in turn by John XXII. Benedict XII. Clement VI. Innocent VI. Urban V. and Gregory XI. who returned to *the eternal city* in 1376, to the unbounded joy of the people of Rome, who compared the seventy years defection of the sovereign pontiffs to *the carrying away into Babylon.*

Upon the decease of Gregory a schism took place in the sacred college, that embroiled the unity of the church with a double election, under which Urban VI. remained at Rome, and Clement VII. repaired to Avignon, where his doubtful cause was espoused by the kings of France and Spain, of Scotland, Sicily, and Cyprus. During fifty years from the period of this equivocal partition of papal *infallibility,* the divided body of the *universal* church, continued to own or to disclaim two, and sometimes three, different heads, which fulminated against each other inveterate but powerless excommunications, until the council of Constance, assembled in 1414 by John XXIII. at the instigation of the Emperor Sigismund, declared that the Roman pontiff was himself subject to the decrees of a general council. The assembled fathers soon afterward proceeded to depose the very pope by whom they had been constituted. Gregory XII. sent in a voluntary resignation of his claim to the pontificate, and in 1417 Benedict XIII. the only remaining pretender to the triple crown, was solemnly degraded, and Otto de Colonna was proclaimed sole head of the church, under the name of Martin V. who united to his disputable pretensions the preponderance of one of those powerful families which had long divided the Aristocracy of Rome. Yet the superannuated Benedict persisted till his death in 1423, in assuming the title and the prerogatives of the papacy; nay, when the forsaken pontiff drew his last breath in the arms of two solitary cardinals, who had devoted themselves to his desperate fortunes, one of the persevering prelates elected the other to fill again the vacant chair. He assumed without hesitation the name of Clement VIII. but was easily persuaded to resign his pretensions to the ascendancy of Martin, thus terminating the ambiguous schism which had, for half a century, divided the church, and scandalized the believers.

At the council of Constance was first ordained the growing practice of administering the eucharist to the laity in one kind only, reserving the wine for the clergy alone; thus separating the supposed body from the blood, which in the figure of the Last Supper were expressly joined together, by Christ himself: "He

that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him*."

The hardy innovators did not dissolve the council before they had condemned to the flames John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, for having inveighed against the corruptions of the clergy. But these reformers had kindled a flame in Bohemia, which was not to be quenched at Constance, and a hundred years later, the followers of Huss saluted Martin Luther as their second hope.

In the mean time John Wickliffe, rector of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, had ventured to defend the privileges of the university of Oxford against the pretensions of the friars mendicant; to censure the encroachments of the Pope upon the liberties of the church of England; and about the year 1370 to translate the Scriptures into English.

The opinions of this illustrious reformer were condemned in full consistory by Gregory XI. for Wickliffe, though he was himself a priest, was for rejecting "all human rites and traditions," and reducing "church government to the apostolic order of bishops and deacons;" declaring that "the baptism of water profiteth not, without the baptism of the spirit;" and that "in the days of Paul, a priest and a bishop was one and the same thing." He died peaceably, however, at Lutterworth, in 1387, though the bones of the prophet were dug up and publicly burned, when his increasing followers became the objects of relentless persecution, under the name of Lollards, in the boasted reign of Henry V. Wickliffe is the first Englishman that is mentioned in history as espousing the cause of reformation, although it may be fairly presumed to have already gained considerable strength, since he was openly protected by the famous Duke of Lancaster, called John of Gaunt.

In the twelfth century, the doctors of the church had been divided by the frivolous question of the immaculate conception, not of the infant Jesus, but of *the Virgin Mary*; in the fourteenth arose scholastic disputations upon the learned errors of Duns Scotus, and Thomas Aquinas; and the partizans of St. Francis and St. Dominic contended about the *passive* or *positive* poverty of Christ. In the year 1322 it was gravely propounded to the divines of Paris, by the *infallible* expositor himself, "whether or not those were to be deemed heretics, who maintained that Jesus Christ, and his apostles, had neither common nor personal property in any thing that they possessed;" and the cordeliers entered the lists with a dogmatic proposition, "whether the

* John vi. 56.

"blood of Jesus was separated from his body, while he lay in the grave." But no wonder the various sects of the catholic church differed with each other, since the querulous celibatists frequently disagreed between themselves. Among the Franciscans in particular some were for "rigorous discipline," others for "more gentle chastisement of the flesh." Some were for "laying up winter stores," others for "trusting to providence, for occasional supplies." Some were for "wearing their garments long," others were for "cutting them short." In these momentous contests the sturdy disputants alternately ejected each other from the brawling refectory, till the most obstinate zealots for unconditional poverty were "convinced" of the lawfulness of making provision for the future, by the "unanswerable" arguments of fire and faggot. Yet the turbulent Franciscans united in maintaining that the founder of their order was nothing less than "a second Christ," and that "their" rule of discipline was "the true economy of Jesus." In the year 1383, a book was published under the patronage of the society, entitled "The Conformities of St. Francis, with Jesus Christ;" and in the convent of Santa Croce at Florence may be seen to this day, a series of paintings drawn by Giotto, in the infancy of the art, one half of which represent the life of Jesus, and the other that of Francis de Agsisi.

About this time the Greeks apprehending themselves likely to stand in need of the assistance of the Latins, against the increasing ascendancy of the Turks in Asia, affected a willingness to submit their creed to the canons of the catholic church. In the year 1369, John Palæologus, the declining shadow of the emperors of the East, paid a visit of obeisance to the Roman pontiff, and subscribed a confession of faith dictated to him by Urban V. But the Greek priests could never be brought to submit to the political confession of their prince, and the union of the Greek and Latin churches could not be effected, though one of the principal points in dispute was "whether souls in purgatory are purified by mental anguish, or material fire." The Latins accordingly looked on with indifference while the Mahometans encroached upon the fainting Greeks, and in the year 1453, Mahomet II. took Constantinople by assault, and finally extinguished the empire of the East.

Thirty-nine years after that important event, in the year 1492, Christopher Columbus discovered a new world in the West, by the settlement of which with European colonists

the papal empire has since obtained a greater accession of power and wealth, than could have resulted from the flattering conversion of the Greeks.

The rulers of the church now spent their days in luxurious indolence, and in the open practice of all kinds of vice, to the utter scandal of the temporal princes of Christendom, in compliance with whose solicitations for the reformation of the church, Martin V. had summoned the council of Basil; but the pontiff died as the prelates were assembling, and left the Synod to be opened by the proxy of his successor, Eugenius IV. in the year 1431. The points proposed for deliberation in this grave assembly were the union of the Greek and Latin churches, and the reformation of the church universal, in its head, and in its members, according to a resolution of the council of Constance. The council of Basil, after the critical example which had been set by their predecessors, deposed Eugenius in the year 1439, and elected in his room Amadeus duke of Savoy, who took the name of Felix V. But Eugenius maintained his authority under the sanction of the council of Florence until the fathers of Basil separated in 1443, declaring themselves not dissolved, but capable of meeting again whenever they should think fit. Eugenius dying in 1447, was succeeded by Nicholas V. a man of genius and erudition, and a patron of learning and the arts. In his time were laid the new foundations of St. Peter's, and the art of printing was introduced at Rome, which after having been invented by Costar of Haerlem, about the year 1440, had been perfected at Mayence, and applied by Faust and Schoffer to the inestimable purpose of disseminating *ad infinitum* the productions of genius. Two years after the accession of Nicholas Felix resigned his pretensions, and retired to a hermitage at Ripaille on the borders of the Leman Lake. In 1455, Nicholas himself is said to have died of grief for the taking of Constantinople.

In the year 1492, succeeded to the papal chair Roderic Borgia, otherwise Alexander VI. a man destitute of principle and regardless of decency. This shameless pope had four sons by one of his concubines, among whom was the infamous Cæsar Borgia. His profligate career was terminated in 1502 by a dose of poison, which he, or his graceless son, had mingled for others who stood in the way of their avarice or ambition.

The principal places in the public schools were now occupied by bigoted monks, who loaded the memories of

their pupils with barbarous terms, senseless distinctions, and scholastic precepts; and the public exercises were perplexed with disputes between Scotists and Thomists, Realists and Nominalists, Positivi and Sententiarii. So rare was real learning that when Luther appeared in the next century there could not be found, even in the university of Paris, a single doctor competent to examine, much less to oppose, his tenets by the text of scripture. The few priests who were now at all qualified to teach the people strove rather to amuse than to instruct, with wretched quibbles, tedious narratives of fictitious miracles, and idle declamations upon the merits of the saints, the glory of the Virgin, and the torments of purgatory. Nay the ethics of Aristotle had well nigh supplanted the precepts of Christ. The richer monks, particularly those of the Augustine and Benedictine orders, perverting their revenues to the gratification of their lusts, drew upon themselves popular odium by their sensuality and licentiousness. The Mendicant orders, especially the Dominicans and Franciscans, amused themselves with quarrelling over intricate or superstitious questions, only agreeing that *in the vow of poverty was the true Christian life.* Yet, amid the gloom of a German Cloister, Thomas à Kempis was visited with that radiation of gospel light from which emanated his spiritual treatise, "On the Imitation of Jesus Christ," a work comparable to "Pilgrim's Progress," the impressive allegory, which afterward issued from an English prison, *under the similitude of a dream.*

In the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Roman pontiffs slumbered in unsuspecting security, the commotions which had been excited in preceding ages, by the persecution of the Waldenses, Albigenses, and Beghards; and latterly, by that of the Lollards and Bohemian brethren, having been temporarily suppressed. But several princes and free states now began to exclaim against the despotic sway of the ghostly fathers, their fraud, avarice, and injustice; the arrogance, tyranny, and extortion of their legates; and the unbridled licentiousness of the monks, loudly demanding a general council for the reformation of the church. The gloomy empire of superstition was also now undermined by the restoration of learning. Erasmus, and other learned men, pointed their attacks particularly against the bigotry and ignorance of the clergy; but none of these had yet the boldness to call in question the deeply-rooted opinion *that Christ had himself established a vicegerent at Rome, invested with his own supreme and unlimited*

authority. The popes therefore continued to lull themselves in the lap of ease, and gratify without restraint the bent of their lusts, which may be traced to conviction among the master-pieces of the imitative arts, which still adorn the lodges of Raphael, the chambers of the Vatican, and even the altar-piece of the Papal Chapel.

The monster, Alexander, had been succeeded in 1503, by Pius III. who survived his elevation no more than a month, when his decease made way for the election of the despotic Julian de la Rovere, who assumed the denomination of Julius II. and whose reign of ten years was one continued scene of military tumult. In the year 1511, under the patronage of Maximilian I. and Lewis XII. several cardinals assembled a council at Pisa, with the intention of setting bounds to the tyranny of this furious pontiff. Its proceedings were anathematised at Rome. But the days of Julius were numbered, and he was succeeded in 1513 by the celebrated Leo X. of the house of Medices, a man equally indifferent to the principles of religion. The time of this famous pontiff, respectable in the history of the arts, was divided between the pursuits of pleasure, and the conversation of men of letters. He was prodigal, luxurious, and imprudent, and he has been charged with the singular crimes of impiety, and even atheism.

Among the many contrivances which had long been employed by the popes, to draw into their coffers the wealth of Christendom, was the sale of indulgences, which not only procured the remission of the temporal pains and penalties which the church had annexed to certain transgressions; but even pretended to abolish *the punishments apprehended in a future state, by the workers of iniquity*. In the year 1517, Leo, having incurred enormous expences in prosecuting the building of St. Peter's church, thought proper to replenish the exhausted treasury, by causing a plenary indulgence for all offences past, present, and to come, to be proclaimed throughout Christendom, for the exclusive benefit of such as were able and willing to exchange the temporal *pound* for the spiritual *penny*. When this sweeping edict was promulgated at Wittemberg, in Saxony, Martin Luther, an Augustine Friar, (and at the same time professor of divinity, in an academy instituted at that place, by the elector Frederick), publicly censured the extortions of the questors, and even ventured to implicate the motives of the sovereign pontiff himself, in suffering the people to be seduced by such delusions, from placing

their trust and confidence in Christ. The sentiments of Luther were received with approbation, by the greatest part of Germany, which had long groaned under the impositions of the pontiffs, and the contrivances of their collectors, to empty the pockets of the rich, and to grind the faces of the poor. Yet the bold reformer, who had been summoned to answer for his conduct at Rome, by the jealous Dominicans, to whom the negociation of the indulgences had been entrusted by the pope, defended himself in writing, and professed intentional submission, if convicted of error.

At first, the imperial pontiff beheld this obscure controversy with indifference, or contempt; but on being informed by the Emperor Maximilian, of the serious divisions it was likely to produce in Germany, he summoned Luther to appear before him at Rome: but the Papal summons was superseded by the elector, his sovereign, who insisted that the cause belonged to the jurisdiction of a German tribunal, and ought to be decided by the ecclesiastical laws of the empire. The pontiff reluctantly yielded to the remonstrances of the prince, and Luther was ordered to answer for his heretical opinions, before Cardinal Cajetan, who was then legate at the diet of Augsburg. Unfortunately for the interests of the Papacy, the legate was himself a Dominican; and consequently little disposed to adopt conciliatory measures with the innovator, that struck directly at the immunities of his order. The imperious legate, and the undaunted reformer, had three conferences at Augsburg, which terminated as might have been foretold, without the gift of prophecy, in passion on one side, and contumacy on the other. Luther yet referred his cause to the ultimate decisions of the Roman pontiff; but he retracted the submission, and appealed to the future decisions of a general council, upon the pope's issuing a special edict, which commanded his spiritual subjects to acknowledge *his power of delivering from all the punishments due to sin and transgression.*

Philip Melancthon, then professor of Greek at Wittemberg, whose natural mildness of temper, and elegant taste for polite literature, inclined him to moderation and quietude, laboured in vain to reconcile the contending parties, and bring about a reformation in the church, if possible, without a schism. Yet before the defection of Luther, Ulrie Zuinglius, a canon of Zurich, in Switzerland, of extensive learning, uncommon sagacity, and heroic courage,

offended from his earliest years with the superstitious practices of the church, in which he was educated, had begun to explain the Scriptures to the people, to censure the misconduct of the clergy, and to pronounce the necessity of a reform. Encouraged by the example and the success of Luther, he openly opposed the ministry of an Italian monk, who was carrying on in Switzerland the impious traffic of indulgences, and the pope's supremacy was eventually rejected in the principal cantons of the confederated republics.

In the year 1520, Leo formally condemned forty-one pretended heresies, and in 1521 he proceeded to extremities, by excommunicating Luther, who now, in conjunction with Melancthon, threw off all pretensions of allegiance to the Papal see.

In the mean time, Charles V. of Spain, the history of whose age has been elucidated by the pen of Robertson, succeeded to the empire of Germany, on the demise of his grandfather, Maximilian; and the new emperor, who prided himself on being a faithful son of the church, at the instigation of Leo, summoned a diet at Worms, for the trial and punishment of the contumacious heretic. The reformer was now however powerfully defended by the elector, his sovereign, who could claim some indulgence from the new emperor, as having been the principal means of preventing the rival pretensions of Francis I. to the imperial throne. Yet at this diet Luther was declared *an enemy to the holy Roman empire;* and the daring innovator was only sheltered from capital punishment by his prudent protector, who secreted him ten months in the castle of Wartenberg. Here Luther employed his active mind in translating the New Testament into German; but before he had finished the work he impatiently broke away from his confinement, and repaired to Wittemberg, where the friends of the reformation (so little did the progress of reform now depend upon Luther) had already proceeded to greater lengths than their acknowledged leader himself approved; for Luther was rather disposed to treat with toleration altars, images, waxen tapers, and private confession. He now, however, with the assistance of several other learned and pious men, completed his translation of the scriptures, which probably contributed more than all other causes to strengthen the foundations of the Lutheran church.

The year 1522 terminated the life and reign of Leo X. who, after having erected the stupendous pillars which

should support a regal canopy over the supposed sepulchre of St. Peter and St. Paul, was himself deposited beneath a nameless stone, in a Dominican convent.

Several diets were about this time successively convened at Nuremberg, from which the popish legate finally withdrew in disgust, on finding that the German princes in general were no enemies to the reformation.

But the friends of the reformation now divided among themselves. Luther and his followers, though they rejected the Romish doctrine of substantiation (the conversion of the bread and wine into the real body and blood of Christ) were nevertheless of opinion that the partakers of the Lord's supper received, together with the bread and the wine, the body and the blood. Zuinglius on the contrary, and the Swiss reformers, at the head of whom it is usual to place John Calvin (a native of Picardy, who not long afterward took the lead at Geneva) maintained that the body and blood were no way present in the Eucharist, for that the bread and wine were nothing more than external symbols, designed to excite the remembrance of the sufferings and death of the Redeemer. Hence arose in 1524, a vehement controversy, which finally terminated in that distinction of doctrine and worship, which now divides the greatest part of the protestant world, under the distinguishing appellations of Lutherans and Calvinists.

In 1529, Charles V. zealous for the unity of faith and worship, convoked another diet at Spires, in which every change in the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the catholic church, was declared impious and unlawful. Against this arbitrary decree, John, elector of Saxony, George, elector of Brandenburgh, (ancestor of the kings of Prussia) the landgrave of Hesse, the prince of Anhalt, and the duke of Lunenburgh, (progenitor of the house of Hanover) protested in form, and their protest was powerfully seconded by Strasburgh, Constance, and eleven other free cities of the empire. From this celebrated protest originated the name of protestants, now unanimously adopted by all professing Christians, who have abjured the Romish communion. After the dissolution of the diet, the protestant princes reassembled at Augsburgh to strengthen themselves by a league and covenant; and it was then that Melancthon drew up the famous confession of faith, which has ever since formed the basis of the Lutheran system.

About this time the Swedes, under Gustavus Vasa, em-

braced the reformation, at the preaching of Olaus Petri, who had translated the Bible into the Swedish tongue; as did the Danes, soon afterward, under Christiern III. In France the reformed opinions had been received by great numbers of zealous Christians as early as the year 1523. But they were persecuted with outrageous zeal by Francis I. although the protestants were countenanced by the king's sister, Margaret queen of Navarre, the mother of that Henry de Bourbon who afterward abjured his religion to facilitate his accession to the throne of France, under the well known name of Henry IV.

The protestant doctrines had also been embraced by multitudes of devout professors in Hungary, Bohemia, the Netherlands, and the British Islands, when Henry VIII. broke with the church of Rome, because Clement VII. would not consent to dissolve his marriage with Catharine of Arragon, aunt to Charles V. who having been first espoused by his brother Arthur, the inconstant Henry either felt or affected scruples of conscience, on account of consanguinity. To this measure the monarch is supposed to have been instigated by Thomas Cranmer, a student of divinity, who had embraced the new doctrines, and was afterward elevated to the see of Canterbury. But the uxorious tyrant little deserves to be ranked with the heads of the reformation, since he persecuted *to death* all who presumed to differ from his own *inconstant* standard of faith or practice. The furious bigot once caused to be burned at the same stake three witnesses against the invocation of saints, and three conscientious sticklers for the pope's supremacy; and he sacrificed with relentless animosity his own lord chancellor, the philosophic More, for refusing to abjure the religion of his fathers.

The divorce to which has been so lightly attributed the origin of the reformation in England, did not take place till the year 1533; but Tyndal's translation of the New Testament had been printed at Antwerp in 1527, and was eagerly read throughout the nation, notwithstanding the powerful exertions of the pretended reformer to suppress the sacred book. It was not until the irresistible progress of the reformation overcame the opposition of the superior clergy, that Miles Coverdale, and John Rogers, were permitted to correct Tyndal's Bible, which had been printed at Hamburgh in 1532, and to publish the same (after having undergone the royal expurgation) under the name of Cranmer. Even this translation, which he had sanctioned himself, was after-

ward forbidden by the peevish Reformado, who had become so corpulent that he could no longer move without difficulty, when an inveterate ulcer removed the incumbrance from the world.*

In the year 1559, John Knox, a disciple of Calvin, returned to Scotland from Geneva, and soon established presbyterianism upon the ruins of prelacy.

The reformation had not been long confirmed in Britain when the Belgic provinces united together by a respectable confederacy, withdrew from their spiritual allegiance to the Roman pontiff. Their catholic sovereign, Philip II. attempted to establish the hateful tribunal of the inquisition to check their innovating spirit; but the nobility associating to defend themselves from such tyranny, the duke of Alva was sent to quell the revolters, and a long and bloody contest ensued between Spain and Holland, which was at length happily terminated by William of Nassau, aided by the assistance of queen Elizabeth, who then swayed the sceptre of Britain. Even in Italy and Spain reformed doctrines were now disseminated; but in those bigoted countries the solitary reformers were utterly extirpated by fire and sword.

In England, during the short reign of Edward VI. the son and successor of Henry, the reformation made a rapid progress, under the fostering influence of archbishop Cranmer, and the protector Somerset, although (I mention it with grief) the protestant prelate unfeelingly persecuted to the stake, the German anabaptists, who fled into England from the devastation of "the rustic war".

During this interval of tranquillity began the first schism in the church of England, which eventually gave rise to the denomination of Puritans, an epithet of reproach that was applied to those persons of tender conscience, who with Hooper, a pious and learned divine that lately returned from Zurich, refused to officiate at the ancient altars, to make the sign of the cross, to invest themselves with

* By a statute of the 35th of Henry VIII. it is enacted, "That the Bible shall not be read in any church:" and the prohibitory document particularizes, with whimsical asperity, "That no women or artificers, apprentices, journeymen, serving men, husbandmen, or labourers, shall read the New Testament in English."—But a hundred years earlier an interdict had been fulminated by Henry V. the conqueror of Agincourt, "That whoever they were that should read the scriptures in the mother tongue, they should forfeit lands, catel, lif, and godes from their heyres for ever; and so be condempned (to the flames) for heretykes to God, enemies to the crowne, and most errant traitors to the lande."

the symbolic garments of the papistical priesthood. Hooper permitted his scruples to melt away, in the sunshine of royal favour, and compromised with conformity by suffering himself to be consecrated bishop of Gloucester in a square cap, a scarlet hood, and a linen rochet, provided he might be suffered to preach in private, in the sober habit of a christian minister. But the more zealous reformers, such as Latimer, Coverdale, Taylor, Philpot and Bradford, would not be persuaded to put on the popish vestments; and when in the next reign the venerable Cranmer was himself degraded from his episcopal dignity, he cast a smile of contempt upon the antichristian ornaments, of which he was spitefully disrobed. The dispute (significant or insignificant) was blown away for the present by a rising blast, which involved the disputants in one common danger.

King Edward dying at the age of sixteen, he was succeeded by his eldest sister, the daughter of Catherine of Arragon, emphatically styled the bloody Mary, because in a reign of no more than five years, she caused to be burned at the stake two hundred and seventy-seven persons (among whom were fifty-five women and four children) in a vain attempt to restore the realm of England to the supremacy of the pope.

In the year 1558, the fiery zealot was succeeded by queen Elizabeth, in whose long and prosperous reign, the church of England was too firmly established to be shaken by the secret or open catholicism of her successors of the house of Stuart, though a protestant historian must notice with regret, that Elizabeth instead of prosecuting the reformation, after the example and intentions of her royal brother, conceived that the pious Edward had already gone too far in stripping religion of her ornaments, being herself disposed to retain the use of crucifixes, lighted tapers and instrumental music, as well as the sacerdotal vestments, which contribute to the pomp and splendour with which that aspiring princess delighted to invest the throne. It is even suggested, that the "virgin queen" would have forbidden the marriage of the clergy, if her secretary, Cecil, had not interposed in their behalf.

The zealous professors who had escaped from the Marian persecution, by withdrawing into foreign countries, and who now returned in great numbers from Frankfort, Strasburgh, Basil, Zurich and Geneva, were naturally offended by the retrograde motions of the national establishment,

and after ineffectual attempts to promote the reformation in the bosom of the church, they finally separated themselves from her communion, for the liberty of discharging their christian duty, according to their own ideas of gospel order and religious obligation.

The dissenting congregations now suffered persecution from the national church, which had succeeded to the power and wealth of the abrogated system. But it must not be forgotten that cruelty was the vice of the age. Clerical synods were not likely to shake off intolerance, whilst courts of justice (at Paris as well as at London) accredited prosecutions for sorcery and witchcraft; and if the theologians of Edinburgh and Geneva, groped their way among the mazes of election and reprobation, contemporary astrologers prognosticated events from the aspect of the heavens, and alchemists perceived in the combination of metals the phantom of the philosopher's stone.

Among the dissenters of great Britain "successively" arose the presbyterians, the baptists, and the quakers, (scornfully so called in England, though better known in America by the characteristic epithet of friends) each of whom endeavoured "in turn" to advance upon their predecessors, in reducing the christian discipline and worship to the perfect standard of primitive simplicity.

In a new world, on the western side of the Atlantic, the heterogeneous alliance between church and state, has been at length abolished. The elective government of the United States, unfettered by the shackles of prescription, disclaims all right of interference in matters of conscience. From New Hampshire to Georgia, the various professors of christianity (whether catholic or protestant) have relinquished exclusive pretensions for mutual forbearance; and their various modifications, like the flowers of a parterre, contribute to the embellishment of "the garden of the Lord."

For the unexpected length of these historical sketches of the corruption of christianity, and the rise and progress of the reformation, I shall make no apology; for the events of christian history since the days of the apostles, are too little known in America, and they can hardly fail to excite the curiosity, if not the sensibility of every professor of the christian faith.

I have drawn the "earlier" facts, from Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, and the "latter" from Neal's History of the Puritans. But it was not to be expected that a "youth-

full layman" should take up the spectacles of a "Lutheran professor, or a puritan divine:" and it will be easily perceived that I have contemplated them through a different medium, and placed them in another point of light.

I have compared my leading authorities with the histories of the reformation, the writings of the fathers, and the inspired productions of the prophets and evangelists; and I can scarcely refrain from closing the eventful narrative with the singular coincidences of prophetic anticipation with historical fact.

"In the days of *which kings*," said Daniel, interpreting the dream that troubled the spirit of the king of Babylon, "shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, that shall never be destroyed."—"I saw," said John, "a woman arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with pearls and precious stones, having in her hand a golden cup, and upon her forehead names of blasphemy; and sitting upon seven mountains, *in that city which reigneth over the kings of the earth.*"

But I forbear the invidious application, since the book of prophecy has been sealed as with seven seals, from the prying researches of prophane curiosity; and I shall conclude with a remark which must be obvious to every reader, that the long duration of the papal hierarchy, so clearly predicted, and accurately described, in the Gospels, the Epistles, and the Revelations, is a proof of the divine authority of *the New* Testament, no less irrefragable than the existence of the Jews is of that of *the Old*, "sifted," as the prophet Amos, had foretold, "among all nations as corn is sifted in a sieve."

The chronology of both these miraculous circumstances in the history of mankind, however they have been enveloped in the mantle of time, may yet be corroborated at Rome by existing monuments of *coeval* antiquity. The basreliefs of the arch of Titus *(the prince that was to destroy the city and the sanctuary)* have preserved the figure of the well known vessels of the Jewish Temple, ever since *the destruction of the Holy City;* and the rude mosaics of the church of Santa Maria Maggiore demonstrate the corruption of Christianity at an age so remote from that of the protestant professions, as to give ample scope for the *twelve hundred and sixty years* of intermediate desolation, foreseen alike by Daniel the prophet, and John the divine.

LETTER XXI.

THE LIFE OF PIUS THE SIXTH.

AFTER ruling with a rod of iron during a period of a thousand years, if we reckon from the donation of Charlemagne; of twelve hundred, if from the privileges granted by Phocas; of fifteen, if we ascend to the conversion of Constantine, the papal chair has been swept from the Vatican by an irruption of modern Goths; and if since the deposition and decease of Pius the sixth, whose portrait occupied the last vacancy in the papal gallery which surmounts the colonnades of St. Paul's with the heads of two hundred and sixty successors of St. Peter, another Pius has been allowed to reassume the name and honours of the papacy, the feeble representative of the ancient popes must submit to hold his doubtful elevation, during the pleasure of a foreign dictator, at the expense of the dismemberment of the ecclesiastical state, which has left to the titular pope little more of power or revenue than falls to the share of the princely bishops of Saltzburg or Mayence. The unfortunate Braschi may be considered as the last of the long drawn dynasty that inherited the temporal as well as the spiritual crown, so absurdly derived from the fisherman of Galilee; and the eventful life of Pius the sixth may be read with additional interest, as that of the last imperial pontiff of the see of Rome.

On the demise of Clement XIII. Francesco Lorenzo Ganganelli had been elected to the papal chair, through the influence of the two courts of Madrid and Versailles. The house of Bourbon had then lately expelled the Jesuits from their dominions, and the abolition of the prescribed fraternity had been made a condition of the election of Clement the fourteenth. In 1773, the new pope accordingly subscribed, with a trembling hand, the famous bull which pronounced the extinction of the brotherhood. Clement hesitated to the last, and finally put his name to the fatal instrument with these memorable words, the keenest reproach that has ever been uttered against the pretended companions of

Jesus: "I know that I am about to sign my own death warrant.—But it does not signify.—The die is cast." The philosophic Ganganelli was accordingly removed by poison before the end of another year.

After the usual intrigues of the sacred college, which perplexed the assembled fathers from September till February, Clement XIV. was succeeded by John Angelo Braschi, who was born at Cesena in 1717. Upon the new pope's assuming the appellation of Pius the sixth, the omen was thought unfavourable, and the people of Rome recollected with superstitious apprehensions, a Latin pentameter, which had been applied in the disastrous days of the sixth Alexander:

Semper sub Sextis perdita Roma fuit.*

Pius the sixth was excessively vain. To the two winds, the modest coat of arms of his ancestors, he added an eagle, *fleurs de lis* and stars. These splendid insignia were afterward ostentatiously affixed, not only to all the monuments that he erected himself, but to all others which he either altered or repaired. A circumstance of puerile gratification, which must have cost the ecclesiastical state some hundred thousands of crowns. The people revenged themselves upon their sovereign in a Latin distich:

Redde aquilam Imperio Francorum lilia regi
Sidera redde polo cætera Braschi tua.†

Pius had once been abbot of Subiaco, which was a sufficient reason for decorating that monastery with a palace, a church, and a library, of princely magnificence. At the expence of 1,600,000 crowns he afterward constructed the sacristy of St. Peter's, that nothing might be wanting to the splendour of the clerical functions in the cathedral of the Roman world. He enriched the museum of the Vatican with innumerable objects of art; he called the enlarged collection by his own name; and upon every piece of sculpture which he had acquired himself, he ordered these words to be engraven in letters of gold:

MUNIFICENTIA PII SEXTI.

* The Sixes are sinister at Rome.

† Yield the eagle to the empire, the lilies to the crown,
The stars to the firmament—the puffs are all thy own.

But the munificence of the prince impoverished the people, and they parodied with infamy the favourite inscription.* His long pontificate was itself a grievance, which neither the members of the sacred college nor the people of Rome could forgive. These had long waited for the chances of another election, and those were impatient for the amusing ceremonies of a papal funeral and a pontifical ordination, which had scarcely ever before been so enhanced by rarity.

Of all the enterprizes of Pius the sixth, the most useful was the attempt to drain the Pontine Marshes, though the expences incurred by it exhausted the papal treasury, and provoked the impatience of the people of Rome. The Via Appia, a road so called from having been constructed by Appius Claudius the censor, three centuries before the Christian æra, led directly across these marshes, whose pestiferous exhalation is supplied by two rivers, which bear to this day the identical names that were given them by the ancient Romans. A hundred and fifty years after the construction of this road, Cornelius Cethegus, the consul, undertook to drain the marshes; but attempted it in vain. Augustus succeeded a hundred years later by cutting along the Appian Way a canal sufficiently deep and wide for the purposes of inland navigation. It was upon this canal that the Poet Horace embarked when he went to Brundusium, on the journey which he has so humorously described in the fifth satire of his first book. But time and nature had long since resumed their rights, when Bonifaee VIII. Martin V. Leo X. and Sixtus V. renewed the labours of antiquity; and the names of *Rio Martino* and *Fiume Sisto* still direct the eye of observation to the particular operations of the respective pontiffs. The supine successors of these enterprizing prelates suffered their works to go to ruin; and when Pius the sixth succeeded to the papal chair, the Pontine marshes had again become totally impassable. Pius began his operations by clearing away the accumulated rubbish of two thousand years, which discovered again the original pavement of the Appian Way, marked with the narrow traces of the ancient cars. He then raised the surface several feet higher, called it the Via Pia, planned a city in the

* The bread of Rome is made up in little rolls called *pagnotti*, which are sold at a fixed rate, and made larger or less according to the price of flour. During a time of scarcity, a very little pagnotta was put into the hand of Pasquin, and under it appeared the well known inscription:

MUNIFICENTIA PII SEXTI.

midst of the marshes, and dug a broad canal from the causeway to the Mediterranean, to drain the unwholesome bog of its superfluous moisture. But the surface of the marsh was now discovered to be lower than that of the sea; repeated inundations overwhelmed the unfinished works; after the labour of twelve years the Pontine marshes still remained a pestilential morass; and the expensive and successless undertaking became a proverb for money thrown away. *Sono andate alle Paludi Pontine.** The works had been undertaken and paid for by the apostolic chamber (such is the singular style of the papal exchequer) and the immense sums appropriated to them were, as usual, abandoned without restriction to clerical rapacity and official embezzlement.

In the superannuated court of Rome, the place of the favourites and mistresses of other sovereigns was generally filled by the nephews of the popes, a serious evil to the ecclesiastical state, since temporal despots can dismiss their minions at pleasure, whilst family pride insures the constancy of papal favouritism. In former ages the popes nephews had it in their power to enrich themselves, at leisure, by means of the pius tribute which then flowed from every part of Europe into the treasury of their doting uncle. But since their source has gradually dried away, it has been only by oppressing their immediate subjects, that the popes have been able to indulge the extravagance of nepotism. Unfortunately for himself and his flock, Pius the sixth had a sister, whose two sons bore their father's name (Onesti) till assuming that of the exalted successor of the humble fisherman of the lake of Gennesaret, he raised one of them to the purple, and the other to a dukedom. The duke was afterward married (so skilful are the childless popes in creating papal families) to the daughter of that Signora Falconieri, who was said to have been his uncle's mistress in the days of his noviciate.

But none of the imprudencies of Pius the sixth had a more immediate tendency to degrade the papacy than his journey to Vienna in 1782, upon the hopeless errand to dissuade the emperor Joseph from prosecuting his philosophic reforms. Yet was the sovereign pontiff weak enough to be flattered by the adulation of the people, and deceived by the courtesy of the prince. On the road the pious Braschi paid his devotions to our lady of Loretto, embraced

* It is gone to the Pontine marshes.

his own family at Cesena, and received with his accustomed dignity the compliments of count Zambeccari on behalf of his catholic master Charles III. At Imola a similar deputation saluted his holiness from the king of Sardinia; but the devout duke of Parma attended in person, embraced the sacred slipper, and returned in peace. The universal eagerness to behold the head of the church, now bordered upon phrenzy. On the banks of the Po the Venetian Bucentoro, and a multitude of the faithful, impatiently awaited the successor of St. Peter. Acclaiming crowds conducted him in triumph to the Island of Chiozza, where in sight of the glittering turrets of the queen of the seas, the holy father was complimented by a deputation from the doge (a prisoner of state, who can never quit Venice without forfeiting his dignity) attended by such a press of barques and gondolas, that it was scarcely possible to advance. He disembarked at Melgara upon a Turkey carpet, and was received at Mestre by all the nobility of the environs, assembled to crave a blessing as he passed. On entering Austria the pious Germans flocked around the ghostly father with a mixture of curiosity and veneration scarcely to be satisfied without "touching the hem of his garment," Joseph himself and his brother Maximilian came out to meet the pontiff, on his approach to the capital of the empire. The emperor seated the pope in his own carriage; and the affectionate pair entered Vienna together, amidst united acclamations of loyalty and devotion. A month or two passed away in the empty reciprocation of homage and etiquette, and magnificent presents were given and received by the spiritual and temporal pageants of the holy Roman empire. Yet Pius gained nothing by his expensive parade, but the suspension of an oath of allegiance, which had been required of the clergy, and the privilege of prescribing some insignificant monastic regulations. The pontiff returned through Munich and Augsburg, where he obtained without difficulty from the precise professors of the Lutheran confession, that homage as sovereign, which they would have deemed it impious to allow him as pope. When the equivocal potentate re-entered Italy the lucid surface of the Adige reflected the illumination of the palaces on its banks, and Venice had deferred for his entertainment the annual ceremony, equally pompous and absurd, of espousing the Adriatic with a ring and a scourge. But the pride of the imperial pontiff was more nobly gratified, when he waved the apostolic benediction over thousands of the faithful, who prostrated them-

selves at his feet in the amphitheatre of Verona, one of the noblest monuments of antiquity that has survived the ravages of time.

The returning sovereign was received at Rome with the ringing of bells, and firing of canon; but those uncertain indications of public rejoicing were insufficient to drown the complaints of his subjects, who were then suffering under a scarcity of provisions, occasioned by the profusion and mismanagement of their ecclesiastical governors. The shores of the Adriatic produced almost spontaneously corn, wine, and oil, the peculiar productions of the land of promise; but on the coasts of the Mediterranean not a twentieth part of the soil was in a state of cultivation. The government bought up the crops at its own price, forbidding the exportation of corn, by an edict equally impolitic and unjust, for occasional permissions were granted without reserve to enrich particular favourites; whilst the articles of wool and silk were chiefly sent abroad, instead of furnishing employ and emolument by being manufactured at home. Cattle brought to market were rated at a low price, and oil was exclusively monopolized by the popes' nephews. Every thing in short that was produced by the bounty of nature in the ecclesiastical state was brought for sale to Rome, and there the price of it was fixed by the department of *La Grascia*, by which it was afterward retailed to the people at advanced rates. At the head of the department of subsistence was a prefect, who was particularly charged with the victualling of Rome; but the result of the means pursued to furnish the people of Rome with provisions, was a scarcity of meat, bread, and oil; and the several establishments charged with the management of these enervating monopolies were directed with so little address, that the result did not enrich the state, while it impoverished the subject. The ordinary revenues of the ecclesiastical state were estimated at two millions and a half of Roman crowns (little differing in value from the Mexican dollar current in the United States) of which the territorial income might alone have been made to produce 800,000, but it scarcely yielded 450, inattention and rapacity swallowed up the rest.

The supine administration was no less destitute of energy for the protection of property and the repression of crimes, than of intelligence for the encouragement of industry and the management of finance. During the eleven years of Clement XIII. 10,000 murders are said to have been committed in the ecclesiastical state, 4000 of which had been

perpetrated in the capital, for it was there one of the prerogatives of greatness to be surrounded with unpunished assassins. Yet amidst all this relaxation, the Jews of Rome, to the number of 12,000, were obliged to wear upon their heads a badge of infamy; they were forbidden under penalty of the gallies to approach the sacred convent of the Annunciation; and they were bound on pain of death to be within the Ghetto or Jewish quarter (a scanty precinct, little better than the confinement of a dungeon) an hour after sun-set. In a more barbarous age the unfortunate posterity of Abraham had been obliged to run foot-races during the carnival, for the diversion of the Christian populace; and they were still required, to the number of 300 at a time to attend a lecture every Sabbath-day, in which a Dominican friar exhorted them in maledictions, and wooed them to the bosom of the church, with threats of hell and damnation.

Joseph the second was not now the only refractory son of the church. Attempts had been made by the most christian and most catholic kings to abridge the privileges of the papacy, and even the most faithful dynasty of Portugal began to conceive ideas of ecclesiastical reform, which were only postponed by the premature decease of the prince of Brazil, the heir apparent of the realm. The interests of the papal see were no longer supported in the courts of princes, by the intrigues of the jesuits; and the progress of philosophy, having confuted the errors of prejudice, was proceeding to implicate the antiquated claims of prescription. Slumbering at ease in the arms of indulgence, the superior clergy scarcely deemed it necessary to affect the semblances of zeal; immorality was known to prevail in secret under the mark of devotion, and even the dignitaries of the church no longer forbore to ridicule in private, the functions, which they were obliged to perform in public with apparent solemnity. Under all these circumstances of evil omen the apostolic chamber became overburdened with debt.

So long ago as the year 1585 Sixtus V. had borrowed 10,000,000 of crowns, one-half of which he had laid up in the castle of St. Angelo as a reserve for critical emergencies. The public debt had increased under each of his successors, excepting the temperate Ganganelli. In the days of Pius the sixth, the annual expenditure exceeded the receipts by some hundred thousands of crowns. To provide for the excess, the imprudent pontiff had recourse to the

dangerous expedient of an emission of paper money, by whose immediate depreciation the fainting efforts of the papal government were completely paralysed long before the unparalleled revolution in France, after suddenly overturning the most ancient and powerful throne in Europe, had begun to threaten the existence of surrounding dynasties.

The sovereign pontiff and the devotees of Rome had not been unmindful of a civil broil, so peculiarly inimical to priests and princes. Their political creed had been already professed with too little reserve to escape the examination of the new inquisitors. But when the post from Turin brought intelligence of the escape of Lewis XVI. public rejoicings were made at Rome. The populace hurried to the palace where the Cardinal de Bernis entertained the two aunts of the French monarch, and rent the air with shouts of

Viva il Re di Francia !*

The most oppressive vigilance was exercised toward French citizens at Rome; several of them were arbitrarily confined in prisons, and while professing to preserve a strict neutrality the pope raised troops and invited General Caprara to assume the command. But the hardy German, on reviewing the new levies, whose grotesque accoutrements and desultory manœuvres alternately excited ridicule and indignation, declared in plain terms that "with such troops it would be useless to face the enemy, for at the first discharge he was sure they would all run away." Thus did the government of Rome attract the threatening clouds which were soon to burst in thunder over its defenceless head.

As early as the year 1793, the French revolutionists at Rome had openly assembled in the palace of the academy, one of the noblest monuments of the munificence of Lewis XIV.; but when Basseville, the agent of the directory, drove publicly along the Corso, with the tri-coloured cockade in his hat, the populace stung with the sight of the insurrectionary symbol, assailed the carriage with sticks and stones, and the imprudent offender fell an easy prey to their ungovernable fury. At the beginning of 1795, various circumstances had concurred to irritate the populace of Rome. During the three preceding years the pope had thought

* Long live the king of France.

proper to prohibit the customary diversions of the carnival, in consideration of the calamities, or of the dangers of the church. Impatient of the unwelcome restraint, upon the approach of lent this year, the Transteverini ran about the streets in masks. The patroles attempted to suppress these whimsical sallies of vulgar merriment. They were repelled with knives and stilettoes, and the papal satellites disappeared with expedition before rattling vollies of dirt and stones. The populace, on finding themselves masters of the field, attacked the defenceless Palazzo Borghese; but suffered their military ardour to be dissipated by a few handfuls of gold and silver, opportunely distributed from the windows; that of duke Braschi (still unfinished after ten years labour, and an expenditure of millions) sustained a more serious assault; and those of Chigi and Piombino were saved from pillage by repelling the ephemeral assailants. The government did not attempt to interpose till the storm began to subside, when the pope peeping out of his covert ventured to echo a retiring peal, by fulminating an anathema upon the guilty head which should presume again to resist the authority of a *Sbirro*.

The victorious Bonaparte was by this time master of Lombardy, and threatened with immediate incursion all Italy, and especially the ecclesiastical state. Bologna, Ferrara, and even Ancona were already in the hands of the French, when the Chevalier Azara, then minister of Spain at the papal court (from whose anonymous account of the Roman revolution I have deduced my own) was dispatched to meet the conqueror with unlimited offers of concession. To conciliate the result of the supplicatory intervention the priests crowded about the shrines of the saints, threw open the treasures of spiritual liberality, and proclaimed a penitentiary procession, in which ladies of the first rank walked bare foot, with dishevelled hair, from Santa Maria in Vallicella, to the tomb of St. Peter and St. Paul. Madonnas, now opened and shut their eyes near them, withered flowers recovered their bloom, dry branches resumed their verdure, and 40,000 years of indulgence were promised to be the portion of whosoever should assist in repelling the sacrilegious invaders. Notwithstanding these auspicious appearances, the principal families were seen to withdraw from the devoted city, the cardinals were preparing to follow them, and the populace stood mute with consternation, when a courier arrived from Bologna, with the welcome intelligence of an armistice, procured with difficulty, by the

sacrifice of the Legantine provinces of Bologna and Ferrara, the finest paintings, the most beautiful statues of the Museum Pium Clementinum, and a contribution in money of 15,000,000. Public prayers, thanksgiving, and proclamations announced at once the deliverance and the necessities of the state. The contribution must be raised without delay. The obsolete deposit of Sixtus V. was now broken up. The clergy were required to deliver all the vessels of gold and silver with which they could possibly dispense, and the laity were invited to send into the treasury their superfluous plate. On this occasion, prince Doria Pamfile presented a donation that was valued at half a million.

But when intelligence was received at Rome that Bonaparte had been obliged to raise the siege of Mantua, the pope precipitately dispatched a legate to resume possession of Ferrara; French citizens were again insulted in the streets of Rome; and the superannuated Zelada, unable to brook any longer the irregularities he found it impossible to restrain, resigned his office to Cardinal Busca, who was destined to accelerate rather than retard the ruin of the papacy.

A new consistory was now summoned to examine the conditions of peace propounded by the French directory, and rejected them as inadmissible. Preparations were made for war, which heightened the discontent of the people. The coin was depreciated by reducing its nominal value one-fourth. The remaining plate was called for. The farmers were obliged to sell their corn at a reduced price and take *cedole* at par, though the depreciated medium was subject to a discount of fifty per cent. A civic guard was organized, of which the senator Rezzonico was nominated generalissimo, and the princes Aldobrandini, Gabrielli, and Justiniani accepted in the militia the rank of colonels, while the constable Colonna equipped at his own expence a regiment of infantry, and the banker Torlonia a troop of horse. On the 6th of January 1797, were consecrated in St. Peter's church the colours of the several corps which were now ready to take the field. They were embroidered with a cross, in imitation of the *Labarum* of Constantine, and the sacred talisman was accompanied with the well known inscription "In hoc signo vinces." "Go!" cried the fanatical monks, who were commissioned to pronounce the papal benediction, "Imitate your ancestors, and conquer the universe."

The year 1796 had terminated with the rapid successes of

the invaders of Italy. Early in 1769, from head quarters at Bologna, the imperious republican declared that the armistice was broken by the pope's neglecting to answer the pacific overtures which had been made to him from Milan. Bonaparte accordingly invaded the ecclesiastical state. He possessed himself without difficulty of La Romagna, the duchy of Urbino, and the marquisate of Ancona, paid a visit of depredation to our lady of Loretto, and wrote to Cardinal Mattei, whom he personally knew, that he would tarry five days at Foligno, to give his master an opportunity of deprecating the vengeance of the republic. His eminence was commissioned to repair to the victor without delay, and returned with new conditions of political penance. The pope was now to pay the republic thirty-one millions, to furnish the army with 1600 horses, to leave Romagna free, and to receive a French garrison at Ancona. Whilst this humiliating negociation pended in uncertainty all was in confusion at Rome. The ghostly sovereign himself was preparing to retire to Naples, and leave the people to their fate.

The portentous interval of uncertainty was thus wasting away in torpid irresolution, when Joseph Bonaparte, brother to the general, arrived from Paris as minister plenipotentiary from the redoubtable republic. The first days of the minister's reception had been spent in pompous entertainments and idle altercations, when a popular commotion took place in the streets, and the insurgents took shelter in the palace of the ambassador, the palazzo Corsini, in the suburb of Transtevere.

It was on the 28th of December 1797, a few days after the preceding event, that the papal troops no longer able to restrain their indignation at the sight of the insurgents, braving them with impunity in the palace of the republic; forcibly violated the privileged asylum to arrest the disturbers of the public peace. The honour of the French ambassador would not permit him to remain a quiet spectator of such an event, whether his principles were implicated in it or not. He appeared at a balcony, but strove in vain to be heard, while general Duphot, a member of his household, in attempting to repel the rioters, fell a victim to their rage. The pope was indisposed. The cardinal secretary was wholly unacquainted with what had happened, and such was the supineness of clerical administration, that it was two hours after the sinister event, before any public notice was taken of the affair, fourteen had expired before official

inquiry was made upon the spot. During that interval the stupor of the cardinal secretary had been aroused by a letter from the ambassador to acquaint him with his determination to quit immediately the inhospitable city, and to demand of him the necessary passports. The brother of Bonaparte was at length in vain solicited to remain at Rome. He departed the next morning for Florence, from whence he transmitted to the directory an irritating narrative of the unpardonable event. The enraged ambassador condescended however to charge himself with a dispatch for the marquis Massimi, the pope's minister at Paris (of a family that claims descent from the Fabii Maximi of antiquity) in which cardinal Doria, the minister who steered with feeble hands the barque of St. Peter, when the shattered hull was ingulphed by the revolutionary whirlpool, declared himself with "the meekness of a primitive apostle," desirous to make any satisfaction that should be demanded for the unfortunate affair, which he could neither foresee nor prevent.

But no reparation from the *weak* could appease the resentment of the strong.—The fable of the wolf and the lamb was to be realized, and the plea of *incapacity* was disallowed by the thirst of rapine. The armies of the republic in the Cisalpine did not wait for orders to take exemplary vengeance on the helplessness of Rome. They marched without delay for the banks of the Tiber, and general Berthier had already taken the command of the forces, collected at Ancona, on the 25th of January. Only retarded by the snows of the Apennine, the general of the republic advanced, without resistance, to the very gates of Rome, preceded by a manifesto, in the usual style of military policy, offering peace to one party, on condition of "assisting to exterminate the other."

Emboldened by these assurances, on the 15th of February 1798, the malcontents assembled in the "Campo Vaccino," the forum which had teemed with Scipios and Cæsars, proclaimed Rome independent of its clerical sovereign, and planted, without opposition, the tree of liberty in the soil of the capital. At noon a deputation of patriots was sent to general Berthier to acquaint him with the revolution which had been so easily effected; and the same evening, preceded by martial music, surrounded by staff officers, and followed by a troop of horse, the republican commander traversed amidst an innumerable multitude the Piazza del Popolo, and by the Strada del Corso, ascended the hill of the capitol,

where he apostrophised the manes of the Cato's, the Brutus's, and the Pompey's, promised to re-edify the altar of Roman freedom, and returned in triumph to his expecting troops.

In the mean time the astonished members of the sacred College assembled, in silence and solitude, in the echoing vestibules, and airy halls, which they had been accustomed to ascend, amidst opening crowds, obsequious to the rustle of imperial robes. In this parting interview, in which Pius bade farewell, "a long farewell to all his greatness," he is said to have retained the majesty of misfortune, whilst the adulatory brotherhood knelt once more before the throne of their aspiration, saluted each other with the kiss of peace; and withdrew to seek their safety in concealment or in flight.

A provisional government was soon established, which subsisted under different modifications till the directory thought proper to abandon their conquest. The remaining cardinals were obliged to quit Rome, and leave their effects behind them at the mercy of the conquerors. Some of the despairing fathers withdrew to Naples, others to Milan, Bologna, Florence, but the greatest number of them took refuge in the Venetian territories; where Chiaramonti was elected, on the decease of Pius the sixth, to re-occupy the abdicated chair. The pope's nephews, the cardinal, and the duke, were stripped of their ill-gotten wealth, without mercy or commiseration; and the pontiff himself was soon informed that the public safety required his absence from the territories of the new republic.

Pius submitted without a murmur to the decree that exiled him from the theatre of pomp and power, of intrigue and apprehension; but he is said to have shed tears in secret over the splendid museum, which it had been the pride of his heart to *denominate* and enrich.

The venerable priest was first conducted to Sienna, where he was lodged in the convent of St. Barbara; but he was soon afterward removed to Florence, that he might be under the eye of the minister of the French republic. The tottering grand duke saluted the falling pontiff with tears of sympathetic apprehension, and assigned for the residence of the holy father a carthusian monastery, in the vicinity of his capital.

In this situation the exiled sovereign is said to have still indulged his peculiar relish for a luxurious table, and even

the *gusto* of his personal vanity, which could yet be gratified with a flattering portrait of his florid age.

But when he was summoned to Paris to swell the triumph of the unchristian directory over the religious establishments of antiquity; and was happily detained by their sudden downfall in the city of Valence, whose crumbling battlements reminded him of his own decay, the mortified prelate renounced all hope of restoration to the seat of spiritual empire, and contented himself in the society of the archbishop of Corinth, and a few devoted attendants, who daily wheeled his armed chair into an open balcony, to receive the homage of the faithful, and scatter a parting benediction over his dispersed flock.

LETTER XXII.

JOURNEY TO NAPLES.

WE quitted Rome about sun-rise, in the caravan of the Procache, a line of stage coaches which runs between Rome and Naples, under the protection of both governments, and is therefore often preferred to a private carriage, for fear of robbers, with whom the frontiers of the ecclesiastical state and the kingdom of Naples are openly infested. We formed a train of six clumsy coaches and a baggage waggon, and several private coaches fell into our rear to take the benefit of protection from the military escort, which is mutually exchanged upon the frontiers.

The charge for this lingering conveyance includes lodging and supper, while on the road, which prevents imposition and spares you the trouble of shifting for yourself, a material accommodation to travellers not acquainted with the languages and usages of the country.

We drove over the deserted plains of the Campania, by the ruins of temples and aqueducts, to the slopes of Frescati, gayly ornamented with the summer retreats of princes and cardinals.

On the road was no throng of business, bespeaking the neighbourhood of a capital. No carts nor waggons were to

be seen loaded with bales of merchandise, or sacks of grain. A peasant driving an ass, with a pannier of herbage, was the only modern object upon the everlasting pavement of the Appian way.

Not far from these is the lake of Albano, supposed to be the crater of an extinct volcano, seven or eight miles in circumference, the outlet of which, called the "Emissario", a tunnel cut through a mountain, one of the most stupendous works of the ancient Romans, is said to have been completed during the siege of Veii, at the instigation of the Delphic Oracle. It is three feet and a half wide, six high, and two miles long; and it still answers the purpose for which it was constructed, four hundred years before the christian æra.

We did not reach Veletri till sometime after night, and were then meanly entertained, it being a meagre day, (a circumstance of which Italian innkeepers always avail themselves) and still worse lodged, though in a large town, but twenty miles from Rome, celebrated for the birth of Augustus, and and the residence of Nerva.

Next morning we entered on the Pontine marshes, the draining of which had baffled the councils of the emperors, of the labours of one of whom (Nerva) we saw a proof, in a Roman milestone, which had been set up again on the new road. It is inscribed with the same numerical letters now in use, I think they were (XXXV.) to mark the thirty-fifth mile from the city of Rome. "Egressum", says Horace, describing the same road.

> Egressum magna me accepit Ariria Româ
> Hospitio modico*.

The travellers fare is still moderate on this journey, and he that sleeps upon the road may yet exclaim with the poet:

> ———Mali culices ranœque palustres
> Avertunt somnos †.

Toward evening we reached Terracina, where, in ancient days on the white rocks of Anxur, there stood a temple erected by the consul Posthumius, upon a design of Vitruvius Pollio, and dedicated to Jupiter. Its lofty pediment

* "Leaving imperial Rome my course I steer
"To poor Ariria and its moderate cheer." FRANCIS.

† "The fenny frogs with croakings hoarse and deep,
"And gnats loud buzzing drive away our sleep." IBID.

was long an object for the vows of distressed mariners, upon the Mediterranean; as is still the dome of our lady of Loretto, upon the Adriatic Gulph.

The vicinity exhibits a luxuriant display of the productions of an Italian climate. As we skirted a bay of the sea, the waves breaking furiously upon the beach, we admired the fine hills, round the foot of which the road gradually winds. Their sloping sides are covered with myrtles, bays, palm-trees and aloes, under which sheep and goats browse deliciously among flowering shrubs.

On entering the Neapolitan dominions, at the Torre de Confini, our passports were demanded by the guard, and we were amused with the foreign air which had been cast upon our names. Beneath a cardinal's hat of the old cut, ornamented with strings and tassels, was "Permit," &c. "Don Guiseppe S——, con sua Sposa, Donna Viola, without let or molestation, quietly to pass," &c. &c.

As we approached Fundi, we were struck with the sight of an orange grove, the first that we had seen in the open fields, glittering with green and gold. Cork trees also abound in this district, and retain their leaves all winter.

Fundi still retains the character given of its inhabitants by Cicero, who was afterwards murdered in this very neighbourhood; and they terrified us as they lined the streets, in idle throngs, with the suspicious concealment of their tattered cloaks and downcast looks.

The savages of the neighbouring coast, were the Lestrigones, or men eaters, described by Homer; who, like the modern furies of the coast of Cornwall, make a prey of shipwrecked mariners.

Mola di Gaeto is a fishing town, beautifully situated at the bottom of a delightful bay; but the neighbourhood swarms with inhabitants, who seem content with indolence, amidst poverty and dirt.

Here we had like to have been detained all day by a heavy fall of rain, which had rendered the Garigliano, the silent Liris of the poets, and the boundary of ancient Latium, a furious torrent.

After dinner, while we were waiting the return of a messenger, who had been sent to see whether it was possible to cross the river, a youth of the party, who had been bred in France, beguiled the tedious moments by thrumming his guitar to the tune of a complimentary "chanson", which he politely addressed to "madame": for in Italy we speak French, and pass without scruple for citizens de la Répub-

lique Fraçaise; though I believe we are generally taken for a sort of "emigré's, or ci-devants.

When we rose from table, a walk was proposed, to Borgo di Gaeta, a fortified town that was taken by Charles V. when he ravaged Italy.

In the citadel of this fortress the skeleton of Bourbon, the constable of France, who deserted the standard of his royal master, and afterward perished in the act of scaling the walls of Rome, was long preserved in an open press, for the amusement of idle curiosity; leaving, as was said of the ferocious Swede,

> ——— a name at which the world grew pale,
> To point a moral or adorn a tale*.

But we were soon overtaken by our returning messenger, who brought us word that the ferry was practicable; and we willingly relinquished an excursion that would have confined us for the night in the dark and dirty apartments of an Italian inn, to whose disgusting accommodations for nocturnal repose, English travellers frequently prefer dozing the night away in their carriages.

We were surprised to find the dreaded river not wider at its mouth than Rancocas creek, the unnoticed current that pours its tributary stream into the Delaware, ten miles above Philadelphia, and a hundred and thirty from the sea. But we had sufficient cause to be alarmed before we got over the muddy torrent, in a leaky scow, so akwardly managed by descendants of the ancient Romans, or their gallant neighbours the people of Tarentum, that we were in great danger of breaking loose, and driving out to sea.

At St. Agade, or Francolesi, the caravan was roused at midnight to make up for the delay, and we might have travelled till daylight without much apprehension, if the guard had not been doubled to conduct us as far as Capua, a modern town, not far from the ancient city in which the troops of Hannibal debauched themselves with the luxuries of Italy.

This is not more than twenty miles from the capital, and the interval is a continued vineyard, interspersed with fields of grain and orchards of olive trees.

We entered the town toward evening, and after having been sometime delayed at the dogana, we rejected the lodgings to which our vettorino conducted us, under pre-

* Milton.

tence that he could not find the hotel for which we had a card; but we were ourselves refused in turn, at two or three other places, and were at last glad to take shelter for the night in an obscure lodging-house near the port.

LETTER XXIII.

DESCRIPTION OF NAPLES—THE BAY—THE PALACE OF CASERTA.

ABOUT the origin of Naples, in Italian Napoli, I shall say but little, because little is certainly known, though it is fondly ascribed to Hercules; to a wandring Argonaut; to Grecian colonies from Athens and Chalcis.

But the Phœnicians, the circumnavigators of antiquity, called it Parthenope, from its delightful situation; and Augustus gave it the name of Neapolis, which it retains with so little variation in the modern languages of Europe.

The beautiful bay, which is supposed to be the finest in the world, unless rivelled by that of New York, or excelled by that of Constantinople, is indeed a glorious semicircle, ten or fifteen miles diameter, crowned by the domes of Naples, and surmounted with castles and convents, upon the summits of the adjacent hills. White houses and cheerful villages encircle the transparent waves, and at a distance the promontory of Misenum, and the island of Capri, restrain the turbulence of the Mediterranean.

On the right, toward the chain of hills, through which has been scooped the subterraneous passage of Pausillipo; a delightful walk skirts the shores of the bay, in the centre of which has lately been placed the astonishing groupe called the Tauro Farnese, which represents Amphion and Zethus tying their mother to the horns of a wild bull, in order to throw her with it into the sea. It originally stood in the baths of Caracalla, and is mentioned by Pliny in the thirty-sixth book of his Natural History.

Within a vineyard, at the entrance of the grotto, is the reputed tomb of Virgil, a misshapen pile, not unlike an oven. It was formerly however overshadowed with evergreens; but the French (those monopolizers of laurels) are said to have gathered them all.

The passage of Pausillipo, a work of unknown antiquity, is very dark, notwithstanding its great height, and a breadth which will admit of three or four carriages at a time. At the end of a quarter of a mile you pass a little chapel cut into the rock, in which, by the light of a glimmering taper, a reverend hermit collects a scanty pittance from the devout, to support a life of perpetual penance and abstraction. There

> ——— Not to him returns
> Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn;
> But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
> Surrounds him*.

He has the satisfaction, however, of considering himself as the tutelar saint of the place, whose auspices protect the traveller from robbery and murder. The recluse gives his blessing, as farthings drop into his box, and you are soon cheered with a glimpse of returning daylight, which appears at first sight like a brilliant star. The light distends itself as you advance, and you emerge from the gloom of midnight into the splendour of meridian day.

A strait road, through continued vineyards, leads you to the shores of Baia, where the first object that strikes the eye is the town of Puzzuoli, decayed since the age of the apostles, from a great city, in which St. Paul preached on his arrival from Malta. A stupendous mole yet stretches into the foaming ocean, with gigantic strides; and the ruins of an amphitheatre still bespeak its ancient population. Beyond these interesting objects, skirting the bay to the projecting promontory, may be traced the vestiges of ancient villas, the favourite retreats of Pompey and Cicero, withdrawing from the cares of state, to the studies of philosophy; or the infamous resort of Nero or Lucullus, for the gratification of gluttony and licentiousness.

Some of those ruins are now covered by the waves of the bay, and others are converted into stables and wine cellars; but several temples yet remain, partially dilapidated, together with a portal of Cuma (once a noble city, though now totally deserted) and the Piscina Mirabilis, a vaulted reservoir of sufficient capacity to supply the Roman fleets, when they rendezvoused at Misenum.

Not far distant is the cave where the Cumean Sibyl uttered

* Milton.

her oracles, and predicted, says St. Jerome, the birth of Christ. The river Styx, and the Stygian lake of Virgil, the banks of which were his Elysian fields. The vapour baths, the water of which will boil an egg in a few minutes. The Solfaterra, where alum vitriol and sal-ammoniac are extracted from the volcanic substances within the crater of this extinguished volcano. The Grotta del Cane, whose mephitic vapour is fatal to animal life, and will extinguish a lighted torch. The Pisciarelli, a rivulet of boiling water, issuing from the cone of the Solfaterra, strongly impregnated with alum and vitriol, the latter of which preponderates to such a degree as to produce ink when mixed with galls. The crator of another extinguished volcano, four or five miles round, which has been walled in for a royal park, and is well stocked with stags and boars.

Scipio Africanus, when accused of peculation by an act of ingratitude, perhaps characteristic of republican jealousy, (since the temperate Washington has been charged with official profusion) retired to the neighbouring coast, where the poet Ennius amused his voluntary solitude, and Seneca, the heathen moralist, long afterward defended his memory from contemporary injustice.*

On the other side of this beautiful bay, five miles from Naples, is Mount Vesuvius, the celebrated volcano that has alternately vomited fire and smoke, ever since the earliest notices of history or tradition.

At Naples, for the first time in a European capital, I have been unable to procure agreeable lodgings, those opening upon the water being so crowded that I could meet with none vacant to my mind.

Determined however to be within sight of the bay, I once engaged a suit of rooms near the Castello, of which we took possession in the morning, but were before night so heartily tired of the clanking of galley slaves frequently passing by in irons from the castle, and so terrified with the loneliness of our apartment, within call of nothing but the very dregs of the Neapolitan populace, that we gladly paid

* "In ipsa Scipionis villa hæc scribo adoratis manibus ejus et sepulchro. Animum quidem ejus in cœlum exquo erat rediisse persuadeo mihi ob egregiam moderationem pietatemque magis in illo admirabilem cum reliquit patriam quam cum defendit." (I write, with veneration, in that very villa from which, I doubt not, the soul of Scipio returned to his native sky, a hero more to be admired when he relinquished his country, than when he defended it.)

the forfeit of a week's advance, and returned again in the evening to our old lodgings.

Excepting the great hotels upon the Chiaia, of which English travellers are so fond, the delightful borders of the most beautiful bay in the world are only inhabited by fishermen and lazzarone.

The latter may be seen sunning themselves in crowds, under the very windows of the royal palace, where this enchanting promenade begins, and its whole length is infested with beggars that lie basking in the sun, many of whom exhibit their deformities in a manner too offensive to be described. Of some shocking figures I should gladly discharge my wounded memory, but the impression is indelible.

In the middle of a square that fronts the Opera, defenceless, on the very edge of the full drive of hurry and dissipation, I have seen adults lie roaring in the mud, half naked, and whole families of children left sprawling upon a litter of straw, to attract the notice of passengers by their continual cries.

But here as well as elsewhere in European capitals, the rich and great whirl rapidly by in their coaches, and leave the importunities of beggars to be felt and relieved by the humbler classes of society.

I am satisfied that more objects of this description might be picked up in the streets of Naples than could be furnished by all the hospitals in the United States, though eleemosynary institutions are by no means wanting at Naples. But police is here a court sinecure, and the funds of hospitals are managed by pensioned governors.

Caserta, the Neapolitan rival of Versailles, is situated in the Campagna Felice, sixteen miles from the capital, a distance the Prince Royal makes nothing of driving at all hours of day or night, preceded by half a dozen running footmen, the first we have seen, this inhuman appendage of royal or noble ostentation being now every where else exploded. I say the prince, because the king has not yet ventured to return from Sicily, whither he withdrew on the rumour of the arrival of the French.

The palace may indeed be compared to the proud residence of Lewis XIV. in point of size, being an oblong square, seven hundred feet long, and five or six hundred wide. It is divided by intermediate ranges into four courts. In the

centre is an open vestibule, in which his Sicilian majesty alights under cover, at the foot of a stair-case sixty feet by ninety, which lands him by double flights upon the level of the state apartments in an octagonal saloon ninety feet diameter, which is divided by eight marble columns into a circle and surrounding gallery. On one side is the tedious string of anti-chambers, leading by due degrees into halls of audience, presence chambers, and state bed rooms, with cabinets, wardrobes, and waiting rooms, without number; on another the comfortable range of private apartments, adapted to domestic convenience; on a third the splendid chapel, not inferior in size or decoration to that of Versailles.

But Caserta wants the gallery, that was painted by Le Brun, with the victories of Lewis, and the brilliant water-works which distinguish Versailles from all the palaces upon earth.

A superb aqueduct brings a rivulet of the Apennines to supply the reservoirs of Caserta. In the course of nine leagues it pierces through five different spurs of the mountain, and flows at a great height over intermediate vallies.

Caserta is not yet finished, and probably never will be, though it has been in hand for half a century, as the situation is so flat as to be incapable of modern decoration; and his present majesty takes more pleasure in the neighbouring mansion-house of Santa Leuce, where he amuses himself with superintending a manufactory of silks and gauzes.

Returning late from Caserta we drove through the throng of the Strada di Toledo by torch-light, expecting every moment to run over the noisy crowd, which filling the street from side to side opens on the approach of a carriage, and closes up again the moment it has passed with incredible alertness.

At Naples every thing is done in the street. There merchants buy and sell. There tradesmen ply their tools, the blacksmith shoes his horse, and the cobler heel-taps his customer. There loungers ride, or walk, or saunter to kill time, or take the air. There dinners and suppers are cooked and eaten, nay, such tractable animals as swine and bullocks are struck or knocked on the head, in the less frequented streets, where many a lazzarone makes his bed upon the smoothest stone he can find.

It is said there are forty thousand of these idle vagrants that live in the streets without any stationary home, and

three or four times the number, a groat above beggary, crowd the avenues of Naples from morning till night. With them the sovereign good is to do nothing, and they only work as much as is necessary to keep themselves from starving. A sup of Maccaroni, and a handful of roasted chesnuts, will satisfy the cravings of hunger, without resource to experiments; and accordingly a cargo of potatoes was lately thrown overboard in the harbour, the good people of Naples would not take them as a gift.

Upon the road to Portici, and the neighbouring villages, one-horse calashes are kept for hire, by ragged drivers, and so many of these are often seen driving furiously at once, with two, three, four, and even five lazy raggamuffins hanging on at a time, that I have seen whole streets look as if they were flying away with rags.

The air of Naples, between the autumnal rains and the summer-heats, is perhaps the purest upon earth. It is perceptibly invigorating, and may account for, though it cannot excuse, the licentiousness of the Neapolitans, which seems as if it might be imbibed from the surrounding atmosphere, springing with elasticity.

Well might Roger Ascham say, in the homely phraseology of his age, "I take goying thither, and living there, for a yonge gentleman that doth not goe under the kepe and garde of such a manne as both by wisdom can, and by authoritie dare rewle him, to be marvellous dangerous."

The public amusements of Naples are accordingly various and splendid. The Opera house is said to excel even that of Paris, and the musical entertainments at the churches are performed in the grandest style.

Dramatic enthusiasts declare that the theatre of San Carlo would be, when illuminated, the most imposing scene in the world, if the size of the building, and the noise of the spectators, did not prevent both voices and instruments from being distinctly heard. Such is at Naples the rage of dissipation that it is common to receive company in the boxes, to take ices, and other refreshments, and even to sup and to play at cards. The dancers only command the eyes and ears of an Italian audience.

The Opera girls keep their chariots upon the wages of prostitution, and the carnival of Naples makes up in dissoluteness any thing it may want in parade, when compared to those of Rome and Venice.

To see the people indulging themselves in every kind of licentiousness, in which the clergy, and even the monks

of Naples, openly partake, you would not think they were within reach of an open volcano, which could sweep them all in a moment from the face of the earth.

But the populace of Naples possess a tranquillizing faith, unknown to protestant communities. They can delegate their lives and fortunes to the care of San Gennaro, secure in the watchful protection of the saint. He is stationed upon a bridge between the town and the mountain, where he extends his right hand to stay the furious volcano, with a look that seems to threaten it for daring to disturb the good people of Naples, the worthy objects of his peculiar favour.

LETTER XXIV.

VESUVIUS—HERCULANEUM—POMPEII.

VESUVIUS since we have been in its neighbourhood has only rolled out volumes of smoke, sometimes gracefully mounting into the air, sometimes lowering about the crater, according to the state of the atmosphere, and the direction of the wind. There has been no flame since the eruption of 1794,* though the mountain has been often thought to threaten.

A day or two ago we rambled up its sides, as far as the foot of the cone. They exhibit the most singular contrast of barrenness and fertility, according to the course of the torrents of lava, the intervals between which are covered with chesnut-trees and vineyards, from which are made the luscious wines called the Lachryma Christi and Muscadel.

At the top of the ascent, where you are still a mile and a half from the crater, there was before the insurrection a convent of monks, where refreshments could be procured; but it is now deserted, and the weary visitant must content himself with the enchanting prospect which throws the bay of Naples, with its cities and its islands, its hills and its vallies, at once at his feet, bordered with a sparkling semicircle in the open sea, terminating every evening with the indescribable glories of an Italian sky.

We approached the crater, a hill of ashes and pumice stones in the shape of a cone, half a mile in diameter, and

* Our author is here under a slight mistake; he has probably never heard of the eruption which took place in November 1804, at the time Kotzebue was at Naples; and which is so interestingly described in the fourth Volume of this work. ED.

five hundred feet high, near enough to hear the great pot boil; the continual bubbling of the liquid lava producing a sound that exactly resembles the boiling of a cauldron.

But as this conical hill cannot be ascended without excessive fatigue, from sinking every step half leg deep in ashes, hot enough to scorch a pair of boots; and as we had had an account of the present situation of the mouth of the crater from a French gentleman who had descended into it the day before, we suffered curiosity to press us no further, and amused ourselves with tracing across the subjacent country the various currents of lava with which fertile vallies have been desolated, and flourishing cities overwhelmed.

Toward Midsummer 1794, Vesuvius had ceased to vomit either fire or smoke, a circumstance which generally presages an eruption; and at half past three o'clock on the morning of the 13th of July, the inhabitants of the foot of the mountain were suddenly alarmed with a shock, like that of an earthquake. This terrifying stroke was thrice repeated, and the people immediately fled into their gardens, where they passed the remainder of the night in anxious expectation.

Next morning nothing was to be seen at Naples but penitential processions of men, women, and children, walking barefoot to the cathedral, to implore the protection of San Gennaro.

For the next three days the weather was tempestuous, and the air loaded with vapours, with which, together with clouds of ashes, it was sometimes supernaturally darkened; and during this terrific interval several slighter shocks were felt, attended with rumbling noises, like distant thunder; when about two o'clock on the morning of the 17th there was heard an explosion so loud and long, that it could only be compared to a continual discharge of heavy cannon; and a torrent of flaming lava was seen to burst from the western side of the crater, and pour down the sides of the mountain in various directions.

The principal stream, a mile in width, bent its destructive course toward Torre del Greco, a town of fifteen or twenty thousand people, situated upon the bay, ten miles from Naples, and five from the crater of Vesuvius.

A column of dense smoke now ascended from the orifice, in the shape of a cylinder, out of which darted in every direction immense stones in a state of ignition, producing the

effect of forked lightnings, as they were impelled, with irresistible violence, to a distance of several miles.

The fiery lava swept every thing before it, and in less than three hours overwhelmed Torre del Greco, and tumbled into the sea with a horrible explosion, of which some idea may be formed from the violent effects produced by the contact of water with red-hot iron.

The sea hissed with a noise like that of the sharpest thunder, and the lava, curling itself up, as if sensible to the touch of the adverse element, instantly petrified into undescribable crimps and jags.

The vivid reflection of this fiery torrent illuminated the city of Naples till the dawn of day, and the furious concussion of the jarring elements continued all the next morning, and raised a ragged mole in the bay a quarter of a mile square.

This dreadful explosion had been awfully preceded by a sudden flow of the sea, probably occasioned by the impetuous rush that would naturally follow an abrupt absorption of its waters in the cavities of the mountain, which are supposed to run under the bed of the bay.

Such an accident would have been sufficient to cause the instantaneous ejection of the liquid fire then boiling in the bowels of the volcano, by whose fearful contact the tremendous thunder with which it was accompanied might well have been produced.

The surface of the boiling liquid gradually hardened as it cooled, about the mouth of the orifice, from which it had issued, and soon formed a crust of pumice and lava over the unfathomable pit, through the interstices of which the crater has continued to smoke ever since.

The French gentleman before mentioned, in company with two or three other inquisitive foreigners, actually descended to this false bottom, and examined the smoking crannies of the platform that conceals the boiling gulph, whilst their trembling guides protested against their presumption, and on their kness invoked St. Anthony, the catholic guardian against fire, for the preservation of their adventurous charge.

Our fellow traveller brought away with him a large lump of cristallized salts, that he had himself picked out of the principal orifice, the air of which, fuming from beneath a volcanic rock, was hot enough to singe his hair.

Torre del Greco now exhibits an appearance little less curious than Herculaneum or Pompeii. Many of the houses were soon excavated, and others rebuilt upon the same spot, though the lava continued warm in some places for several years, and his Sicilian majesty had offered the inhabitants as much ground in another place, to induce them to rebuild the town in a less dangerous situation.

The ashes of this or some former eruption are said to have been blown as far as Constantinople, to the great terror of the superstitious Turks; and it is certain that a month before the memorable one I have just described, while Vesuvius was disgorging stones and fire at its ancient vomitory, a dense cloud was seen at Radicofani, coming from the south-east, the direction of Vesuvius (two hundred miles distant) from which there fell a shower of ashes and volcanic stones.

During an eruption which took place in the year 1538, a new hill arose in the vicinity, to the height of 600 feet; and many of the mountains between Rome and Naples are said to discover traces of a similar origin.

The eruption which overwhelmed Herculaneum, and Pompeii, occurred in the 79th year of the Christian æra, and is described by Pliny and other ancient authors.

Since then several other eruptions have taken place, in ages that produced no Historians to preserve their memory, as appears by the various laminæ which have been formed one upon another over the site of Herculaneum.

Pliny, and other ancient authors, speak of this as a great and flourishing city, and the Alexandrian chronicle mentions its having been built sixty years before the siege of Troy. Dion Cassius thus describes its destruction, which happened in the month of August. "An incredible quantity of cinders filled the air, and covered the earth and the sea, suffocating man and beast, the birds in the air, and the fish in the bay. The showers of ashes entirely buried two cities, while their inhabitants were seated in the theatres, and cinders were carried by the wind as far as the coast of Egypt."

Another town arose upon the site of Herculaneum, since called Portici, and now the summer residence of his Sicilian majesty, whose inhabitants had long forgotten the traditionary tale, when a peasant, sinking a well in the year 1713, came across several blocks of marble. These being wanted for the composition of stucco, for a palace then building in the neighbourhood by the prince d'El Bœuf, his high-

ness purchased of the peasant a right to search for more, and in so doing restored to light a statute of Hercules and another of Cleopatra.

This success induced him to produce with ardour, when seven Roman vestals, and forty-eight alabaster columns, were the reward of his labour.

Such acquisitions were viewed by the administration with a jealous eye, and the prince was commanded to desist.

It was not till the year 1736, when Don Carlos became king of Naples, and purchased the newly erected palace, that the subterranean city was discovered, under the royal direction, together with the bed of a river which had once run through it.

A temple of Jupiter was soon cleared out, and the amphitheatre completely excavated.

Great numbers of statues, paintings, and ancient utensils, were now discovered, and carefully deposited in the museum of Portici; yet the number of workmen employed by the crown was gradually reduced, and the excavations have been long since totally discontinued.

The most considerable edifice discovered during this interval was a forum, or rectangular court, two hundred feet long, encompassed with porticos. It was paved with marble, and adorned with paintings.

In the grand entrance, composed of five arcades, were as many equestrian statues, two of which are now preserved in the vestibule of the palace.*

At the opposite end, upon an elevation of three steps, was a statue of Vespasian, between two sitting figures, in curule chairs.

This superb forum was connected with two temples by adjoining colonnades.

The city of Herculaneum has been buried by successive showers of ashes, and floods of lava, to the depth of sixty or eighty feet. Its subterranean excavations can therefore only be seen by the light of flambeaux, which must be held up to the dripping walls to display the fresco paintings, and dedicatory inscriptions, which in musty cavities, for ever

* These are the only equestrian statues which have yet been discovered, in marble. One of them was inscribed:

M. NONIO M. F. BALBO PR. PRO. COS. HERCULANENSEO.

(Erected, by the people of Herculaneum, to Marcus, Nonius, Balbus, of Marcus, procurator and proconsul.)

hidden, from the face of day, preserve for modern eyes the obsolete language of ancient Rome.

Pompeii on the contrary, an inland town on the other side of the mountain, having only been covered by a fall of ashes fifteen or twenty feet deep, the removal of which has again exposed the buried streets and houses to the open air, exhibits to the astonished eye the entire skeleton of a departed city, whose solitary passages one ventures to tread with a surprise mixed with horror, like that which is inspired by the idea of an apparition rising from the dead.

In the suburbs of the town are seen the soldiers' quarters, with Roman names and obscene figures scratched upon the walls, two thousand years ago, in the very style of a modern guard-house; the platform and proscenia of two theatres, from which we may presume the Roman legions to have been no less addicted to their public shews, than the French troops now are to their "spectacles;" and an entire plan of a Temple of Isis, with the cœnabulum, in which were found the bones of some fish, the slaughter-house, with the very ring to which the struggling victim was attached, and the channel by which the blood was conveyed away, the corner into which the priests squeezed themselves when they spoke for the oracular statue, and the secret stairs by which they went up into the "Sanctum Sanctorum."

Here were found candelabræ, sacrificial instruments, and human skeletons, probably those of priests, deprecating the vengeance of their gods at the time of the eruption.

In the guard-house, iron stocks were found, with skeletons standing in them, and you are still shewn the impression of a flying foot which had sunk in yielding lava.

From the suburb you cross a vineyard to the town itself, through the principal street of which runs the pavement of the Appian Way.

On descending to the ancient surface, you behold two narrow streets, diverging obliquely from a public fountain.

The pavement, worn into ruts by the wheels of ancient cars, and the footways, raised as they now are in English and American towns once sullied with the litter of continual passengers, now appear bleached by wind and rain.

Neither of these streets is more than fifteen feet in width, and the carriage way is not above ten, yet there was room enough for two of the ancient cars to pass at a time, the tracks of which are but four feet asunder.

You contemplate with serious reflections, rows of houses, now unroofed and silent as the grave, once the cheerful habitations of Roman citizens; and as you pass along by the gaping doors and windows, you perceive the stain of a heated cup on the front slab of a tavern, and the indecent emblem of licentiousness over the entrance of a brothel.

On entering into some of the houses you still read upon their thresholds, in large letters, wrought in black and white mosaic, of which all the floors are constructed, the "salve" that welcomed the guests of antiquity; and perceive upon the walls, by the help of a little water to freshen the colours, the ornamental devices of ancient ingenuity.

The finest specimens, however, are nothing more than small sketches of figures or landscapes, with Arabesque borders, representing for instance, Venus attired by the Graces; Cupid playing on the tibia; a dancing Bacchante; fighting Gladiators; a temple; an altar, with a cock, for a sacrifice to Æsculapius; a Roman villa; fish; game; flowers, &c.

The houses are generally very small, yet some of them are built round a court, which had a fountain in the middle.

The windows were mostly closed with wooden shutters, yet some few of them had glass in them, which was not perfectly transparent, and others were shaded with isinglass split into thin plates.

In one of the houses were found chirurgical instruments, and manuscript rolls; the utensils now used by soap boilers were found in another. In one of the courts was the iron-work of a calash, which must have been exactly like those now used at Naples, though the modern Neapolitans have forgotton the use of footways.

Passing through the main street to the walls of the town you see beyond the houses a court, containing a broad flat stone for the burning of the dead, round which are still seen upon the wall enormous masks of "terra cotta," with mournful countenances.

Here also are several family tombs, one of which is inscribed with the name of its founder, and the laconic inscription,

SIBI ET SUIS.*

For him and his.

Farther on is a semicircular bench for repose or conversation; and a sentry box for the city guard remains just within the town gate.

Another cleared spot in the neighbourhood exhibits a complete specimen of an ancient villa.

The whole plan of the house, its out-houses, its gardens, and its fish pond may be accurately traced: the kitchen and the bath-house are almost entire, with their boilers and tunnels, yet fit for use, and the cellars still contain earthen jars with wine encrusted to ashes.

From the principal floor of this villa, a terrace projects on each side, under which runs a gallery, and other apartments for summer residence, in one of which was found the skeleton of the master, with the house-key and a purse of gold.

Pompeii appears to have been itself chiefly built and and paved with lava. It was not buried so deep but that the battlements of the houses remained above the surface, and pointed by their crumbling pinnacles to the scene of destruction: yet it was not till the year 1750 that it was thought worth while to search into the ruins, when the parts above described were easily cleared of the loose soil, with which they had been so long concealed, and displayed the shocking spectacle of those who had been buried alive in burning cinders.

Skeletons were found heaped together in the houses and in the streets, and the untasted food of the suffocated inhabitants was still discernible upon their tables.

At the royal palace of Portici, are preserved the innumerable objects of curiosity, which have been drawn from Herculaneum and Pompeii.

They are arranged in long strings of rooms paved with ancient mosaics, ornamented with ancient frescos, and furnished with every article of domestic utility, known to the Romans. In one of them are seen the culinary utensils, which are scarcely exceeded by the inventions of modern refinement.

In another, instruments of husbandry, sufficiently proving by their resemblance to those now in use, that human ingenuity, as well as animal instinct, operates universally similar ends by similar means.

In another are preserved sacrificial and chirurgical in-

struments, among which the lancet "that favourite implement of some modern practitioners," is observed to be wanting; scales and weights, steel-yards, &c. like those now in use; nails, screws, locks, keys, latches, hinges, bolts, &c.

In another, lamps, lachrymatories, Etruscan vases, and caledaria, with heaters, which are said to have first suggested the idea of tea urns.

In another, eatables, retaining their original shape, such as corn, flour, bread, a pie in its pan, peas, beans, nuts, almonds, grapes, figs, dates, wine, oil, fish and eggs; lace, linen, nets, helmets and coats of mail, swords and shields.

The scrolls of papyras, containing ancient manuscripts, of which there are near a thousand, are preserved with particular care. They have been consolidated by heat and moisture into hard rolls.

A few of them, however, have been unfolded by a tedious process; but instead of the lost books of Livy or Polybius, they preserve nothing but uninteresting treatises upon music, rhetoric, and theology; and only two of these manuscripts, undoubtedly the most ancient now extant, have been thought worth publishing to the world.

The scrolls are in a state of calcination, as if just drawn out of an oven; but their being written on one side only, admits of gluing the leaves to a thin pellicle, upon which they are gradually unrolled.

Among the statues found here there is nothing very extraordinary in point of art, and some of them are too indecent and immoral to be publicly exposed.

In the gardens of the palace of Portici, there are swings and wooden horses fixed upon round-abouts, such as delight the populace at English fairs. They are here erected for the particular amusement of the Court; and on holidays the people flock from Naples in crowds, to see the grown gentlemen divert themselves with this masculine amusement.

We were yesterday at the Palazzo degli Studi Publici, an immense edifice, in which are preserved the antique statues inherited from the house of Farnese, many of which are exquisitly fine.

There is the famous Hercules, of equivocal merit; the Flora, of indisputable elegance; a head of Homer, of the most venerable sublimity; and a falling Gladiator, whose

attitude is so impressed with fainting weakness, that you approach the pedestal with caution, for fear the statue should actually fall.

We have not seen the three doric temples of Pœstum, the ancient Possidonia, which have lately risen into notice from the midst of Calabrian thickets; nor the Phrygian caps and Grecian veils of the peasants, who preserve, in the little island of Procida, all the peculiarities of a Grecian colony; neither have we visited a tenth part of the churches and convents of this catholic city.

Yet, to-morrow we return to Rome, by the same tardy conveyance, which experience has taught us to prefer in Italy to any other.

LETTER XXV.

RETURN TO ROME.—CANOVA.—VOLPATO.—EXCURSION TO TIVOLI.

LITTLE occurred worth mentioning between Naples and Rome. Our only companion in the coach was an Italian lady, who spoke no language but her mother-tongue, and we found ourselves, for the first time, reduced to a ridiculous dilemma, of hearing without understanding, and speaking without being understood.

The lady, however, though a married woman, on the wrong side of forty, soon found a cisisbeo in one of the other coaches, who was always at the door to hand her out and in.

At night he was her valet de chambre, in the morning her hair dresser; in short that amphibious animal, indispensible to the helplessness of an Italian fine lady; and to his obsequious attentions I willingly resigned her.

At the wretched inns upon the respective frontiers, travellers are incommoded by the unfriendliness of the neighbouring states, neither of whose inhabitants will receive the current coin of the other beyond the boundary line, which separates the good catholics of the kingdom of Naples from those of the patrimony of St. Peter.

After leaving the noisy crowd of Naples, it seemed like going into the country, to return to the monastic quietude

Rome, and we were happy to find our old lodgings still vacant, and our affectionate landlord and his wife ready to receive us again with open arms.

We went with them the next day to the work-shop of Canova, curious to behold the only statuary that modern times can venture to compare with Phidias and Praxiteles, or the unknown artist of the Venus de Medicis, and the Appollo Belvidere.

This incomparable sculptor, is a little man, middle aged, a native of Venice, with intelligent features, singularly mild and unassuming.

We found him giving the last strokes to a figure of Hebe, alighting on a cloud, and pouring nectar with all the lightness of an aerial attendant at an Olympian banquet.

He shewed us a Perseus, which he had just finished, of exquisite proportions, and a plaister cast of his celebrated groupe of Venus and Adonis, universally allowed to be little if at all inferior to the perfect models of antiquity, which now grace the gallery of Paris.

I asked him if he could make me a bust of Washington, from a drawing or a print, but he declines confining himself to real life, preferring his liberty to range at large in the regions of ideal beauty.

In the afternoon I went to see Volpato, the best engraver at Rome since the death of Piranesi, the local genius that seems to have been formed among the monuments of antiquity, to give them, before they crumbled into dust, circulation and perpetuity.

Volpato is superannuated, but he could yet be pleased with the compliment of an American visitor. His principal performances are from the histories of Raphael and the landscapes of Claude; but his graver has ever been best adapted to inanimate nature, and he was now employed upon a fine composition of Gaspar Poussin, I think from the Pamfili collection in the Palazzo Doria.

I strolled to the Tivoli the day before yesterday, on foot, and alone, to be perfectly at liberty to contemplate the beauties of the Sibyl's temple (as it is denominated by common fame) and the unbounded ruins of the villa of Adrian, that lie just without this wretched town, the houses of which are little better than Indian wigwams, piled one upon another, in streets narrow and badly paved, up hill and down.

Tivoli is situated on an eminence bordering the

Campagna di Roma, the ancient Latium, at the distance of fifteen or eighteen miles from Rome. It was built five hundred years before the days of Romulus, yet it must have remained inconsiderable in those of Augustus, since Horace says of it.

> Parvum parva decent. Mihi jam non regia Roma
> Sed vacuum Tibur placet.*

The Consular road which still leads to it, was once bordered with magnificent sepulchres, of which shapeless ruins yet remain.

About twelve miles from Rome there is a volcanic lake, from which bituminous and sulphureous vapours, constantly exhale, and render the vicinity unhinhabitable to man or beast. Material substances condense in its petrifying waters, and floating islands are often formed upon the surface, of compacted reeds and bulrushes.

Two miles farther, you cross the Anio, or Teverone, by the Lucanian bridge, so called from a victory which the followers of Romulus there gained over the ancient Lucanians.

This bridge was repaired by Tiberius Plautius, perhaps the same that accompanied the Emperor Claudius on his expedition into Britain. Close by it is the noble tomb of his family, and a round tower, nearly resembling that of Cecilia Metella, already described, which together with the bridge of a single arch, forms one of those picturesque objects, which furnish ample materials for the imitatve arts in the neighbourhood of Rome.

At a distance on the right you behold the wide spread ruins of the villa Adriana, entwined with thickets and overshadowed by branching pines, the product of a sandy soil. But the road leads you to Tivoli, and you ascend a tedious hill without noticing the fallen remains of the villa of Mæcenas, celebrated by all the poets of the Augustan age; or that of the cardinal d'Este, son of the duke of Ferrara, another illustrious patron of the muses, whose name is handed down with the works of Ariosto.

Between these you pass up the hill of Tivoli, and inquire your way, through blind passages and dirty lanes, to the wretched inn that boasts the possession of the celebrated temple of the Tiburtine Sibyl.

* Small things become the small, Great Rome adieu,
Now, with delight, I vacant Tibur view.

The temple of Vesta, commonly called the Sibyl's temple, from the cave of Sibylla Tiburtina, which still exists not far from it, under the disguise of a church, was once a hollow cone, a shape symbolical of the universe, twenty feet diameter, and as many high, terminating in a dome, and surrounded with eighteen fluted columns, of the Corinthian order, that formed a circular colonnade around the secret cell, in which the holy fire was kept alive by spotless virgins, devoted like the nuns of modern superstition to perpetual virginity.

The inner side of this venerable edifice has been torn away by ruffian violence, for time and nature respected the well proportioned mass. The dome has fallen in, and seven or eight prostrate columns have been removed for the domestic purposes of a neighbourhood, which has no veneration for the legacies of antiquity.

But the outer semicircle of the cone, with its concomitant columns, connected with it by single slabs of marble, which forms at once the frieze of the entablature, hung with festoons of flowers, attached to the horns of sacrificial heifers, and the flat ceiling of the portico, richly wrought in figured compartments, remain for the admiration of successive ages, as one of the most beautiful specimens of the majestic graces of Grecian architecture.

Upon the overhanging brow of a ledge of rocks, worn into caverns by an incessant cataract, whether viewed from the eager proximity of close examination, or the half concealing distance of picturesque effect, perched upon the summit of a perpendicular precipice, foaming with the spray of a furious cascade, the beauteous ruins soar above the yawning gulph, like the hall of Satan, rising by poetic incantation, over the fathomless abyss.

The three grades of Grecian architecture, the Doric, the Ionic, and the Corinthian, for the Tuscan and the Composite are Roman modulations of those sublime and chaste originals, had received the fixed proportions of unchangeable perfection soon after the earliest dates of profane history; yet in comparison with the elegance of a Grecian temple, the pyramids of Memphis, and the pagodas of Pekin, must rank alike among the tasteless efforts of Barbarian strength.*

* I say nothing of the temple of Belus, supposed the tower of Babel, or of the walls of Babylon, which notwithstanding the authority of the Greek historians, the earliest of whom wrote his incredible description after the doubtful masses had fallen to the earth, could hardly have been so long, so

In civil architecture a successful imitation of the Grecian orders has been alike the highest boast of Rome, when she was mistress of the world, and of the polished empires of modern Europe, which are now tottering upon the pinnacle of civilization.

Among the cavities which have been worn under the foundations of the temple, by the continual rush of water, is the grotto of Neptune, a string of caverns in whose deep recesses the various effects of light and shade, sound and stillness, are infinitely contrasted.

They are said to have been the frequent resort of Claude Lorrain, Salvator Rosa, Gaspar Poussin, Vernet, and other favourites of nature; the Thomsons and the Gray's of painting.

The cave of the Syrens, is a profound abyss, into which I descended with difficulty, and traced the foaming torrent through twining brakes, and dripping caverns, to its last headlong shoot.

The rocks of Tivoli, bordering the Anio, are evidently formed by a progressive deposition from the waters which descend immediately from the calcareous mountains of the Apennines.

In an angle of one of the cavities, that had been accidentally broken away, I was shewn the channels which had been impressed by the spokes, the hub, and the fellies of a cart wheel, that must have been left upon the petrifying surface till it was involved in the growing crust.

On your way to the prostrate remains of the temples and the theatres, the palaces and the barracks, of the villa of Adrian, your are conducted by the Cicerone of the place, to the grand arcade of the palace of Mæcenas, a vault now partly subterraneous, fifty feet wide, and two hundred long, open on one side, by a range of arches. At the far end of this concavity, the mill-race that has turned the wheels of the iron and copper-works, near Tivoli, breaks into the grand arcade, and rushing violently over the broken

broad, or so high as they are represented in ancient history, since they were erected, little more than a hundred years after the Flood by Nimrod, or Belus, and his daughter-in-law Semiramis. On the banks of the Tigris, says one, on those of the Euphrates, says another, while both gravely describe them as encompassing an oblong square sixty miles in circumference, fortified with 1500 towers, 200 feet high. Be that as it might, Xerxes demolished the remains of the tower of Babel in a fit of imperial madness, on his return from his expedition into Greece; and when the Persian dynasty supplanted the Assyrian, Cyrus and his successors depopulated Babylon, by removing the seat of the empire to Shushan, Persepolis, or Ecbatana.

masses, which lie heaped upon the pavement, bursts out again on the side next the river, and falls perpendicularly several hundred feet in showers of spray.

This sight will not detain you long, but the endless departments of the villa of Adrian, spreading over a circuit of several miles, might amuse a curious observer, for days or even weeks.

On entering the great gateway, the first thing that strikes the eye is the ground plan of a theatre. In it may be still traced the stage, the orchestra, the actors' apartments, and the seats of the spectators.

There are also within the walls, remains of two other theatres, of a Naumachia, for the exibition of sea-fights; a Hippodrome, a gymnasium, and public and private baths.

In the centre was the imperial palace. It was two stories high, and it is still surrounded with the cento celle, or hundred chambers of the body guards. They opened upon a sunken area; were attained by bridges, which could be withdrawn at pleasure, and had no communication with each other, to prevent insurrectionary combinations.

Behind the palace were variously distributed, the library, the schools for technical studies; and the hall of the stoics, appropriated to philosophical disquisitions.

Around them, in various stages of decay, may still be traced temples of Apollo—of Diana—of Serapis, an imaginary deity, borrowed from the Egyptians, by the still more superstitious Romans.

In some apartments of the library, beautiful frescos and ornaments of stucco yet remain; and among these crumbling ruins have been found innumerable statues, vases, candelabra, and other objects of imperial luxury, which had escaped the dilapidations of succeeding emperors, and the more destructive occupancy of the Goths and Vandals, large bodies of whom were often quartered in the ready barrack of its endless apartments.

In the vicinity of this unparalleled villa, may still be traced the neighbouring seats of Regulus, of Cassius, of Quintilius Varus.

Ten miles above Tivoli, was the farm of Horatius Flaccus, so often hinted at in the Epistles of the first of satiric poets. It is now one of the demesnes belonging to the princes of the family of Paul V.; a line that has been more enriched by the nepotism of their predecessor, than any other of the papal houses.

The casinos of the cardinal Duca, count Falconieri, the

duke de Bracciano, and three or four more, belonging to the prince Borghese, adorn the beautiful slopes of frescati. But it will not be worth while to go three miles out of my way to see them, as Italian villas, laid out in the English taste, are puerile to those of England; and palaces in the formal style, are totally eclipsed by the statues, the vases, the fountains, and the trellises of Versailles, and Fontainebleau.

I saw the sun go down upon the crumbling walls of the villa of Adrian; and, at ten o'clock at night, as I sit in a large room, scantily furnished, and hung round with the scrawls of wandering travellers, I hear the roar of the Anio, and my windows rattle with the rising blast, that whistles through the shattered columns of the temple of Vesta.

It reminds me that I am alone; five thousand miles from my own fire-side.

The thought is serious; it stops my rambling pen.

Farewell.

LETTER XXVI.

OBSEQUIES OF PIUS VI.—FOLLIES OF THE CARNIVAL.

THE time was now come when the wish of our landlord, who marked with pleasure my attention to the ceremonies of the church, could be innocently gratified with an opportunity to shew his guests the splendid functions of a papal funeral.

The body of Pius VI. had been craved of the hero of Marengo, and granted by that obedient son of the church, at the request of his spiritual father.

The funeral convoy had been long delayed, by the officious zeal of the towns within the patrimony of St. Peter. They had vied with each other in celebrating, over and over again, the soothing ceremonies of which the venerated body had been deprived at its actual inhumation.

It was not till within four days of the unholy period of the carnival, that the hearse and its attendants arrived in the vicinity of Rome, where a little chapel had been fitted up for its reception, without the Porta del Popolo. There it was lodged for the night, and continual masses were

said over it, by officiating priests, who relieved each other in turn.

It was visited in the evening incognito, by those cardinals who owed to the defunct their elevation to the sacred college, and it would have been surrounded by all the populace of Rome, if the gate had not been kept shut, and nobody permitted to pass without the consent of the captain of the guard.

This permission I obtained, among others, and on drawing the curtain of the chapel, I beheld upon the floor a scarlet pall, surmounted by the triple crown.

Next day all the clergy of Rome, except the living pope, and the members of the sacred college, assembled in the three churches of the square within the Porta del Popolo.

At the appointed hour, the various orders of monks and canons, in their respective habits, set out in procession for St. Peter's, holding in their hands lighted tapers, and chanting with united voices a funeral dirge.

The body followed, under an ample pall of cloth of gold, on which was placed the papal crown, supported by all the nobility of the Roman State. The cardinals that had been created by the deceased pope followed on horseback, in mourning cloaks, as the children of the spiritual Father. The papal troops brought up the rear, with their arms clubbed, and their drums muffled, beating the dead march.

After having seen the procession from our windows in the Corso, I hastily crossed the empty streets to the Ponte Sesto, and approaching the cathedral by the suburb of Transterere, had a picturesque view from the opposite quay, of the scarlet pall, slowly crossing the bridge of St. Angelo, under the fire of minute guns from the castle, and the solemn tolling of the great bell of St. Peter's.

On its arrival within the portico of the church, the folding doors were thrown open, and the reigning pope, in episcopal vestments, attended by the sacred college, advanced from a side chapel to receive the reliques of his predecessor.

A solemn intonation from the papal band, accompanied the body to the upper end of the nave, where it was lodged for the night in the chapel of the choir.

Next morning the coffin, covered with cloth of gold, and surmounted by the tiara, having been placed upon a funeral pile, thirty feet square, and as many high, was illuminated with a thousand lights; and at ten o'clock the catholic ceremonies, for the repose of the dead, were as jealously repeated

by the new pope and cardinals, as if the deceased had recently departed for the world of spirits.

Thus the body lay in state three days, the same ceremonies being once repeated by the cardinals of his own creation, and once by the canons of St. Peter's.

It was then privately inhumed in the wall of the South aisle, opposite to the bronze cenotaph of Innocent VIII. where a superb monument is to be erected to his memory, as a mark of the gratitude of the choir, for the erection of the vestry.

The body of the unfortunate Pius was scarcely quiet in its new depository before the populace of Rome danced over his grave to the licentious measures of the carnival, when five or six weeks are given up, in catholic countries, to the public exercise of every kind of foolery, and theatrical exhibitions are permitted at Rome, though forbidden all the rest of the year.

On the evenings of the last eight days there is a horse-race in the Corso, which an antiquarian might venerate as a relique of the ancient games of the Circus or the Hippodrome. A dozen horses are then let loose among the people to make their way to the capital, without riders, spurred on by the flutter of tinsel points, the firing of cannon, and the shouts of the populace, several of whom are generally overturned by them at every course.*

Before this tumultuous scene takes place, the nobility of Rome parade the Corso in their coaches, and amuse themselves as much as the meanest vulgar, with contemptible exhibitions of coachmen in petticoats, huzzar footmen, and maccaronies of the old school, strutting about in full bottomed wigs, and bowing with the profoundest reverence to such acquaintances as they affect to distinguish in the crowd, by peering at them through a hoop.

But all these jokes grew stale with repetition, while a sturdy beggar excited continual merriment, by vociferating in a masculine voice, though tricked out in the rags and tatters of a female vagabond, the well known rigmarole of habitual beggary. "Dying with hunger, a sick husband,

* The Strada del Corso measures near a mile in length, and it is usually run in 2 minutes and 20 seconds, making about 37 feet to a second. Englishmen remark with conscious superiority, that at Newmarket the course of 4 English miles has been completed in less than 7 minutes, which is upwards of 50 feet to a second.—But let me not be thought to sanction this barbarous abuse of the noblest of those animals, which voluntarily attach themselves to the service of man.

children starving at home," she entreated the charity of all good Christians, " in the name of the blessed Virgin, and the holy souls in purgatory."

Amid the general confusion, the unguarded stare of a gaping bystander was now and then suddenly alarmed with the report of a cracker: but the harlequins, the scaramouches, the punchinellos, and the pantaloons were all in the sullens. They had been bound over to their good behaviour by the prohibition of masks, a disguise too dangerous to be permitted in this age of revolutions.

Simple dominos were fain to stagger along as drunkards, to hobble onwards under the affectation of some personal deformity, or in women's cloaths to mince over the gutters, with the officious assistance of a dwarf gallant.

On the last evening, as soon as the race is over, an expiatory mass is said in the church of Jesus, and next morning begin the forty days of lent, which precede the ceremonies of Easter.

During this *holy* time it is unlawful to eat flesh *without permission*, but a general dispensation was now published at Rome, I know not for what reason, and sermons were preached to the people in many of the churches. I was soon weary of the rory faces and violent contorsions of monkish oratory, to which an Italian devotee pays unremitted attention. A Tillotson would lull him to sleep.

The other evening I rambled for exercise or amusement up the hill of Monte Cavallo, to the beautiful though irregular square of the pontifical palace. One side of it is formed by the summer residence of the popes, another by the apostolical datary, a superb edifice, erected for the public offices, but now converted into lodgings for the horse-guards. The third side is occupied by the stables, at a respectable distance, below the proud elevation upon which Paul V. placed the celebrated Castor and Pollux of the baths of Constantine, though the statues are in many respects unworthy of being ascribed to Phidias and Praxiteles, upon the faith of a modern inscription. The fourth side overlooks the town, being open to the western horizon, and it displays a distant view of the dome of St. Peter's, which was now illuminated by the sitting sun.

The grooms were busy harnessing their horses to the pope's coach, and superbly caparisoning the mottled ass, which was to bear the cross before his holiness on some official occasion.

Arrested by curiosity, I lounged about the courts of the

palace till the procession was formed, taking notice, among other things, of the round tower, that has been erected under the orders of some meek and holy pontiff, to command the gate way. It is mounted with half a dozen brass cannon, and could readily clear the Piazza di Monte Cavallo of the insulting throng of a sudden insurrection.

When the cavalcade filed off, I followed it down the hill to the magnificent church of the holy apostles, which has been already described.

Here there was a grand illumination of the sacrament. The sparkling ostensory was surrounded by a pyramidal exhibition of innumerable lights, in the brilliant radiations of suns and stars, betwixt shining pyramids and blazing spires.

By this time the approaching dusk began to give to the splendid exhibition its utmost lustre, and when the Pope entered in an episcopal mitre, glittering with silver, a curtain was withdrawn, which displayed a figure of the Virgin, magnificently dressed, and to the interlude was added the accompaniment of music; after which the entertainment concluded with the solemn farce of the state coach and bare headed postillions.

A day or two after this our landlady informed us with an air of exultation, that Cardinal Zelada was dead, and that every body was going to see him laid out at his own house, previous to his lying in state at church.

She was, undoubtedly, a good catholic, for she always dropped upon her knees when the Pope rode by our windows; yet, it is my opinion, she would have been glad to hear of the decease of half the members of the sacred college, for the sake of seeing them all interred with pontifical ceremony.

I knew his eminence had been secretary of state to the unfortunate Pius, and could not but feel some habitual qualms at making matter of amusement out of the obsequies of a man who had probably died of a broken heart.

We went, however, with a multitude, sheltering ourselves under the prudential maxim, "When you are at Rome you must do as Rome does."

We found the house crowded with people, coming and going, and we would gladly have returned, if we could have done it with decency, without seeing the cadaverous exhibition.

The next day, at church, the body was laid upon a bed of state, arrayed in episcopal vestments, with the mitre on

its head, in the style of effigies, so often seen in France and England upon Gothic tombstones.

The walls of the church were hung with black and gold, and the Pope's band appeared in the organ loft, to begin a slow and solemn incantation as soon as the Pontiff should be seated.

After the funeral hymn, the Pope arose and sprinkled with holy water the border of the scarlet bed, encircling the body several times, with a sweeping train of priests and prelates.

Their eminences withdrew from this humbling memento, of what themselves must one day come to, deafened with cries of "clear the way! clear the way! for my Lord Cardinal!" and it was with difficulty they could reach their coaches across the inextricable confusion of trampling horses and rattling wheels, dogged by an impatient mob, which had waited for hours in the adjacent streets.

The rudeness of the Italian populace is, on these occasions, barbarously gross. I have had my coat singed with the pot of coals, without which a Roman slattern never goes from home in winter; and I have been pushed aside by a cardinal's footman, with as much insolence as if he was making way for his master: but when the Pope's guards have been opening a passage through the crowd by main force, I have been sometimes apprehensive of being squeezed to death, in a place where it would be felony, without benefit of clergy, to strike a blow.

At the Easter holidays, observed alike by the Jews, as the feast of the Passover, and by christians, as the anniversary of the awful sacrifice of the Son of God, which was prefigured by that of the Paschal Lamb, funeral ceremonies are performed upon the Holy Eve, in the Capella Sistina, under the solemn chaunt of the papal band, which, on this occasion, pours forth, in penetrating strains, the trembling "Miserere."

The Capella Paulina is at the same time dimly lighted up for a mournful exhibition of the holy sepulchre; and an illuminated cross is suspended in the air beneath the dome of St. Peter's, when the symbolic refulgence creates sublime effects of light and shade, glittering upon the gilded ceiling, running into obscurity in the recesses of the chapels, dying away in the hemisphere of the dome, and fading by degrees on the sides of the nave, and in weaker and weaker reflections of diagonal radiation.

All this we shall miss by leaving Rome a month too soon;

and two months later, on the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, we might see the illumination of the Colonnade, the Façade, and the Dome, blazing with innumerable lights, and behold the Girandola of St. Angelo, an explosion of five thousand rockets, that fills the atmosphere with sparkling corruscations.

Before I quit the Papal metropolis, I must crave forgiveness of my Protestant brethren, for speaking of the sovereign Pontiff in the established style of etiquette. The *holiness* of an unholy Pope indicates no more in the courtly nomenclature of Europe, than the *grace* of an ungracious duke, or the *serenity* of a passionate prince. Do we not read within the covers of our own Bibles of, "that *sanctified* person, the *most high* and mighty prince, James, *by the grace of God?*" &c.; and even in America, under the authority of no general council, under the prescription of no established church, is not the adulatory phraseology repeated throughout innumerable editions? I hope, however, it will not be long before American editors will venture to omit the whole apocryphal book of the epistle dedicatory.

My Catholic readers, especially in America, will demand, and deserve, a more serious apology, for the freedom with which I have exhibited the real or supposed errors of the Church of Rome. I well know that the Roman Catholics in the United States are justly considered as good citizens, and pious Christians, particularly at Philadelphia, where the name of Harding, their late venerable pastor, is often coupled, in philanthropic recollections, with that of his revered contemporary Benezet. If many of them have been heretofore unacquainted with ecclesiastical history, and many more have qualified in America their religious, as well as their political, creed, I beg them to remember, that the revival of historic truths, however unwelcome, is not wilful defamation. The same darkness involved church and state, religion and philosophy, during the long interval between the decline of the Roman empire and the revival of letters; and the Catholics of the nineteenth century are no more responsible for the inventions of the ninth, than are the modern Presbyterians for the intolerance of their forefathers.

LETTER XXVII.

JOURNEY FROM ROME TO LYONS—PASSAGE OF MOUNT CENIS.

Lyons, 15th April, 1802.

WE left Rome, with regret, the 19th of March, with a Vettorino, who was to take us to Florence for eight sequins (a Roman coin worth about two dollars), though he had first asked as many Louis d'ors, according to the laudable custom of his country.

We had for company a German rider, or travelling agent for a manufacturing house, who could speak, for ought I know, all the languages of Europe; yet whether he expressed himself in English, French, or German, his pronunciation and phraseology was always that of his mother-tongue.

He remarked himself, that it was a physical impossibility for a German to pass for any thing else, though by the way an American is an Englishman at London, and with a French tongue in his head, may readily pass for a Frenchman in Italy, and an Italian in France.

I have known a Frenchman who would have been taken for an Englishman in London; and I once met with an English rider, in Switzerland, who might have passed himself for a Frenchman at Paris, or a German at Vienna.

When we arrived upon the frontiers our fellow-traveller used to divert himself and us, by rattling over his name, Johann Rudolph Schalch, to the inquiring sentinels; when the astonished interrogator, after two or three ineffectual repetitions, generally handed the redoubtable German pen ink and paper, to be his own amanuensis.

He was full six feet high, his physiognomy was German, and with his cocked-hat and pistols, he passed, no doubt, among the chicken-hearted Italians, for a disbanded officer, that *might have served under General Suwarrow, or Field-marshal Wurmsur:* but no man is a hero to his valet-

de-chambre; our Vettorino soon discovered that the doughty German was as easily frightened as any body in his *voiture*, and the fellow frequently diverted himself and us, with covert but intelligible references, to the well known indications of timidity upon a road infamous for assassinations.

Our hero had been to Palermo, to see the King of the Two Sicilies, upon some business relating to his manufactures.

He described to us, in opprobrious terms, the worthless vices of the populace of Sicily, and the slatternly inactivity, even of ladies of the *ton*, in a country that swarms with vermin.

Sicilian wheat has been famous from the earliest ages of civilization, and both in size and flavour, the grapes, the figs, the pomegranates, the oranges, and the pine-apples of Sicily, are all that we imagine of the island of Calypso, in the fables of Fenelon, or that the youth of America so often realize, to their cost, amid the verdant insalubrity of the western Archipelago.

A letter of introduction from Prince Charles, the philosophic Archduke of the Austrian family, had procured his countryman the honour of a personal interview with his royal brother-in-law; but his Neapolitan Majesty, when he had sufficiently conned over the brief, *graciously signified that he did not understand such business*, and without farther notice, referred his petitioner to General Acton, an English gentleman who had long spared the sovereign of the Two Sicilies the fatiguing cares of administration.

Until we reached Sienna, the full blow of spring upon the groves and hedges promised us a favourable passage across the Appennines; but a heavy snow had fallen a few days before, between Sienna and Florence. It had however melted away before we reached the capital of Tuscany, converted into Etruria by the metamorphosists of France.

Arriving at Florence before dark, I ran down to the Arno as soon as we alighted, recollecting that it opened to the west, and was amply rewarded with the sight of a glowing sky. A brilliant orange melting into a pea-green, of the most vivid transparency, was richly irradiated from behind a ridge of mountains, upon the distant horizon, empurpled with the fairy tinge of an Italian atmosphere.

Here we reposed several days, revisited the interesting objects we had already admired, and enquired for those we had missed seeing before.

The town was unusually gay with the festival of San Gio-

vanni; and the Northern Hero, who was still a bachelor, had like to have lost his heart at last among the straw hats and blue ribbands of the peasants' daughters.

We set out again with a new Vettorino, better acquainted with the Appennines, over which we were now to toil; and we gladly reached before night the hospitable Caravansera, that occupies the central level—bleak and barren as a Siberian desert.

Snow lay fathoms deep in the gullies, and the melting of that which had till then covered the road, had just yielded to a religious fraternity the melancholy satisfaction of interring in holy ground the unfortunate travellers, who had lost their way during the winter, and perished under drifting snows.

One of the dead bodies was carried along as we approached the inn, or rather stable, where, as in many other places, even in the plains of Italy, horses are accommodated on the first floor, and their riders on the second.

We willingly arose the next morning, before day-break, to descend from the ragged back-bone of the Appennines; and as we traversed a barren heath we beheld, at a distance, a volcanic flame, which pierces through a bed of sand.

Soon afterwards we entered the first town of the Bolognese, now part of the Cisalpine Republic, and were sufficiently fretted by the particularity, rather than the insolence of the novices at the Custom-house, who knew not what to make of the trunk full of nick-nacks I had brought away from Rome. They would have taken me for a pedlar of small wares, on his way to the next fair, if our German fellow-traveller had not *assured them that I was an American gentleman travelling for his amusement.*

This examination passed us on to Bologna, where I was obliged to make a regular entry of my prints and marbles, and to pay down the duty upon actual consumption, before I could be permitted to take them across the country.

At the frontier Dogana however, the money was to be restored to me, upon a certificate; but the signature of authority would certainly have stood me in no stead, if a Republican Officer, for whom we had then exchanged the German rider—boiling with professional and constitutional impatience, had not peremptorily insisted on the suspicious clerk's complying with the requisition of his constituent at Bologna.

The next town was in the Duchy of Parma, and I here

prepared myself for another attack, but we were suffered to pass on to the capital, and there a trifling douceur secured us from insult and inconvenience.

The next morning as we quitted the place we met a penitential procession of the Host. It was carried by a priest, under an umbrella, and followed by a multitude of people, decently dressed, and chanting devout hymns, with a degree of zeal warm enough to kindle religious fervour in any bosom not chilled with professed unbelief.

At Placentia we quitted the Milan road, to reach Turin by a nearer route.

The rugged chain of the Alps, white with everlasting snow, is visible from the plains of Marengo, though not less than fifty miles distant; and in the shining barrier of this natural amphitheatre the eye can trace at once the descent of Hannibal—of Buonaparte—and of Suwarrow, from the distant peaks of Mount Viso—St. Bernard—and St. Gothard, whenever their aspiring summits are not concealed by clouds.

Twenty or thirty miles travelling brings you to Turin, a small but regular city, which was supposed to have been surrounded with impregnable fotifications, until the irresistable Corsican proved their insufficiency.

The abdicated Court occupied itself solely with an established routine of military exercises, and devotional ceremonies. The most remarkable object therefore to be seen at Turin, is the stupendous chain of the Alps, still twenty or thirty miles distant, though apparently so near that it might be supposed to terminate the outlets of some of the linear streets.

The romantic perspective of one of them exhibits the icy crags of Mount Viso, from whose majestic summit of ten thousand feet Hannibal encouraged his fainting troops with a sight of the plains of Lombardy—descended to Pinarolum, like a roaring torrent, or a falling avalanche—and defeated the Roman legions under the consul Scipio, who met the destroyer on the banks of the Ticinus.

This incursion of the Carthaginians—one of the most astonishing circumstances of ancient history, is not eclipsed even by the recent passage of St. Bernard—a presumptive impossibility, till it was achieved by the impetuous French*.

* In the midst of winter, 200 years before Christ, Hannibal, though but twenty-six years of age, at the beginning of the second Punic War, set sail from Septa, the modern Ceuta, in Africa, with 50,000 foot, 9000 horse, and forty elephants, and landed at Torifa, one of the Pillars of Hercules, now

Turin now swarms with French troops, as a 105th department of the indefinite Republic—*one and indivisible*. The dismantled ramparts are crowded with priests and friars, who have no where been displaced by the politic subjugator of the South; and every tenth person you meet in the streets, incre-

called the rock of Gibraltar. From thence he passed through Spain to the camp of Spartorias, where he was joined by 50,000 foot and 3000 horse. Marching from Carthago Nova, now Carthagena, with a army of 88,000 foot, 12,000 horse, and forty elephants, he entered Gaul, passed the Rhone near Avenio, now Avignon, transporting his elephants upon floats of timber, covered with earth, and ascended the Alps at Mount Viso. He reached the summit in nine days, with incredible difficulty, being strenuously opposed by the Gauls, who had posted themselves upon the heights, and with horrid outcries tumbled rocks and stones upon the heads of the invaders, already fainting with fatigue. It was now autumn, and snow had begun to fall, which greatly impeded the march, the difficulties of which increased at every step, for when they began to descend upon ice and snow, the beasts of burthen frequently slipped down, and swept away all before them. At length they came to a precipice a thousand feet deep, which would have proved an insurmountable bar to their farther progress, if Hannibal had not opened a circuitous passage for his troops, and thus surmounted the supendous barrier of Italy. Scipio, after having in vain attempted to stem the descending torrent, retreated to Sempronius, who had hastened to his assistance from the fleet in the Mediterranean; and made a second stand behind the Trebia, a river which falls into the Po above Placentia. Here victory again declared for the invader, though crossing the river in rain and snow he lost all his elephants except one. The conqueror wintered at Placentia, but attempting to cross the Appeunines too early in the spring, he was forced by cold and hunger to return; yet the indefatigable Carthaginian again discomfited Sempronius, who had by this time returned from Rome with fresh troops. Hannibal now again climbed the Appennines, and wading with equal difficulty through a deep morass, mounted, himself, upon the only elephant which had survived the winter, he attacked and routed Flaminius, the new consul, encamped upon the lake of Thrasymenus. The field of battle is a swampy plain, in the middle of which is a bridge, still called Ponte Sanginetto, from the effusion of blood spilt there two thousand years ago. Seven miles from hence, toward Rome, is the village of Ossaia, so called from the human bones which are found in its vicinity; and in the neighbouring cathedral of Cortona, is preserved an ancient Sarcophagus, embossed with the battle of the Lapithes against the Centaurs, which is supposed to have been the tomb of the unfortunate Consul, who perished with 15,000 Romans on the fatal day. The senate now created a dictator, to save the republic from the danger with which it was threatened; but Hannibal having reached Apulia by a circuitous route, baffled the prudent Fabius, and with 40,000 foot and 10,000 horse, the remains of the hundred thousand with which two years before he had set out from Spain, the victorious Carthaginian again conquered at Cannæ the dispirited Romans, when, if Polybius may be credited, 80,000 combatants remained upon the field, perhaps the greatest number of human beings that ever perished in a single battle. Hannibal instead of pursuing the fugitives to the astonished capital, quartered his troops for the winter in the city of Capua, vainly expecting a reinforcement from Carthage, to enable him to attack Rome in the spring, with some probability of success. Stung with disappointment and regret, as soon as the season permitted, the conqueror marched his little army, almost annihilated by repeated victories, to the gates of Rome; from whence he withdrew after the fruitless bravado, and was soon recalled to Carthage, where Scipio Africanus, who had himself fled before Hannibal in the plains of Lombardy, afterwards revenged the Romans upon the ravager of Italy.

dible as it may appear, is lame, bandy-legged, or otherwise distorted with goitrous excrescences, or defective limbs.

I engaged a French voiturin to take us over Mount Cenis to Lyons, and we seemed again among old acquaintances; when on getting into the voiture, we were saluted by two French gentlemen, who were returning like ourselves from Italy, and who yielded us the back seat with characteristic politeness.

One of them however alarmed us with horrid tales of robbery and murder; indeed so frequently did one accompany the other in France and Italy, at one period of the revolution, that the word assassination has ever since been used as synonimous with robbery.

He had himself been fired at in a voiture, when travelling before day-light upon this very road. His companion fell dead at the first onset, and he only escaped himself by falling upon the bottom of the carriage, and being dragged out for dead.

About noon we passed the Convent of St. Michael, perched upon the very pinnacle of a stupendous rock; in whose antiquated recesses we were told two or three superannuated benedictines were still permitted to celebrate harmless masses, for the restoration of their catholic sovereign.

Many of the neighbouring heights are romantically tipped with dismantled fortresses, and near Zacconiero we rode under the proud castle of St. George.

At Susa, the ancient Segesium, famous in modern history for a bloody battle called the Pas de Suze, we took additional horses to drag us up the foot of the Alps, and after mounting for an hour, we entered a winding valley, along which ran the road for several miles.

By this time it grew dark, and the novelty of our situation, received additional interest from the evening anthems, that rose as we passed through little villages, in devout aspirations from their humble choirs.

The moonlight now began to reflect from the rocks, and an hour after night we reached Novalezza, a wretched village, inhabited by guides and porters, at the foot of Mount Cenis.

Here I again ran the gauntlet with the officers of the Customs, while supper was preparing in one room, and the voiturin was chattering with half the people of the place in another.

The wind blew so violently that it was impossible to kindle

a fire in our chamber, for the whirling eddy which rushed from the mountain.

Next morning we set forward, wretchedly mounted upon mules and asses, each having a conductor on foot.

We knew we were to pass through a temporary winter, and were already threatened by a piercing wind, we had therefore muffled ourselves with all the clothes in our wardrobe, and every one's hat was tied on with a handkerchief.

Accordingly when we had ascended for an hour by a zig-zag path, the wind began to blow with almost irresistible violence, and the conductors would fain have persuaded *a certain unpersuadeable personage* to sit astride, for fear she should be blown off of the saddle. To those who know her, I need not add that she kept her position, and was probably the first woman that ever ascended Mount Cenis upon a side-saddle.

We now approached an aerial village, the squalid inhabitants of which were sadly disfigured with wens and goitres, and soon entered upon the snows, which cover the remainder of the ascent eleven months in the year, a fit resort of bears and wolves that often follow the mules of solitary passengers to feed upon their dung. They are sometimes seen at a distance hunting the small white hares that inhabit these dreary regions.

A mile or two on, there is a covered passage, through which alone it is possible to pass when the snow is drifted, and a mile or two more of difficult and often dangerous ascent, lands you upon the crown level, a kind of valley between rugged summits, nine miles over.

In the middle of this plain is the Post-house, sanctified with a wooden cross. Here we refreshed ourselves with fish and eggs, there being a lake in the plain which produces excellent trout.

Near it is a little hospital served by two priests, who charitably reside in this dreary situation, to administer relief to those who meet with accidents upon the mountain.

The day was fine, a glorious sun now rendered us insensible of cold, and we rode on in good spirits to the brow of the descent, where some peasants waited to conduct us down the steep declivity in sledges.

One of them sat at our feet to guide, or to retard, the rapid conveyance, and another stood behind like a plough-boy, to direct the descent.

The apparatus was terrifying, as it was to convey us down

a gulph frowning with firs, to which we could see no bottom; but we trusted ourselves once more to unavoidable dangers, and in five minutes we jumped out at Lanslebourg, a short league from the aery summit from which we had literally flown.

In the steepest part of the descent we were confined by necessity to a zig-zag direction, in turning the angles of which we narrowly escaped launching over the precipice: and on reaching the foot of the mountain, where the snow suddenly failed, it required the utmost exertion to save us from being thrown headlong upon stumps and stones.

New vexations awaited us *à la Douane de la République*, the officers of which were too surly for a bribe, and they not only tumbled over my ill-fated paraphernalia, but obliged me to pay two Louis d'ors, the full import duty, though I gave them proofs sufficient that they were not meant for sale, and proved myself no Frenchman, by submitting to the imposition with a very ill grace.

We were now however in France, and had nothing farther to dread from official insolence or rapacity, as I intended to ship the troublesome cargo from some French port: well knowing the truth of what the Republicans told me, *that if I carried them to England, I should be treated ten times worse.*

We now descended by winding vallies, between chaotic rocks, ascending and descending on the very edge of fearful precipices, darkened by spiral evergreens, every now and then rattling over the pavement of a town, till at last the mountains began to sink—the vallies grew wider and wider—and on the second evening we reached Chamberi, the romantic capital of the ancient Duchy of Savoy.

Every thing in it and about it wears an old fashioned air, and fancy might easily convert the Ducal Palace into an enchanted castle—haunted by the ghosts of murdered chieftains.

The antiquated residence has been totally deserted ever since the family acceded to the happier territory of Piedmont; and its vacant courts and lonely towers had already fallen to decay, when Savoy was involved in the vortex of the Revolution.

Next morning we set out again by day-break, impatient to get from under overhanging mountains, and by ten o'clock we reached the rude and naked rocks called Les Echelles, or the Ladders, because formerly the perpendicular

precipice could only be scaled by the help of rope ladders, ascending walls of rock, and leading through frightful crannies and winding crevices.

But the traveller may now descend at his ease on horseback, or in a carriage, by a road called La Grotte, which was cut through the solid rock, by Charles Emanuel, in 1670.

Not far from this astonishing passage, was situated the romantic abbey called the Grande Chartreuse, where, at the bottom of a sequestered glen, superstition had long displayed the Cross of St. Bruno, planted on a spiral rock.

In this extensive convent there were separate apartments allotted for pilgrims and travellers from all the nations of Christendom, and in the library was kept an Album, which had been filled with the effusions of genius, and the offerings of gratitude, in all the languages of Europe.

But the self-denying Carthusians have been driven from their cells; and the convent and the album no longer exist, but in the visions of poesy, and the romances of description.

The country now began to open into fields and plains, and at the close of another day, we alighted, like people glad to get home again, at our former lodgings, in the Place Bellecour.

Lyons, the Lugdunum of the ancient Romans, was built by them in a fertile and extensive valley, at the confluence of two navigable rivers, the Saone, springing from the interior of France, and the Rhone, which flows with accelerated swiftness from the mountains of Switzerland.

United they form one of the principal rivers of the European continent, which runs from Lyons, one hundred and fifty miles due south, as the north river of America descends from Albany. The former, however, is to this day only occupied by flat-bottomed batteaux, or ill constructed barques, little better than the temporary flotillas which convey lumber from the back woods of Pennsylvania. The latter is already crowded with sharp wherries and tight shallops of the neatest construction in the world.

The modern Lyons is a town of one hundred thousand souls, so closely wedged in between the two rivers, that the narrow streets are scarcely pervious to the mid-day sun, between houses piled up seven or eight stories high, yet some of them unexpectedly open upon the ample area of the Place Belle-cour, once the most ornamented promenade in

a country, remarkable for the finest public squares upon earth.*

The Place Belle-cour had long excited the envy of the capital, and when the loyalty of Lyons incurred revolutionary vengeance, the interior row of elegant edifices which surrounded this magnificent quadrangle, was sacrificed to the demon of destruction.

Their remains still cover each end of the area with hills of ruin, notwithstanding the world has been pompously advertised that the Hero of France had again laid the corner stone of this proud square on his return from Marengo.

But the centre is still large enough for the rotatory evolutions of whole squadrons of horse, with which every decadi it is actually enlivened; and on one side of it is an umbrageous promenade, which is constantly crowded from noon till night with walkers and talkers, who furnish each other with the usual amusements of restless or communicative leisure. *Occupé* (says Boileau) *a ne rien faire.*†

LETTER XXVIII.

JOURNEY TO PARIS.—CONSULAR REVIEW, &c.

Paris, May 25th, 1802.

AT Lyons, my dear B——— had a severe attack of bilious fever, which detained us there a month. We had large and convenient apartments at the Hotel du Midi, and were quite at home as to domestic arrangements.

On holidays I frequently went to an old Gothic church in the neighbourhood, where the catholic worship had been lately restored, and was there often edified by the zeal of the poor, who flocked in crowds again to unite in songs of prayer and praise.

* When his Imperial Majesty Joseph II. visited his afterwards unfortunate sister, Maria Antoinetta of Austria, then Queen of France, entering on his way to Paris, the august amphitheatre formed by art and nature around the Place de Perou, he drew back astonished, and could not forbear whispering to his German attendants, "Quel dommage que cet Place soit a Montpelier." [What a pity such a Square as this should be at Montpelier.]

† Busy a doing nothing.

The personal neatness of the French formed a pleasing contrast to the slovenliness of the people, so disgusting in the churches of Italy, but the souls of the habitual choristers were discordantly attuned. They frequently smiled at one another in their novel metamorphosis, and their white robes, emblematic of spotless purity, were often sullied with repeated use.

On the 10th of May we again set out for Paris, now taking the road through the Bourbonnois, as we had already traversed the vine-covered hills of Burgundy.

Nothing remarkable occurred during the journey, which consisted of the usual ups and downs, pains and pleasures, fatigue and repose, across a territory diversified as usual with neglect and cultivation, country and town.

Romantic ideas were rekindled by the antiquated walls of the Gothic castle with its appendant chapel, shaded with coeval elms, in which, in the days of chivalry, had resided the Chevalier Bayard, the pink of knighthood; and the walls of the neighbouring inn were hung with family portraits from the dilapidated chateau.

The towns we now passed through began to resemble those of England, enough to remind us of English contiguity, and every thing wore the face of returning to objects we had been used to contemplate with personal affection or national partiality.

As we passed through the forest of Fontainebleau by the light of a brilliant moon, our baggage jolted off without notice, as we rattled over the pavement; and when we stopped on discovering the disaster, to gather up our trunks again, as they lay scattered about the road, some ill-looking fellows passed by in a cabriolet, who abused us for thieves, and would probably have shared the pretended booty, if they had thought themselves strong enough to have taken it from us by force.

Next day we approached the good city of Paris by the banks of the Seine, which are here beautifully ornamented with cheerful villages, and proud noblemen's seats, the remains of anti-revolutionary grandeur. Among them we were shewn the delightful retreat from which the unhappy Foulon was dragged to the fermenting capital, his mouth stuffed with straw, to expiate, *a la lanterne*, the unpardonable outrage he had uttered, or was said to have uttered, against the majesty of the many-headed monster.

The wretched father must have met upon the road with sensations undescribable, the head of his son-in-law, hoisted

on a pole, round which the cannibals of Paris were dancing *ça ira* with savage yells.

But the storm is now blown over; the approaches of the metropolis of France are no longer strewed with fallen trunks and mangled limbs, the banks of the Seine again smile with the rays of a temperate sun, and display once more the grateful appearances of peace and plenty.

Our old lodgings on the Boulevards were not to be had, and as we only meant to look about us and away, I took a suite of rooms upon the square of the Carousel, being the only tolerable apartments I could there find vacant, for the sake of fronting the Consular Palace, through the hall of which we might pass at will into the gardens of the Thuilleries, connecting across the Place de la Revolution with the Elysian Fields, and the adjacent country toward the Bois de Boulogne and the hills of St. Cloud, so that here in the heart of a crowded capital you may enjoy the air and the openness of a rural retirement.

Only three doors from us, however, begins the narrow rue Nicain, where but a few days before we arrived, a keg of powder had been blown up in a cart, which purposely obstructed the passage at the moment when the First Consul was going in his coach towards the Opera. The carriage however brushed by, and left the adjacent houses to suffer the destruction in which it was intended to have been involved.

Bonaparte betrayed no signs of discomposure on the occasion, and spent the same evening at the Opera Comique, which he was so near passing upon *that undiscovered bourne, from whence no traveller returns.*

The Courts of the Thuilleries now again exhibit all the parade of royalty over the grave of the unfortunate Louis. Once or twice a week they ring with the coaches of the Heads of Departments, Ministers from foreign courts, and strangers of rank, who crowd the consular levee, ambitious of beholding the first man in Europe. Once or twice a month, its walls reverberate with the drums and trumpets of eight or ten thousand regular troops, which are constantly stationed in the vicinity of Paris.

On these occasions the palace swarms with impatient spectators, who are then only admitted by tickets difficult to be procured, except, as formerly, by the favour of a kept mistress, or a valet-de-chambre; and the Place de Carousel teems with the good people of Paris, whilst the First Consul, mounted on a milk-white charger, in a cocked hat and

green coat, the uniform of his body guards, attended by his staff officers in blue and gold, their horses superbly caparisoned, gallops along the ranks—divides them to right and left—or stops their rapid evolutions to distinguish a fellow-soldier of the army of the Alps, the Appennines, or the Pyrenees—of the Rhine, or of the Nile, by presenting him with a sword of honour, which creates the wearer for life, the rampart of his person, or the instrument of his will.

A few days since this hopeful Son of the Church *Catholique Apostolique et Romaine*, absolved by the Genius of Victory from every sin, was received by the Constitutional Clergy at the great door of Notre Dame, and conducted to a throne opposite to that of the Bishop or Archbishop of Paris, for I do not recollect whether it has been judged consistent with the policy of state to re-create the metropolitan order of priesthood, though I know that the obligation of celibacy has not been thought materially to controvert the equal privileges of the *Citoyens de la Republique Française*. Here the Commander-in-chief assisted at high mass, and heard with devout attention a political sermon pronounced by the ci-devant Archbishop of Aix—the same meek and accommodating prelate who twenty years before had congratulated Louis XVI. upon his accession to the throne of his ancestors.

Instead of dining constantly at home we frequently take a morning walk along the Seine, through the range of gardens before described, and dine at a *traiteur's* in the Elysian Fields, where any thing we order is served up in five minutes. After dinner we stroll into the country, or, as we are grave or gay, we amuse ourselves for an hour or two in the picture gallery, or contemplate with humbling sensations, the monuments preserved from revolutionary fury in the Cloisters of the Augustines.

Sometimes we perambulate the circling Boulevards, to the Jardin des Plantes; sometimes we engage a chariot to drive to Vincennes, or St. Denis; and sometimes we take boat to St. Cloud.

When we were here before, a silver key would open the palace; but it is now fitting up for the residence of the new sovereign, for whose state the pavilion of Malmaison has become too confined.

The next step forwards will take the First Consul to Versailles, as the retrograde motions of the Revolution brought his royal predecessor from Versailles to St. Cloud, and from St. Cloud to the prisons of the Temple.

We miss some agreeable companions with whom we before visited these interesting scenes; and to-morrow, satisfied with Paris, we set out in a post-chariot for the Straits of Dover.

LETTER XXIX.

JOURNEY FROM PARIS TO LONDON, ACROSS THE STRAITS OF DOVER.

London, June 10, 1802.

THE fellow that brought the chaise from the Remise, tied our trunk between the fore-wheels in such a manner that it soon shook itself loose, yet he conscientiously charged me two crowns for the rope, and when I appealed to the landlord against the bare-faced imposition, *he was quite ignorant of the value*, according to the laudable custom of the old countries, where no by-stander will ever interfere on an appeal against extortion.

We now rattled for the last time through the streets of Paris, without any occasion to regret the disinterested friends we were leaving behind us, and rolled through the gate of St. Denis, the superb memorial of the pride or the prowess of Louis le Grand, without ever wishing to behold a similar trophy erected in the streets of Philadelphia. For a word in the ear of my American reader—the gates of the modern capitals of Europe, no longer defended by their walls, are huge masses of brick or stone, which serve no purpose whatever, unless the unnecessary one of blocking up the crowded highway; and if either St. Denis or Temple-bar were at the entrance of Market-street, they would certainly be removed as troublesome incumbrances.

After climbing up the tedious suburb of Montmartre, and clearing the Barriére, we galloped with the headlong speed of a French postillion along the level pavement that leads directly to St. Denis, between a double row of lofty elms, which have happily withstood the whirlwind of the Revolution.

The approach of St. Denis is peculiarly interesting from the Gothic spires of the Benedictine Abbey in the long drawn

aisle of whose gloomy chapel, from age to age, and from generation to generation,

> Under the high embowed roof,
> With storied arches massy proof*,

reposed the Capets and the Bourbons of a thousand years, until its marble sanctuaries were profaned with revolutionary sacrilege, by incarnate furies, violating the asylum of the grave.

The town itself is mean and unpromising, its dark and dirty streets being always crowded with the meanest cabriolets and fiacres of Paris; for at St. Denis, even before the Revolution, nothing was princely but the mass priests that prayed their repenting princes out of the pangs of purgatory, of whose pains and penalties the Bourbons were, in general, piously apprehensive, and prudently deprecatory.

We reached Chantilly time enough for an evening walk among the frowning ruins of the castle, whose premature dilapidation, under the unsparing hand of a mercenary purchaser, will not suffer one stone upon another to survive its last princely possessor—now an exiled wanderer, without a home.

But a bridge, once defended by cannon, still vaults over the fossé, and exhibits to the returning emigrant, an equestrian statue of a Condé or a Montmorenci, vainly brandishing the abdicated truncheon of a Maréschal of France; and the moated tower is not yet prostrated, in which the royal Louises were wont to lodge, if they visited their princely cousin on their way to Compeigne, when the Grand Monarques rolled along in state coaches, through admiring crowds, preceded by running footmen; followed by led horses; and surrounded with body guards.

Half way between Paris and Calais we passed through Amiens, the capital of Picardy, become famous since we first saw it, by the tardy Treaty which has given peace to the world, after a war that had depopulated, dismembered, or revolutionized the fairest realms in Europe; overturned the richest colonies of Asia, Africa, and America, and involved within its whelming vortex the remotest nations of the globe.

We arrived in the dusk of the evening, and I spent the glimmering twilight in solitary contemplation around the

* Milton.

venerable cathedral, which is one of the finest Gothic structures in the world.

As you approach this imposing edifice, the long rows of flying buttresses, grey with the moss of ages, and solemn with the consecrated emblems of Christian sanctity, impress the spectator with awe and terror; and at the west end, the foot of the prostrate cross, the fretted battlements, and aery pinnacles, terminating at unequal heights, produce an effect of mystical illusion, unknown to the regularity of Grecian ordonnance; while in the centre a broad arcade, contracting within the thickness of the walls, to the just dimensions of a Gothic door-way, exhibits, instead of clustered pillarets, a host of Saints and Angels aspiring to the glorified Redeemer.

This door is never opened but at the celebration of high mass. We must go round to that of the south transept to enter the hallowed pile. There a little wicket opens at once upon the ribbed arcade, whose conic height and wire-drawn length, abruptly terminate in the deep refulgence of a circular window, forty feet diameter, glowing with all the colours of the rainbow, which penetrate in radiant spangles the entortillated perforations of Gothic filligree.

Between Amiens and Abbeville we met a number of English post-chaises, and two or three coaches and four, driving gaily to Paris under the protection of Lord Whitworth, the British Ambassador, who had been welcomed to France with joyful acclamations; and all the beggars of the department were now collected upon the Calais road, to salute the Mi Lor's with, "Madame et Monsieur, l'effet de votre bonté, je vous en prie: nous mourrons de faim, &c. &c.*"

The nobility and gentry of *the sea-girt isle*, happy to get again upon the Continent, from which they had been so long excluded, took the bowing crowd at their word, for the honour of Old England, and generally threw out an *ecû*, or a *piéce de cinq francs*, as they drove away from the post-house.

The circumstance was unfavourable for us, who were besieged with equal importunity, though we were going the contrary way, and had been long enough in France to know that nobody was starving.

As we entered into Abbeville, a large manufacturing

* Gentlemen and Ladies, a little charity, if you please: we are dying with hunger.

place, the postillion's bidet fell down, and the boy proved to demonstration the utility of jack-boots, of which I should otherwise have left France without having been convinced, by drawing his leg unhurt from under the horse's side.

He was mounted again in a twinkling, and at the post-house door he left us a prey to the beggars, male and female, that collected from all quarters on hearing a chaise drive up.

Here I unluckily affronted the whole irascible tribe, by pettishly advising one of them, with a child in her arms, to go home and mind her business: and we only escaped being mobbed through the streets of this hospitable town, by hurrying the postillion and driving off full gallop.

The Barriére brought us up, and as another herd of raggamuffins surrounded us here also, and teazed us all the while we were making change, I asked the toll-gatherer if there were no means of preventing such a troublesome imposition upon strangers. "Non, Monsieur," was the answer. On which I assured him they would find the way to stop it in England. "Je le crois bien*," replied he; for a Frenchman is always ready to allow that things may be better managed in England.

At the next village I asked a well-dressed man that stood by, whether the people of the place were all beggars; and on his replying in the negative, I advised him, for the credit of the town, to disperse the imposing rabble, among whom there was not a single one that could plead old age or decrepitude.

Montreuil is situated upon a commanding eminence, and strongly fortified, though it was taken by the Duke of Marlborough, when he ravaged the Low Countries.

Midway between the modern sea-ports of Boulogne and Calais, was situated the Iccius Portus, from whence Julius Cæsar embarked for Britain.

Calais having been taken from the French by Edward III. against whom it had been gallantly defended, as we learn from the story of Eustache de St. Pierre, which has been celebrated by poets and painters, remained in the hands of the English two hundred years, when the Duke of Guise retook it by stratagem in 1558, the last year of Queen Mary.

Here we drove to the Hotel d'Angleterre, celebrated by Sterne, under the name of its then proprietor, Dessein.

* I make no doubt of it.

It is probably the most spacious and convenient inn upon the Continent, containing within itself, a billiard-room, a coffee-house, a theatre, &c. &c.

Next morning we cleared ourselves out at the custom-house, and took our passage for Dover, in a French packet-boat, the English watermen not being permitted to take passengers from Calais.

There were a great many people on board, and when the officers of the customs came to search for money, more than ten Louis d'ors being prohibited under pain of forfeiture, they complimented us by taking our word for it, though they searched their own country-people with suspicious rigour.

The wind blew fresh from the north-east, and in half an hour's time we were all sea-sick. The cabin floor, wet with the spray of the sea, was covered over with groaning patients, and the cabin-boys were fully employed in handing their basons from one puling youth to another.

Three or four hours, however, brought us to an anchor off Dover-sands, and a boat was soon alongside from the town, for it would be contrary to all the rules of imposition for the skipper to land his own passengers.

The boatmen were at first so extortionate, that we peremptorily refused their demand, a guinea a-piece for the English passengers. The foreigners, sick as they were, must by no means be landed without a permit from the custom-house.

The fellows hovered round us for an hour, to prevent others from coming off to us, and finally offered to put us ashore for a crown a-piece. This was joyfully agreed to.

I told them *we were foreigners*, as we got into the boat; but they said, *they'd risque that, if we'd a mind to pass for English.*

In less than five minutes they run us upon the beach, and we had scarcely got through the breakers, before we were surrounded by a dozen waiters from the principal inns, eagerly thrusting their cards into our hands, and soliciting our custom for their respective houses.

I gave the name of the one for which I had a card, to get rid of their importunities, and one of the fellows, with undaunted assurance, offered to lead us thither directly; but the rogue took us to another, without our knowing it, and actually pocketed a fee for inveigling us to his own house.

It was the sign of the Ship, where however we were well enough lodged, and could amuse ourselves from our

windows with the continual drive at the door of an English inn; and the eager motions of the passengers in the street, all of whom appeared to be intent upon some urgent business.

Every body looked snug and bold; and the firm step, haughty air, and tight dress, of the women, struck us with the force of novelty, after having been two years upon the Continent.

My B—— was quite exhausted by the fatigues we had undergone since we quitted Rome; but some affairs calling me immediately to London, I left her the next evening, taking a seat for the metropolis in the mail-coach.

We set out at seven o'clock, starting to a minute. The guard behind made the town ring again, with the harsh sound of his horn, and we drove rapidly along the gravel turnpike, the gates of which flew open as we approached, four stout horses making light of the snug carriage to which they were tightly harnessed.

Until it became quite dark, I amused myself with admiring the sheltered cottages, and trim enclosures, by which we passed; and when the lamps were lighted before, I leaned back and went to sleep in my corner, till I was suddenly roused by the blowing of the horn, as we rattled over the rough pavement of the city of Canterbury.

Here we stopped at the King's Head, the Fountain, or the Red Lion; whichever it was, there we supped at midnight, and the whole hour we were there, the neighbourhood rang with stage-coaches, coming and going in every direction, as if the whole country was up in arms.

By day-light we had driven sixty miles, and I waked up to see the varied landscape from Shooter's-hill, the smoking metropolis at a distance; and listen to the smart clack of the bar-maids and hostlers, who occasionally refreshed the coachman or his horses.

The girls cried, "good morning t'ye," with a sprightliness to which I had been long unaccustomed, and the boys would sometimes set us off again, with a "drive on, coachy," in tones that bespoke the hurry of an English road.

We soon entered the suburbs of the largest city in the world, though it may not be the most populous; drove through the winding streets of Southwark, rumbled over London-bridge, and dropping the mail at the Post-office, went on to the Angel at St. Clement's.

I settled my business that morning, found myself alone, without the companion of my travels, among a million of

people, who were all too much immersed in their own affairs, to trouble their heads about me, and set out again the same evening for Dover, which I reached in time to breakfast with her next morning.

A day or two afterward I took a post-chaise to whirl for the third time over the same ground. We dined at Canterbury upon a neck of mutton, a gooseberry pudding, and a bottle of porter, for we could neither of us yet dispense with soup, on a raw day, or relish English wines, after drinking the pure juice of the grape in France and Italy; and were charged for this sparing meal eleven shillings and sixpence sterling: a sum for which four persons might have feasted in France upon all the delicacies in season.

After dinner we walked to the Cathedral, in which is some fine painted glass. Upon one of the monuments we were shown the tattered armour of Edward the Black Prince, who was here interred, from which, our conductor informed us, when the soldiers went off upon the expedition to the coast of Brittany, many of them took away a shred, as a pledge of conquest.

Light state-coaches, trim post-chaises, and elegant chariots, now frequently enlivened the road; and we stopped, for the night, at a neat inn at Rochester, where it was cold enough to demand a fire, though we had needed none since we left Rome, and it was now the beginning of June.

Next morning we set out, in a drizzling rain, to lose ourselves, once more, in the labyrinth of London.

LETTER XXX.

GENERAL SKETCHES OF THE SOUTH OF EUROPE.

London, August 1802.

HAVING now made what is called the lesser tour of Europe, I take up my pen to sketch off a general view of the different nations, which are so strikingly contrasted to each other in a space not greater than that of the United States, and only separated by a current of water, or a ridge of mountains, sometimes by lines of demarcation altogether imperceptible; yet the neighbouring inhabitants of frontier provinces, often inimical, and always unfriendly, are fenced

against each other by the walls and ramparts of fortified towns, in which the mass of the people remains on both sides wilfully ignorant of the arts, the language, and the religion of their neighbours.

Travellers, for business or amusement, cannot visit neighbouring states without passports, even in time of peace; nor can they carry with them a change of apparel, without being searched at every frontier, as defrauders of the revenue; a system which has been every where so much overstrained to support official profusion, as to create innumerable smugglers.

The coin of one state will not pass in another, without a discount; no alien is any where allowed to hold lands, or exercise a handicraft among his jealous neighbours; and national enmity is fomented into personal hatred, as the surest means of opposing rivalry and preventing innovation.

The beneficial operations of commerce are invariably shackled by privileges and exclusions, instead of being left, like the rain of Heaven, to find their own level. Nothing is uncontrolled; oppressive regulations curb every exertion, and the subjects of European governments have been wittily said to be *governed* to death.

But under the feudal system, which prevailed in Europe till the twelfth century, the rights of mankind, natural as well as civil, were universally engrossed by Nobles and Ecclesiastics, although the privileged orders scarcely any where formed a hundredth part of the community.

The poverty of the people enters into the policy of oppressive governments, and the innumerable multitudes that supply European fleets and armies could never be raised for the horrid purpose of spilling one another's blood, if the populace of towns, and peasantry of the country, were not upon the point of starving.

But even the pressure of domestic misery, is not always sufficient to secure the national supplies. France has now recourse to military requisitions, and British press-gangs have long set at nought the boasted liberty of the subject. At the beginning of the present war, the Parliament of England voted 100,000 men for the service of the Navy alone; and when insurrectionary France repelled at the same time the Prussians and the Austrians on one side, and the English and the Royalists on the other, there was a levy *en masse*, and 1,300,000 men were at once in arms upon the long extended frontiers of the new republic.

Under the old government the French were as much shackled with exclusive privileges and inclusive restrictions as any of their neighbours, and the spire of every village equally bespoke a religious profession established by law; but since the expulsion of the clergy, you see in broad letters upon the walls of churches, the abbreviated creed of the *regne de la terreur*, as the tyranny of Robespierre is now expressively denominated:

LE PEUPLE FRANCOIS RECONNOIT L'ETRE SUPREME, ET L'IMMORTALITE DE L'AME*.

After the abolition of the laws, public inscriptions were also found useful upon civil edifices. It was common, when I passed through the country, to see written upon walls and out-houses,

Citoyens! respectez les Proprietés Nationaux,† or

Citoyens respectez les Proprietés d'autrui. Elles sont les fruit de ses travaux et le recompense de son industrie‡.

Upon the gates of towns and the fronts of palaces had long been read with terror the Revolutionary motto:

LIBERTE! EGALITE! FRATERNITE! OU LA MORT§!

The last word of the climax had been effaced before our arrival, by the authority of the five dictators, or of the three consuls: and while we were at Paris, an obnoxious label, indicating the identical balcony of the Louvre from which Charles IX. had fired upon his protestant subjects, on the bloody eve of St. Bartholomew, disappeared in the night, and was never replaced.

But the equivocal or delusive exclamation of

Paix au Peuple! Guerre au Gouvernement Anglois‖

still remained, as it had been long scrawled on the walls of

* The French Nation acknowledges the Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul.

† Citizens respect the national property.

‡ Citizens respect the property of others. It is the fruit of their labour and the reward of their industry.

§ Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death!

‖ Peace to the People! War to the Government of England.

theatres and guard-houses; for the French invariably profess the utmost consideration for their brave enemies the English, and vent all their rage upon Pitt, with a prolonged *Diable!*

The impositions of government since the Revolutionary effervescence has subsided, are now again as patiently suffered as ever they were under the ancien régime.

A Frenchman never says a word about politics. His unfailing topics are the opera and the theatre—the last battle or the next review. Every town of any size in France boasts its *spectacle*, but it takes all the population of the South, including Lyons, and Bourdeaux, Nismes, Toulon, and Marseilles, to support a single provincial newspaper. Even the Paris journals are squeezed into a single half sheet, and only perused to amuse a lounge in the alleys of the Palais Royal, or the mall of the Thuilleries, or to kill time at the traiteur's while coffee is preparing, or dinner serving up.

Under the Princes of the House of Bourbon, the oppressed people frequently revenged themselves upon their supine or vicious Monarchs, when rioting in all the omnipotence of Versailles, with lampoons of the most cutting irony, some of which, though well known, I cannot forbear repeating, as proofs that hollow blasts against religion and royalty preceded the earthquake of the Revolution.

When Louis XIV forbade the repetition of the pretended miracles that were wrought at the tomb of a certain abbé in Paris, somebody wrote upon the wall of the church-yard,

> De par le Roi! Défense a Dieu
> De faire miracle en ce lieu*.

And the equestrian statue of his successor, in the beautiful square that once bore his name, was inscribed, like another tomb-stone, with a provisional epitaph:

> Ci git notre Roi, comme il est à Versailles,
> Sans foi, sans loi, et sans entrailles†.

The statue itself, a noble production of the chisel of Bouchardon, was placed upon an elevated pedestal, supported

* By Royal mandate, G—d's forbid
To heal the sick or raise the dead.

† Behold our royal master in monumental stone,
As lawless, faithless, brainless, as when upon the throne.

by the cardinal virtues, and the adulatory arrangement gave occasion to the cutting gibe,

Bouchardon est un animal,
Et son ouvrage fait pitié,
Il monte le Vice à cheval,
Et laisse les Vertus à pié[d]*,

Upon this very spot, the statue having been overthrown, and broken to pieces, the thirtieth sovereign of a dynasty, which had reigned in France a thousand years, lost his head upon a public scaffold, under the affectionate exclamation of his trembling confessor:

Son of St. Louis, ascend to Heaven!

In Italy, at the boundary of every district, especially in the kingdom of Naples, you behold the apparatus of the crucifixion, completely furnished with the reed, the spear and the sponge; and your eyes are continually saluted with little images of the Virgin, or coarse paintings representing to the life, monks and friars in the act of delivering out of the flames of purgatory the holy souls of the faithful. [Le animé santé del purgatorio.]

Upon the fronts of churches and the frontispieces of altars, a protestant eye is there often offended with the incongruous dedication of

DEO ET DIVO ANTONIO, OR FRANCESCO†;

and beholds with aversion the adoration of the Virgin Mary, under the heathen deification of

REGINA CŒLI‡,

or the antichristian attribute of

DEIPARA IN CŒLUM ASSUMPTA§.

* O fie, Bouchardon,
What a pitiful brute,
To set Vice on horseback,
And Virtue on foot.

† To God and St. Anthony, or St. Francis.

‡ Queen of Heaven.

§ Mother of God, taken up into Heaven.

One may trace the character of the principal nations of Europe in the appellations of their ships of war.

For instance, when we read in the newspapers, of

The Ocean,
The Goliah,
The Terrible, or
The Invincible,
} first rates,

The Vulture sloop, or

The Spitfire bomb ketch, we perceive the furious spirit of the Mistress of the Deep.

The threatening and bombastic vanity of the French, is equally indicated by their

Sans Pareils,
Temeraires, and their
Vengeances;

While the supine devotion of the Spaniards, and the snug œconomy of the Dutch, are characterised by the weight of metal of

Il San Josef, or
La Madre de todos los Santos,
[The Mother of all the Saints.]

And the shallow draft of the broad sixty fours, and spreading Indiamen, which sail from the flat coast of Holland under the homely denomination of

De Vryheid,
De Brodershap, or
De Vrouw een Zulke.
[Good Wife such-a-one.]

The British Navy, which now rides paramount upon the roaring deep, though Spain once fitted out an armada that was judged *invincible*, and Holland long afterward disputed with the Queen of the Ocean the empire of the seas, has been imperceptibly created by the trade of the nation, while that of the French is occasionally puffed up by the spirit of the people.

One is the hardy offspring of individual activity. The other is the puny heir of national pride. One is commanded by practical theorists, the other by theoretical practitioners.

But French and English philosophers and speculatists stand upon equal ground. They discovered at the same moment the principle of the telegraph to regulate the motions of their hostile fleets. By this compendious operation a few minutes is sufficient to convey from London to Portsmouth, or from Paris to Brest, the will of the First Consul, or the directions of the Admiralty.

The sign-posts of inns, and other public exhibitions, are equally characteristic of national biasses.

In England it is the King's Head, or that of the Admiral who gained the last sea-fight—a Black Bull—or a Red Lion; and the rooms are hung with some naval victory, or the racers that have won plates at Newmarket.

In a French town you shall be advertised at the Chapeau d'or, formerly perhaps La Couronne Royale, "Ici on loge à pièd et à cheval*;" and within you may inform yourself at leisure of the next *spectacle*, or the last review.

In Catholic countries you may dine at an Albergo Reale, upon the fare of a muleteer, and lodge in a chamber hung with as many crucifixes and Madonnas as would furnish the cell of a monk.

Many of the foregoing circumstances may appear at first sight incredibly absurd, but most national peculiarities are the result of causes and necessities which pass unobserved, while their effects are obvious to censure or approbation.

Thus the flat bottoms and blunt prows of Dutch merchantmen have been formed upon the sands of their coast, and if the naval genius of Britain has originated from her insular situation, and innumerable sea ports, the undaunted spirit of France may be as probably deduced from the enjoyment of a cheerful climate invigorating the animal spirits, without requiring laborious exertion.

Perhaps the superstitious devotion of the South of Europe, alike prevalent under the ancient and modern empire of Rome, may be also referred to the influence of a relaxing atmosphere, which disposes the body to sensual indulgences, and the mind to indolent contemplations.

But it is a more palpable fact, that Grecian sculpture sprung out of the quarries of Paros in a genial atmosphere, and that British ingenuity owes its origin to the necessities of an uncomfortable climate, supplied by mines of coal and iron.

It can hardly be doubted that Egypt owed its astronomical ideas to an unclouded sky, and conceived the design of its massy structures among rocks of granite; as Rome planned its extensive edifices amidst mountains of free stone, while the still barbarous gable ends of Germany and Holland bespeak the meanness of their native materials; and under an unfostering sun, all the wealth of England is never likely to rival the pride of her nearest neighbour, in the arts of sculpture and architecture.

* Entertainment for Man and Horse.

A certain Great Personage, who patronises the Royal Academy of London, is said to have early declared his opinion, that England was too cold a country for sculpture; and the absurdity of shivering through marble halls and open porticos, in a climate which requires comfortable accommodations three fourths of the year, has been so universally observed, that every modern improver builds his house by the rules of convenience, and only distributes his grounds by those of taste.

In England, where the day approaches twilight darkness one half of the year, while commerce furnishes plenty of train oil, every town of any size is well lighted at night, and the streets of London, nay the public roads for five miles round the metropolis, shine every evening with innumerable lamps; while in the happier climates of the South, Paris itself is but scantily hung with reverberators suspended by ropes over the middle of the streets; and Rome and Naples would be left in total darkness, if it were not for the flambeaux of footmen, and the glimmering lamps that twinkle before Madonnas.

In England the various arts of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, have been improved to a degree of perfection, of which little idea can be formed by any thing to be seen elsewhere, though the French cultivate their vines with a great deal of skill, and their manufactures of china, tapestry and plate glass are perhaps unequalled: but their social gaiety is ill adapted to the tedious and solitary operations of commerce and colonisation. Witness the little progress that was made in Canada, while the British colonies were rising into an independent empire; and the instability of their possessions in both the Indies, which have invariably sunk under the ascendancy of Britain.

Immense wealth has been the consequence of patient and persevering industry. Improvements of every kind have kept equal pace in England, the gravel turnpikes rattle with the chariots of the nobility and gentry, the post-chaises of genteel travellers, and mail-coaches driven in a style of elegance unknown elsewhere; while the paved roads of France exhibit nothing like riding for pleasure but two-wheeled post-chaises, clumsy stage-coaches, swagging heavily along with a calash before, and a baggage waggon behind, and flying machines for conveying the mail, which resemble an ammunition cart, or the hearse of an hospital. Alike in the cabriolet and in the voiture, the harness is tied

together with ropes, and the passengers stream thro ugh the country in their night-caps.

Only at Paris is it thought necessary to appear with decency, and even there, whatever was the case before the Revolution, you now see nothing like the trim equipages of Pall-mall or Hyde-park.

There the coachman, an elderly domestic, appears with all the gravity of decorum in a bob wig and laced hat, and the footmen, of whom more than two are rarely crowded on at a time, as is often done upon the Continent, are the tallest and handsomest fellows you see, in rich liveries—their hats fiercely cocked, and their feet on tip-toe, with canes or umbrellas in their hands.

On an excursion into the country the chariot and four flies rapidly along the highway, with a snug postillion upon each pair, in a jockey cap, a tight jacket, and leather breeches, booted and spurred—a couple of ont-riders galloping after.

At Paris, for want of this attention to propriety, the coachman often looks more like a gentleman than his master, and the maccaroni footman might pass for a beau of the ton.

But upon the public roads, the garçons of the post-houses, an establishment which has been suffered to retain its anti-revolutionary privileges, are to the full as inattentive to the duties of their station as our American domestics. The hostler never troubles himself to open the door of your chaise, or to put up the step for you, and the postillion will receive his *bonne-main*, though half as much again as is given in England, without ever saying he thanks you, much less stirring his hat.—Nay his discontented rapacity often urges him to ask for, *quelque chose pour boire** into the bargain.

In France the Consular reviews, diplomatic entertainments, and anniversary rejoicings, amuse the public, and absorb the wealth of individuals or the state, in conjunction with balls and operas, kept mistresses, and games of chance.

In England, public dinners, routs, and masquerades, are often the occasion of incredible expence. Thousands are frequently pledged upon the event of a horse-race, and whole estates are sometimes risqued and thrown away upon a cast of the die.

In Italy, the church itself is a fashionable place of amuse-

* Something to drink.

ment, since the ceremonies of the choir pervert it into an opera, to which nothing is wanting but the ballet—Well might the Indian Chief who was taken to church at Philadelphia, and found his native veneration for the Deity disturbed by the customary rotation of the protestant service—well might he have said, if he had wandered as far from his native woods as the plains of Italy, and beheld the perpetual repetition of the mass: "These people teaze the good spirit too much."

The only extravagances of princes and cardinals is the building and furnishing of palaces, for churches are no longer erected even in Italy, and the follies of the carnival are too childish to be costly. The poor are every where seen basking in the sunshine, or reclining in the shade, willingly relinquishing all the comforts and conveniences which might be procured by industry, for idleness and ease.

Thieves and beggars are accordingly the pest of Italy, and Italian jails are themselves a nuisance. They frequently open upon the most frequented streets by large grated windows, through which the miserable wretches confined within may be both seen and heard, to the great annoyance of passengers. For European jails are not like those of the county towns in America, often inhabited by nobody but the jailer; and the barbarous custom of whipping criminals through the streets of a populous city, abolished in Philadelphia even before the reformation of the penal laws, is still practised under the priestly government of Rome, with all its savage accompaniments, so debasing to humanity.

The petty states of Italy now generally settle their differences without appealing to the sword, but a protestant is astonished to find so little cordiality between neighbouring nations, professing filial obedience to the same Spiritual Father. Their unity is by no means cemented by their devotion. It is a truth, which no pains are taken to conceal, that the Piedmontese hate the Genoese—the Genoese hate the Tuscans—the Tuscans hate the Venetians—the Venetians hate the Romans—the Romans hate the Neapolitans—and so round. Yet no Sectarian Innovators there disturb the tranquillity of established functionaries by superior fervor; all confide alike in the intercession of saints, and equally rely upon purgatorial purification. They worship the same objects of adoration, and the same orders of monks and nuns are every where supported for the convenience of vicarious mortification.

Yet the friars of catholic countries are neither so numerous

nor so rich as protestant travellers usually represent them. Many of them labour for their own support—live upon little—sleep on straw—and rise at midnight to perform their orisons; and if in Italy eighty or ninety thousand monks lead a life of comparative inutility, we should not forget that two or three hundred thousand soldiers are not better employed in Prussia, in brushing their uniforms, and shouldering their firelocks.

In Holland and Switzerland the people are all immersed in business, or secluded in retirement; you there see no parade of equipage—no throngs of idleness.

A Hollander or a Swiss, with more condescension than an Englishman, and less obsequiousness than a Frenchman, is irksomely attentive, and fatiguingly polite.

In Dutch and Swiss towns, the antiquated gentry strutting in blue and powder, contrive to be troublesome even to strangers of any appearance, by formal salutes. Among themselves it was a farce to see two solemn prigs greet each other with due decorum. By the time the arm was raised to the head, and the hat firmly grasped in the right hand, the social beings had generally passed each other without saying a word, and the respective hats often scraped the ground at a distance of twenty yards from the place of meeting.

Yet in the church these scrupulous professors of the reformed faith, like the Protestants of France, often sit with their hats on, because their ancestors refused to uncover themselves before the mass, or the mass priest.

At Amsterdam the old cloaths-man [of London] croaking like an American bull frog, and the puppet show-man and his wife [of Paris] are converted into Psalm-singers, who perambulate the most populous streets, with edifying ditties.

There industry is the order of the day, and even mastiff dogs are made to work like horses, to earn their living. Upon the level roads of Holland, paved with clinkers, I have seen a baker, his wife, and child, all riding at once in a bread cart, drawn by a dog.

In England, tradesmen and shopkeepers are sufficiently imposing; but the moment you set your foot on the Continent of Europe, it behoves you to be upon your guard against every body with whom you have any thing to do. All European mercenaries cheat if they can, and an unfledged foreigner is fair game, to be decoyed by every spaniel.

When I first passed through France, I always gave what was asked, with native confidence and good faith; but in Italy I learned to chaffer with cheats, and am persuaded that I could travel over the same ground again at half the expence.

In England the domestics at inns, and even at gentlemen's houses, expect or demand, a douceur; but the system of imposition is carried upon the Continent to its *ne plus ultra*. Ingenious afterclaps are tacked to every agreement; and you are dexterously shuffled off with coin short of weight.

At Rome the valet of the Cardinal who signed our passport for Naples, waited upon us the next morning to wish us a good journey [that is, to solicit a fee] and a citizen of Naples who directed me to a tradesman, with some hesitation gave me to understand that he expected to be paid for his trouble.

Indeed in Italy the pillaging of travellers has been systematically arranged. The language master who engages your lodging, receives from your landlord a stipend during your stay. The valet-de-place who hires your carriage has his fee from the job-man who furnishes it, and every mechanic you employ is taxed by your courier—a troublesome attendant you may do very well without, if you travel with a vettorino.

In the middle ranks of life a Frenchman is vain and faithless, but at the same time courteous and intelligent. An Englishman is haughty and severe; but honourable and generous. An Italian is passionate and superstitious; but loyal and devout. A Hollander is formal and parsimonious; but honest and well meaning. A Swiss, avaricious and reserved; but sober and sincere.

In point of morals, the Scotch are the most unexceptionable people in Europe.

The Dutch and Swiss hold the next rank in the scale of morality.

Alas! for human depravity, the most polished nations upon earth are the most immoral and irreligious. Notwithstanding the example of the Protestants of France, and the Dissenters of England, the French and the English must be placed at the bottom of the scale.

No nations upon earth are so gross in ribaldry, or so bold in imprecation, as the French and the English—at once the wisest and the wickedest of mankind*.

* The savages of America learn to swear in English—having no correspondent expression in their native tongues.

The French and English, though nothing separates these haughty rivals but a narrow channel, in one place no more than twenty miles over, agree in nothing but the human form; and even that is varied into light and dark—plump and spare—grave and gay.

One skims the ocean like a fish-hawk, the other flies over the earth like a vulture; if one is all-powerful at sea, the other is invincible by land; but they are equally bold and fierce, equally oppressive and rapacious, and during the short intervals of national wars, one is *a French dog* at London, the other *un Diable Anglois* at Paris.

Yet a foreigner in France is not reminded that he is an outlandish figure even by a look of curiosity, much less a stare of impertinence; whilst in England no variation from the national costume passes unnoticed; and *Paddy* is a ready nick-name for an Irishman, *Taffy* for a Welshman, and *Sawney* for a Scot. A stranger from any part of Europe is generally, with the populace, *a French dog*, though he may sometimes be distinguished for *a Spanish baboon*, or *a High Dutch bear*.

Both nations, however, notwithstanding their frequent wars, respect each other, as much as they undervalue all others.

In both countries each readily gives the second place to the other, like the commanders at Salamis, each of whom ascribed the victory in the first place to himself, in the second to Themistocles.

An Englishman loves tea and roast beef; a Frenchman prefers soup and ragouts; one often gets drunk, the other never; one is civil and reserved, the other familiar and polite; one will refuse a favour that is asked, the other will ask one that ought not to be granted; one keeps his servants at a respectful distance, the other is as familiar with them as if they were his equals: accordingly, an English waiter will serve you with the most scrupulous attention, without speaking a word; a French garçon, on the contrary, will talk to you all the time he waits, and forget to bring what you order.

A Frenchman frequently sits down to table covered, an Englishman never; the one helps himself with a knife, the other with a fork; in England the ladies help the gentlemen, in France the gentlemen help the ladies.

The English command women as wives, but obey them as queens; the French obey them as wives, or mistresses,

but reject them as queens, by a law whose origin is as old as the Monarchy, and its effects as recent as the Revolution.

Englishmen in low life rarely quarrel without fighting (perhaps because they cannot find words to express their rage), but the volubility of a Frenchman permits him to vent his passion in words; in France, accordingly, people will abuse one another by the hour, and separate without coming to blows, whilst in England, pugilists often strip without saying a word, and one or the other is sometimes carried off for dead. Yet an Englishman delivers his purse the moment a highwayman demands it; while a Frenchman travels armed, and often loses his life in defending his money.

An Englishman is proud, a Frenchman vain; one lives splendidly in the country, the other in town; one is most at ease when alone, the other is never easy but in company; one is barely civil, the other superfluously polite; one would serve you without professing the least attachment, the other would declare himself wholly at your service, without the smallest intention to be use of to you.

In a word, the English temper is the most respectable, though the French renders itself the most amiable. Choose an Englishman for a friend—a Frenchman for an acquaintance.

In speaking, an Englishman puts the adjective before the substantive; a Frenchman the substantive before the adjective. In England two negatives make an affirmative; in France they are indispensable to a dissent.

The English tongue has three genders, which are distributed according to the masculine, feminine, and neutral divisions in Nature; but the French personifies stocks and stones, and distinguishes sexes, even in the neutrality of the mineral and vegetable creation. Thus the majesty of a king is a creature of the feminine gender, and the pincushion of a queen is a more masculine object than the beard of her royal consort.

Thus as the pronoun possessive agrees with its substantive in gender as well as number and case, without regard to the noun personal to which it belongs, the style of the old court, for instance, would have run in plain English, *her Majesty Louis XVI.*, or *the Queen has lost his pincushion.*

But we ourselves sometimes contravene the peculiar consistency of our language, by personifying a ship in the feminine gender, though, as a gallant Indiaman, it should

bear, for instance, the masculine appellation of *the Henry Dundas*, or *the William Penn*; or as a man of war, it should hoist its flag under the imposing title of *Royal George*, or *President Washington*.

In reading, an Englishman lowers his voice at the end of every sentence; a Frenchman as uniformly raises it. In conversation the one is often at a loss, the other never.

In England, the use of the singular number in direct address has long been exploded, except in prayer to the Almighty. In France it is the language of contempt to those you despise, and of familiarity with those you love; but alike in the church and in the conventicle, it would be thought an unpardonable freedom to *tutoyer le bon Dieu**.

There is little difference between the Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and, in short, all the languages of the South of Europe, out of the Turkish empire, as they are mostly derived from the Latin. Accordingly a Latin scholar is at little pains to acquire them all, and the provincial dialects spoken by the peasantry of Granada, Valencia, Catalonia, Languedoc, Provence, Lombardy, Tuscany, Latium, and Calabria, in conjunction with the stupendous remains of antique edifices, indicate to the eye and to the ear that they have all once been fiefs of the same mighty empire.

The languages of the North of Europe may be traced with equal certainty to the ancient German or Teutonic; and English, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian, are all more or less intelligible to one that understands German; at the same time that the cairns and barrows of remote antiquity, and the Gothic spires of the middle ages, intimate the common origin of Germany, England, and the North of France.

In the days of Cæsar, these now polished climes were inhabited by savages but little removed from the Indians of America, though they had discovered or acquired the use of iron, and had accordingly begun the gradual process of civilization.

Naked warriors struck their shields in the halls of Odin, or danced all night around a burning oak; and savage hunters poured out their drinking horns in druidical circles, or consecrated groves, before they drank them off, brim-full, in the imaginary presence of Woden or Tuisco, Friga or Thor, the savage idols whose names may be so readily traced

* Thee and Thou, the Almighty.

from our Saxon ancestors in the vulgar nomenclature of the days of the week, though it is now twelve hundred years since the Dagons of the North have fallen upon their thresholds before the ark of Christianity.

France is a beautiful country, in a happy climate, swarming with people, and teeming with the fruits of the earth. It is notwithstanding interspersed with long chains of mountains, one of which, called the Cevennes, crosses it from east to west, and forms a marked division between the north and the south.

The climate on one side of these mountains is compared by the officers who were in America during the revolutionary war, to that of our middle States, producing every kind of grain, and abounding in apples, peaches, and grapes; while on the other, fig-trees, vine-yards, and olive orchards, bespeak that mild and even temperature which renders the South of France the frequent resort of wealthy invalids, retreating in winter from the fogs of England, and in summer from the pestilential heats of Italy.

The chain of the Cevennes separates alike the climate, the productions, the manners, the vulgar dialect, and even the style of building, in the two grand divisions of the same civil or military monarchy, now almost as populous and powerful as the gigantic empire of which it was once a distant and barbarous province.

The fair domain extends from the British Channel to the Mediterranean sea, and it is bounded on either side by the splendid and immoveable barriers of the Alps and Pyrennees.

England is a hilly country, of a clayey soil, interspersed with sand and loam, diversified by art and nature, with the gayest cultivation, and the most gloomy barrenness.

The innumerable country-seats of the gentry, and the splendid mansion-houses, or antiquated castles of the nobility, embosomed in majestic woods, and overlooking extensive lawns, animated with sheep or deer, and ornamented with terminating objects—a temple or an obelisk—a statue or a vase, screened from familiar view by knots of shrubbery, connected by a winding walk, or a meandering stream, are indescribably beautiful and picturesque. Village spires peep from every coppice, and frowning ruins, fringed with ivy and grey with moss, preserve to an enlightened age the characteristic outlines of monastic superstition, or baronial ferocity.

Even the towns and villages, several of which may generally be seen at once in so open a country, are much more

ornamental as distant objects than the scattered houses of our American towns, however the latter may boast of broad streets and intermediate gardens. They are also romantically crowned with Gothic pinnacles, an interesting addition which our American scenery must ever want.

But these pleasing objects are sadly contrasted by the heaths and the forests, the wolds and the fens, which are more or less infested by robbers, and frequently display a dismal exhibition of civilized barbarity, in the mutilated figures of highwaymen hanging in chains.

If you stop at one of the rural seats toward the close of day, a surly mastiff will meet you at the gate; you will find the doors locked and bolted, and the shutters barred; and when you retire for the night, you will be terrified by the sinister apparatus of an alarum bell at every window.

Lone houses, as single habitations are here expressively called, are furnished with a great bell on the roof, by which the neighbours may be called up in case of an attack; and the neighbouring cottagers are advertised, that the first man who reaches the spot when the bell rings shall be amply rewarded.

In London, where robberies often take place in open day, the doors of dwelling-houses are kept locked, and those of shops are frequently chained to the door-post, to prevent a sudden surprise or retreat.

How unlike the tranquil confidence of American housekeepers, which leaves our doors in Philadelphia all day a-jar, and in the country, all night upon the latch.

In Scotland, the Lowlands resemble those of England, though they have still less sunshine, and the hardy Scots must therefore often gather their oats, a grain which thrives in the most northern latitudes, in frost and snow. The Highlands are bleak and barren, like the *brown heaths* of Ossian, weltering in perpetual mists.

Wales is less mountainous and better cultivated, affording an endless variety of healthy excursion and romantic scenery, for the wealthy valetudinarians of the metropolis.

Holland is a level plain which has been literally gained from the sea by human industry, and the adventurous acquisition is only preserved from encroachment by the continual care of its industrious inhabitants.

The uniform coast exhibits a continued mound of earth, by which the sea is banked out, and the interior of the country is universally intersected by ditches and canals,

along which run the roads, at a height of eight or ten feet above the adjacent fields.

It is generally laid down in grass, and covered with large herds of cattle, which are here black, the favourite colour of the inhabitants, as in England they are mostly red, and in France and Italy as generally white.

Flanders is the most fertile country in Europe, not so flat as Holland nor so hilly as France. It is under universal cultivation, and yields two crops in the year, being capable of raising hemp, tobacco, and every other plant which can thrive in so northerly a climate. But the unhappy peasants are so generally drafted for the army, that you seldom see any but women or children in the fields.

Switzerland displays the most striking contrasts imaginable. Fertile vallies surrounded by stupendous mountains covered with snow, and clustered villages glittering with tin spires, are seen at the foot of shining glaciers, or perpendicular rocks, from which neighbouring torrents precipitate themselves in showers of spray.

Italy, excepting the Cisalpine Republic, a broad valley between the Alps and the Appennines, running from the mountains of Savoy to the Lagunes of Venice, is a rugged country, over-run by the great chain of the Appennines, and its various spurs, which branch out in every direction, and cut up the whole surface into contracted spots of possible, but neglected cultivation, rarely more than twenty miles square, though the Vale of Arno is fifty miles in length, and the hills of Calabria, at the foot of Italy, are extremely fertile, and abound with apples as well as oranges, grapes, and figs.

Throughout Europe the people are collected in towns and villages, which are often inconveniently situated upon the sides of hills, where they were first formed, under the protection of some castle or strong-hold, in days when *the hand* of every potent Baron *was against every man*, and *every man's hand against him*.

In consequence of this circumstance, to which the poor have become attached by long habit, the idea of a lone house like our situations in America, where people live upon the lands they farm, would be irksome to them, and even terrifying; and the peasantry upon the Continent of Europe prefer the inconvenience of travelling two or three miles to their work, from day to day.

In England, as well as in the South of Europe, winter is rather constituted by wet than cold.

The drizzling fogs of England commence in September, and continue with little intermission till May or June.

In France and Italy the rains set in in November, and end in January, after which the air preserves the most delightful temperature imaginable, until the summer heats take place.

In Switzerland snow begins to fall in October, and remains on the ground till May, but the summers are delightfully cool and salubrious, especially upon the mountains.

To embrace all the advantages of European climates, the spring should be spent in Italy, the summer in England, or in Switzerland, the autumn in Flanders, and the winter in the South of France.

LETTER XXXI.

THE VOYAGE HOME.

New-York, September 29th, 1802.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I EMBRACE the first moment of leisure to let you know of our safe arrival here, after a pleasant passage of twenty-seven days from the Scilly Islands to the high lands of Navesink, in the ship Thames, Captain Wood, an American vessel of four hundred tons, returning home in ballast, for want of freight.

On our arrival in England, we spent ten days of repose at Higham-lodge, the hospitable mansion, on the borders of Epping-forest, where so many Americans have been affectionately fostered by their worthy countryman; being again kindly received, after an absence of two years, by the respectable family of the D—lw—ns.

We then took lodgings in town, to provide for ourselves, and relieved the fatigues of preparation by occasional excursions in the environs of London, so delightfully diversified with tranquil villages and smiling retreats.

When we first saw Captain Wood, his mild tone and diffident manners impressed us with some apprehensions for our personal safety among the boisterous Sons of Ocean,

but they were quite superfluous, as you shall hear, when there was occasion to exert his authority. He fixed his price at the first word (forty guineas), and provided for us afterwards with a liberality that bordered on profusion.

We went on board at Gravesend the 17th of August, nine cabin, and eleven steerage, passengers; but a head wind prevented our making much way.

We passed the Nore about noon the day following, and it took us two days more to weather the North Foreland, and get into the Downs. Here we lay at anchor three days, off Sandown Castle, with twenty or thirty sail of merchantmen, waiting for a wind. Boats came alongside us every day from Deal, with kegs of rum, &c. and our condescending Captain suffered the sailors to buy what they chose, on account of their wages, threatening at the same time to take it from them, if they got drunk with it.

Tired of waiting for a change of wind we made sail at last with a south-wester, and that very night all our sailors were so intoxicated as to be unfit for service.

Next morning the Captain took away what was left of the rum, and the sailors revenged themselves upon every thing that came in their way. One of them stove in the head of his own keg, and another took the first opportunity to dispute the orders of the mate, a Frenchman born, "D——l take me," says he, "if I'll be ordered by a Frenchman." This produced a scuffle, and the mate being the weakest man, ran down into the cabin and whispered the Captain. He jumped instantly upon deck, knocked the fellow down, and laid him in irons, though several of his comrades took his part, and swore *they would not work a stroke 'till he was let out again.*

They accordingly spent the remainder of the day on the forecastle, dancing and singing, in token of defiance.

The Captain kept his temper, and suffered them to vent their rage as they pleased, all the afternoon. Toward evening one of them came on the quarter-deck, and demanded the freedom of his comrade. "He's my countryman," said he, "and d—n me if I don't stand by him." The Captain calmly replied: "If he don't beg the mate's pardon I'll carry him in irons to New-York;" and the fellow went away swearing, *He might work the ship himself then, for they would not.*

Upon this open declaration of mutiny, we began to dread the most disagreeable consequences; but were unexpectedly relieved from the threatening dilemma, by the offender's

submission, who was by this time quite tired of his irksome confinement.

When the irons were knocked off, he humorously cried, "Huzza for liberty!" and walked up to the Captain to acknowledge his fault, with all the freedom of a true Jack Tar. Upon which the whole crew returned to their duty, without manifesting another sign of dissatisfaction during the voyage.

After beating about the Channel several days, between the chalky cliffs of France and England, which have all the appearance of having been disjoined by some convulsion of Nature, we were glad to come to again at the Isle of Wight, one of those secure harbours for ships of burthen, that will ever ensure to Britain the command of *the Channel*, which she proudly calls her own, to *the Straits of Dover*, though France disputes the claim, from her shallow inlets, and now and then scours *La Manche*, with fleets fitted out in her Mediterranean or Atlantic ports, to assert her equal right to the *Pas de Calais*.

Here we lay two or three days more off Spithead, in sight of *the Wooden Walls of Old England*, stretched out like floating castles, their dark and lofty sides presenting a terrific front of two or three tier of cannon.

We made sail again on the 28th, with a light breeze, not yet fair enough to lay our course down the Channel; and on the 31st we were called on deck, as we were going to breakfast, to take our leave of British ground, the light-house on the Scilly Isles being just discernible through the mist, on our starboard quarter, distant about a league.

By ten o'clock a large frigate hove in sight, standing directly for us from the south-west. She spoke us, and learned with pleasure our bearing and distance from the Scillys, as she was bound for London—long out from the West Indies.

Other vessels were seen afterwards during several days, steering across the trackless ocean, directly for the British Channel, like so many living creatures, aiming in concert at the same object, by instinctive impulse.

I often in calm weather seated myself in the netting of the bowsprit to see our ship plough her course from day to day upon the boundless deep, which must have remained an impassable barrier between Europe and America, if it had not been for the fortuitous or providential discovery of the magnetic needle, but a little before Columbus was inspired with the bold idea of exploring the ocean in search of another world.

The surface of the sea furnishes a palpable demonstration of the rotundity of the globe. From the deck of a ship you plainly perceive yourself to be upon the swell of a ball, gradually rounding off on all sides, at the distance of no more than two or three miles. Beyond this circle the masts and sails of approaching vessels may be seen as if rising out of the water, more or less, according to their distance.

A sail must be a hundred feet high to be seen from the deck three leagues off; but from the topmast head it would be discoverable a league farther, and accordingly, in time of war, a sailor is always stationed aloft to look out a-head.

High lands are discerned from sea at a distance proportioned to their height. The glistening summits of the white hills in Canada are sometimes discovered when seventy miles off, and in a brighter atmosphere the top of Mount Etna may be clearly perceived from the island of Malta, a distance of a hundred and twenty miles.

Small as is the visible horizon at sea, the standard of philosophic observation equally reduces the apparent height of the roaring billows, which are supposed never to rise more than nine feet above the level of the ocean, that is to say, eighteen from the trough of the sea, though they swell into mountains, and sink into vallies, when viewed through the magnifying medium of personal danger.

Even the roaring winds are never let loose with unbounded fury; they blow but their stated periods of twelve, twenty-four, thirty-six, or forty-eight hours, and never exceed thirty miles an hour in velocity, so that a tight ship has nothing to fear but a lee-shore.

A prime sailer rarely goes more than twelve miles an hour, and has never been known to exceed fifteen; yet American vessels have sailed from Boston or New-York, with a brisk north-wester, and kept the wind to the European coast.

A well-rigged vessel may lay her course within five points of the wind; and a good ship may be so trimmed for sailing as to keep her direction for hours together, without any body at the helm.

At sea, a believer in the active superintendance of a gracious Providence, observes with complacence how the winds vary to suit every course, and perceives the aptitude of the trite adage,

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.

When our worthy predecessors, of different religious per-

suasions, first ventured to cross the Atlantic, to avoid the persecutions to which they were alternately subjected under the intolerant spirit of predominating churches, they studied safety more than expedition; they neither sought nor avoided the various influence of the gulph stream; they took in sail, by way of precaution, at the apprehension of a storm; and they always lay-to at night.

Thus three or four months were often spent on a passage which is now made in as many weeks; and no longer ago than the middle of the last century, a single Londoner sailed out of the port of Philadelphia, to procure the unrivalled manufactures of Britain, and returned again once a year.

Since the Revolution, I need not add, our East Indiamen sail half round the globe, and return within the year, freighted with the luxuries of the East; and innumerable whalers explore the Arctic and Antarctic Circles, in search of the monsters of the deep.

May the posterity of those Christian Worthies who planted the wilds of America for the liberty of worshipping God according to their consciences, preserve, amidst unexampled prosperity, the civil and religious privileges thus purchased by their ancestors!

When we had been out four days, we were spoke by a brig from Newfoundland. After giving her the necessary information, our Captain wished her safe in, adding, as he laid by his trumpet, "with a good north-easter." The wind actually sprang up from that quarter during the night, and in five days wafted us nine hundred miles, notwithstanding we carried away the first night our main-top-mast and main-top-gallant-mast, with all the sails set, by a roll of the vessel meeting a sudden flaw of wind.

As it happened in the dusk of the evening, nothing could be done but make fast for the night; yet in three days' time we were completely refitted, the late mutineers, being some of the best hands on board, exerting themselves to the utmost. They would cling to the ropes like cats, and kicking off their shoes, run themselves up or down a single line.

The wind now shifted to the south, but we were content to keep in high northern latitudes, to avoid the contrary current of the gulph stream; and on the twelfth day from the Scillys, we perceived the sea to lose its deep blue, as it always does upon soundings. As soon as it assumed a greenish cast we hove the lead, but found no bottom.

The next day however we brought ground at five-and-thirty fathom, on the banks of Newfoundland, and the

wind dying away we lay to, threw out our fishing lines, and soon had fifty cod-fish, and two halibut, slapping their tails upon the deck.

It was a beautiful sight to see the fish drawn up through the transparent waves. Some of them were cooked for supper, and eaten with as good a relish as if they had been better dressed, as it usually happens with provisions at a half-way house.

During this pleasant run we had often seen shoals of porpoises racing alongside, jumping from wave to wave, and diving under our bows for booty, as they do round a shark, mistaking the ship for some voracious monster in pursuit of prey.

When this happened in the night they would shine like silver, while the phosphoric substances always floating in salt water, spangled with gold, the darkly undulating masses foaming with the rush of the vessel.

At other times whales of the grampus kind were seen spouting upon the surface of the water, and diving with a heavy motion, erecting their forked tails as they went slowly down.

The wind continuing south-west we were soon surrounded with fogs, with which these Banks are generally covered, and for a week or ten days afterward, we had nothing to do but learn sea phrases, and wish for a fair wind.

Nothing is said on ship-board as it is said on shore. A fresh-water sailor soon finds he has a language to learn not taught at grammar-schools, and is surprised to find himself ignorant of his own mother-tongue.

In short, at sea, if you do not learn to distinguish starboard from larboard, you might as well not know your right hand from your left; and a land-lubber that does not balance himself at sea, as a sailor does on shore, will soon *fetch way with a lee lurch*, and may be glad to bring up against a stauncheon or a stay-brace. But the most careless fellow on board quickly learns to *mind the weather hand;* and if he be not a very dull scholar, he soon distinguishes, amid the roar of winds and waves, and the rattle of sails, cordage, and tackling, the more or less favourable sounds of, "square the yards!" or, "hawl taught the lee-braces!" He dreads an approaching storm, when *all is to be made snug, and the topsails double-reefed.* But his courage returns when he hears, "all hands aloft! Shake the reefs out of the topsails fore and aft, and loose topgallant-sails!" which is soon answered from the yards, with "let go the reef-tackles!"—

"Aye, aye!" replies Jack from below—casts off, and cries, "all gone!"

Some phrases however are too complicated to be learned at the first lesson. Such for instance as, "loose the foretop-gallant-backstay!" or, "haul taught the maintop-bow-line!"

Others are simple enough, though outlandish, as if you should ask the man at helm what o'clock it is, you might be answered, "it's running six, Sir;" or if you listened to him that heaves the lead while in shoal water, you might hear him sing out, "and a quarter seven!"

The colloquial phraseology of a sailor differs no less from the vernacular tongue, and its profane drollery often provokes a laugh from the gravest disapprobation. "D—n it, Jack!" says one, when the Captain was ashore, "now I'll be boatswain, and you shall be boatswain's mate: when I cry pull, do you haul."

A true sailor will never go to sea while he has any money left, and if he has not had a chance of spending the last farthing when he ships himself for a voyage, he'll throw it away, that it may'nt burn a hole through his pocket. But it oftener happens that Jack has spent all before the ship is ready to sail, in which case he'll borrow what he wants of some prudent messmate, to be repaid with twice as much when he gets his wages. Characteristic improvidence, not perhaps to be regretted, if commerce is beneficial to society, as few would be likely to follow the seas, after the first ebullition of curiosity and adventure, without being sharply pressed by the spur of necessity.

Men of all nations mix together on the ocean; but the English language is the common medium of communication, being almost as universal at sea as the French is on land.

On the 26th, though immersed in a thick fog, the Captain thought us near enough to Cape Sable, the southernmost extremity of Nova Scotia, to see the land; but the wind continuing south-west, we were obliged to go on in uncertainty for the Bay of Massachusetts.

Next morning the sun crossed the line, the day wore a lowering aspect, and we dreaded the approaching night, imbayed as we were between the shoals of Nantucket and the rocks of New Hampshire.

But the wind happily veered about in the night, and by next morning we had weathered the dangerous reef of sand that stretches from the east end of Nantucket, ten miles out

to sea, and terminates in sunken rocks, on which many a good ship has been lost.

This day we saw several vessels sailing gaily out of the different ports on Long Island Sound; and about midnight we heard the Captain called on deck to see the light-house. He immediately threw the lead, but finding thirty fathom water, concluded it must be a light on board some other vessel, as the soundings are sufficiently regular all along the American coast to indicate the distance of a day's sail from land. Day-light however gradually displayed to our longing eyes the flat shores of Long Island, and coasting them along, by eight o'clock we could discern the high lands of Navesink, on the easternmost point of New Jersey.

A pilot soon came aboard from one of those two-masted cutters peculiar to this port, which are said to be some of the swiftest sea-boats in the world.

He informed us all was well at New-York; but that the yellow fever had been again introduced into Philadelphia from the wretched colony of St. Domingo. It seems the absurd theory is not yet exploded, which supposes whole crews, infected with a pestilential fever, less likely to communicate their disease, than putrid vegetables to create it!

The pilot worked us into the bay with some difficulty, for want of wind, and we cast anchor that night in sight of the light-house, on Sandy Hook.

Next morning we passed the Narrows, and reached the Lazaretto by seven o'clock, where we were visited by the Health-officer, and detained twenty-four hours, in consequence of a misunderstanding between him and the Captain.

On the 29th we got again under sail, but were soon becalmed. We reconciled ourselves however to this second disappointment, as we were now in sight of the town, and could amuse ourselves with reconnoitring the beautiful bay.

It here presents to the eye an expanse of seven or eight miles over, bordered with woods, diversified with islands, and crowned with the slender spires of New York, rising from its neat brick buildings, interspersed with trees, and scattered over a point of land half a mile wide, which is bordered on each side with a thick grove of masts.

On the left hand of this lively scene the North river opens majestically, two miles in width, between mountains covered with wood to their very summits; while the East river, though an arm of the sea, opening another commu-

nication between the bay and the ocean, here winds to the right, along its cultivated shores, in a modest channel of no more than three or four furlongs.

Some friends however suspecting our detention, came down for us in a periague, and toward evening we set foot again on American ground—glad to leave behind us the brilliant systems of European refinement, rich as they are in the monuments of ancient grandeur, and the inventions of modern art.

LETTER XXXII.

AMERICAN MANNERS, AND OBSERVATIONS UPON TRAVELLING.

Springfield, [New Jersey] Oct. 2nd, 1802.

WE arrived here yesterday, in good health and spirits, and although we have had the pleasure of finding most of our relations here to welcome our return, I cannot forbear sketching off the strong impressions of contrast, at first sight of my own country after so long an absence.

The flat shores of Long Island, and the high lands of Navesink, covered with evergreens, looked to us at a distance, as if they had got on a winter coat of sheltering woods; and as we approached the coast, the farm-houses scattered along shore, without a town or even a village in sight, had an air of comfortable mediocrity, equally remote from the cottages and the palaces of Europe.

Large orchards of apples and peaches, interspersed with the luxuriant growth of Indian corn, marked the influence of a genial climate; while immense fallows, carelessly railed in, bespoke the ease and independence of unfettered cultivation.

Every American heart on board swelled at the grateful sight; and when we landed at the wharfs, I could scarcely refrain from embracing my native soil.

New-York, however, looked to us like a genteel village, or the half-country half-town retreats of the wealthy citizens of London, the houses comparatively low, and of unequal

height, being interspersed with vacant lots, and the streets often lined with trees, under which occasional passengers seemed to saunter along, equally exempted from the hurry of competition, and the obstruction of carts and coaches, of which now and then one passed quietly along—the carmen sitting lazily upon their loads.

A saucy young Londoner of the party, observed, *that the old folks wanted their hats brushed, and their shoes cleaned; and that the young fellows ought to have thrown away their half-boots seven years ago—and as for the shops, he declared they were as dirty as pig-sties.*

We however, looking at the fair side of the picture, admired the mild and unassuming air of every body we met, and were gratified by the respectful attention with which we were considered as strangers, both high and low giving us the wall in the streets, and occasionally holding the gates open for us in the public walks, where we were charmed with the mild countenances and unaffected deportment of the young ladies.

But nothing struck us more forcibly than the friendly looks and gentle manners of the custom-house officers, from the tide-waiter to the collector of the port, not one of whom displayed the power of imposition to extort a fee for not exerting it.

Some trifling objects intended for presents were allowed to pass *without being seized as a perquisite of office*, and personal commodities being duty free, we paid 18*d.* for a permit to land immediately the very articles which had been detained a week in London, at the public stores, turned upside down by the searchers, and with difficulty got out of their harpy clutches, after paying in lighterage, porterage, searcher's fees, duty, Custom-house dues, and broker's commission, in the whole, something more than five guineas.

It was, notwithstanding, some time before I could pass through a croud, without guarding against pick-pockets; and whenever a person meanly dressed gave me the way, I put my hand into my pocket to feel if I had any pence for beggars.

The sight of Negroes was at first a little surprising; and the blunt manners of domestics amazed us greatly, after having been served cap in hand through England.

Every body looked pale and thin after a hot summer, and people of all ranks had an air of rustic simplicity, being mostly clothed in light drabs.

Our friends welcomed us with such large fires, that we

could hardly bear their rooms, feeling ourselves no way chilly in this dry climate, with the air of October; and we were obliged to reduce our voices a note or two, finding our European tones a pitch above the common key.

The fruit-stalls in the streets were loaded with apples, peaches, pears, &c. at two or three for a penny.

The fish-market of New-York is probably one of the finest in the world, whether for cheapness, excellence, or variety. The fish are brought alive from the adjacent boats, and the rarest are sold as low as five or six cents a pound. A gentleman with whom we dined one day, told us he had once gone on purpose to count up the number of sorts, and that he had made up twenty-seven different kinds, beside shell-fish, then in the market.

Poultry and wild-fowl are also cheap and excellent. Half a dollar, or at most three quarters, will buy a pair of ducks or dunghill fowls, and something more a goose or a turkey. But butcher's meat is inferior to the English, both the climate and soil of England being peculiarly favourable to grazing. Justly may an Englishman boast the mutton, the veal, and the beef of Old England.

The streets in the old parts of New-York are nearly as crooked as those of European cities; but the new parts are run out in straight lines. That called the Broad Way, runs direct from the country, and winds gently round toward the water, till it widens into a beautiful square, opening over the public walks to an extensive view of the bay.

One day we rode five miles into the country, to dine with a gentleman at his seat on the East river. The table was, as usual, loaded with varieties of meat, fish, and fowl, garnished with at least half a dozen kinds of vegetables, and replaced by all the fruits in season. His house is a large framed building, painted white, in the same compact style with many others in the neighbourhood, which have been run up since the city has been so frequently visited with the yellow fever. They are generally erected upon square lots of ground, regularly divided into useful enclosures, and surrounded with trees planted for fruit or shade, with little or no attention to ornament, though it would be so easy to cultivate the natural beauties of a country abounding with wood and water.

Another day we went with one of the managers to see the prison, or penitentiary, lately erected upon the principle of substituting useful labour to corporal punishment, for the prevention of crimes. A sublime idea, uninspired by the

patriotism of Solon or Lycurgus, though naturally flowing from the benevolence of a christian law-giver.

It is to Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, that the civilized world owes the first example of a criminal code from which the punishment of death was excluded; and though after a struggle of thirty years the philanthropic attempt was superseded by the sanguinary institutions of the Parent State, it is still to his brethren in religious profession at Philadelphia, that we owe the happy experiment of solitary confinement, instead of public execution—of reformation, instead of punishment*.

The New-York Penitentiary is a large stone edifice, with extensive courts, adapted to the various purposes of convenience and security. Here the criminals are employed as regularly as in a manufactory, and provided for as comfortably as in an alms-house, at an expence incredibly small, under the intelligent economy of a committee of managers, who act upon principle.

We were told the cost of three good meals a day scarcely exceeded a sixteenth of a dollar per head. This expence is deducted from their earnings, and the surplus is laid by to enable them to begin an honest course of life, at the expiration of their term of labour; which they frequently do, under the acquired habits of industry and sobriety, in the exercise of which their spirits have never been broken by cruelty, nor hardened by disgrace. A few days confinement on bread and water, in a solitary cell, is all the correction that has ever been found necessary, to reduce the most refractory to obedience†.

As soon as it was possible to break away from the hospitality of the place, we set out for Springfield, in the packet-boat for Amboy, preferring the water line of stages as being most direct.

* I say nothing of the pretended abolition of capital punishments, by the Empress Elizabeth—It would have been more to her honour to have abolished the knout—that savage relique of Russian barbarism. But (I blush for the boast of civilized humanity) the torture was used in France until the reign of Louis XVI. and it is whispered that the inhuman usage has been revived in the most polished nation in Europe.

† The criminal lists of this institution furnish instructive lessons upon the corruption of great towns, the importation of foreign vices, and the depression of Negro slavery. The number of offenders, compared with the number of people in country places and in the capital, is as one to twenty; the proportion of these who are native Americans to those who were born in foreign countries, is but as four to seven, though the natives of the State, compared to foreign settlers, can hardly be less than fifty to one; and although Negroes, in or out of slavery, make but a thirtieth part of the population of the State, they form one-third of the whole number of convicts.

It was against my own inclination, for I had pleased myself with the idea of riding through the delightful villages of Newark, Elizabeth-town, Rahway, &c.; but I did not regret it afterward, as it afforded peculiar opportunities of observing the original simplicity of American manners, in a part of the country less affected than usual by the continual accession of foreigners.

We went on board early, and were much amused with the friendly civility of our fellow-passengers, as they arrived, one after the other. One of them, after bowing to us respectfully, but without moving his hat, called for some new pamphlets he had sent a-board the night before. They were brought to him, after some time, sadly rumpled; but instead of swearing at the boy, he mildly exclaimed, "In the name of sense, how came they so?" The boy himself, I afterward remarked, only cried "Dang it!" when any thing went amiss; and the master of the vessel never spoke a sharp word, during a passage tedious enough to have made a Thames waterman disgorge all the imprecations of Billingsgate.

We waited a whole hour for some of the passengers, and when actually under weigh, lay-to a long while for one that hove in sight after we were off. The tide accordingly left us by the time we reached the Narrows, and we had full leisure, before it served again, to go ashore and amuse ourselves.

At a private house in the neighbourhood, accustomed to such calls, we were entertained with bread and cheese, and peaches and milk, well sugared, at one-eighth of a dollar a-piece; and returning on board in a neighbour's boat, without having previously ascertained what the charge would be, we were told, when we asked *what was to pay*, "You're very welcome," instead of the European *What you please, Sir;* which always means two or three times as much as a thing is worth.

Two Frenchmen, lately arrived, complained to us, *what a dull place this was. The theatre had never been opened once since they arrived; and as to music and dancing, they believed there was no such thing in the country. They thought the people of New-York must be all melancholy; for they were always at work, and not a soul was to be seen in the streets of a Sunday during church time. In short, they were dying with* ennui, *for want of amusement; and had resolved, if it was no better at Philadelphia, they would go home again by the first opportunity.*

We assured them they would find it duller still in the metropolis, as the Philadelphians were noted for minding nothing but their own business; and agreed, that they could not do better than go back to France, which was (in spite of revolutions) the gayest country upon earth.

When we arrived at the stage-house next morning, there was a roaring fire in the chimney; but the landlord never stirred from his bar-room to bid us welcome; and the waiter, who was the eldest son of the family, answered our questions in such a low voice, that it was with difficulty we learned whether we could have any thing to eat in the house or not: but concluding to stay to breakfast, we were soon served with excellent coffee and bread and butter, boiled eggs, and two or three dishes of cold meat, the charge for all which was only three-eighths of a dollar; and when we left the house, nobody cried "Pray remember the waiter!"

The stage coach was a light covered waggon, hung with curtains instead of glasses; less genteel, to be sure, than an English coach: but nobody rode *on the roof*, *or in the basket*, and the horses were not galled with the weight.

The road lay several miles through a beautiful wood, where we admired the straightness of the trees, and the smoothness of their trunks, till we reached a village called Spotswood, consisting of a tavern, a shop, and a school-house, with half-a-dozen more framed houses, with yards and gardens between them.

The country, after this, was sprinkled with farms; and two more villages occurred, at intervals of ten or fifteen miles, in the same style with the former, with the addition of a church without a steeple.

Not a single beggar came out to solicit charity, as we stopped to change horses; and the people were every where decently clad, and remarkably tall and slender, with a striking air of ease and independence*.

* There had been a slight frost a few days before, and the groves were now arrayed in their autumnal uniform, the broad masses of fading green being every where richly embroidered with red and yellow. The main body, consisting chiefly of the ten or twelve branches of the family of oaks, still retained a dingy green for the ground of the living picture, coloured by the matchless hand of Nature. Here a gum, a sassafras, or a weakling oak, formed an unbroken mass of red;—there a locust, a walnut, or a hickory, flared upon the eye with every tint of yellow; while the lofty poplar presented a chequered curtain of alternate hues. Here and there sheltered hickories, with yellow edges, reminded us of a citron grove loaded with golden fruit; and variegated maples tinged at once the different branches of the same tree with yellow, green, and red, in a manner which would be deemed inexcusably fantastic from the brush of an inferior colourist. Now and then a sturdy oak still clad in summer green,

At Crosswicks we quitted the stage, which went no farther our way, and lodged there that night at a neat inn, as quiet and comfortable as a private house. Here I observed, at the bar, a printed list of the rates allowed by law for public entertainment, which it seems is a general regulation in the State of New Jersey.

Next morning we hired a carriage of the landlord, and drove ten miles across natural meadows, extensive orchards, and fields of Indian corn, in separate enclosures, interspersed with clumps of wood, and enlivened by substantial farm-houses, whose barn-yards swarmed with dunghill-fowls, and turned out large flocks of geese and turkies.

In one of these peaceful dwellings we embraced our expecting friends, and may wait without impatience until wholesome frosts shall again purify the air of Philadelphia, and permit our return to an abode of happy mediocrity, endeared by absence, and enhanced by comparison.

Before I take my leave, perhaps my opinion may be expected, of the utility of Foreign Travel to the Youth of America.

It is not unfavourable for young men of character or capacity, under certain restrictions.

In the old countries, few young persons travel for observation, who cannot afford the expensive safe-guard of a governor, or travelling companion, previously acquainted with the languages and the manners of the countries they visit.

As long as American fortunes will hardly bear this accompaniment, I think our young men should not be trusted abroad under the age of five and twenty, when their habits and principles may bear the shock of the specious systems, and enervating indulgences of European refinement—possibly increase their attachment to American simplicity, and republican virtue.

At that age, if it is ever worth while for them to see other countries, at least they will not be ignorant of their own,

partially concealed a vine of purple, which clinging round its trunk, and dropping from its topmost branches, gave an idea of a giant of the forest, bleeding at every pore. Some tints were mixed, as if on purpose to exhibit a combination of colours; while the sycamore shewed the effect of a yellowish green, the linden displayed the more brilliant mixture of a reddish yellow, and innumerable evergreens contrasted their lively verdure with the fading hues of the ash, the chesnut, and other perennial plants of the majestic shrubbery of Nature.

and they themselves, if not their fellow citizens, may profit, more or less, by the opportunity of comparison.

At the distance of three thousand miles from his native shores, a true son of Columbia will feel a patriotic affection for every branch of the union, from New Hampshire to Georgia. If he went away with the local or the rival prejudices of a Philadelphian or a New-Yorker, of a Bostonian or a Baltimorean, he will come back a citizen of the United States.

If he was once so attached to either of the leading parties, into which European politics have unhappily divided his country, as to have believed that one of them was always right, and the other always wrong, he will be likely to see through the impartial medium of distance, that the most right was sometimes wrong, and the most wrong was sometimes right.

Leaving his prejudices behind him, he will return home, no longer apprehensive of serious injury to the State from fellow citizens, of either party, who alike administer its government, under the check of election, and the pledge of responsibility, though he may lament that a change in the presidency must displace the servants of the public through every grade of administration, and that the test of eligibility, with the people themselves, is not so much those old fashioned qualifications, plain sense and inflexible integrity, as the eloquence of a barrister, or the obstinacy of a partisan.

For my own part, at that amalgamating distance, I I could see but one spot in my beloved country—it is a dark one—but time and principle are wearing it out—I trust in God the advocates for European despotism will not much longer be allowed to say, "Nothing is hereditary but *slavery* in the American Republic!"

It is undoubtedly useful to break off, now and then, from the habitual routine of business, or domestic life, which may be followed from youth to old age without materially increasing the original stock of information; but this is an advantage which may be procured without crossing the Atlantic, within the ample boundary of the United States.

A young New Englander, for instance, may cast off the leading-strings of Alma Mater, on an excursion to the Middle States, so rapidly progressing since the Revolution, in the arts of cultivation, and the ornaments of improvement.—An eleve of the Southern States may quit the debasing vicinity of Negro quarters, with still greater advantage, to contemplate the industry and morality of the hardy sons of the North.—A pupil of the Academies of Philadelphia,

New-York, or Baltimore, or a graduate of the Eastern colleges, may scour the Western wilds, and return with health and spirits to begin the career of life.

But the isolated situation in which an intelligent individual may generalize his ideas, and lose the Philadelphian, or the New-Yorker, in the citizen of the United States—that commanding elevation from which he may compare the habits of different countries, appreciate their governments and laws, and weigh the various advantages of situation, and the different operations of ingenuity, can only be attained by a temporary expatriation from his natal soil; during which he becomes a citizen of the world, and gives himself the rare opportunity of contemplating the systems of national policy, in their effect upon human happiness; or if his constitution is rather patriotic than philosophical, of confirming or correcting, the habits of that native land, for which the wisdom of Providence has universally implanted a partiality which mocks at preference, and scorns comparison.

Those who visit foreign countries, however, should by all means carry with them a cheerful and friendly disposition, as well as plenty of money, to enable them to support, without irritation, the fatigue of inconvenience and the expence of imposition.

They will then view with admiration the various advantages of soil and climate—of laws and manners, and when they return home, with a rational preference for their country, because it best befits their own habits of life, instead of gratifying national malignity by an unfair comparison of their own advantages with the disadvantages of other people, they will be rather disposed to justify, and adore, the impartial distribution of providential benevolence, to which they have every where been witnesses.

But, alas, for human nature! corruption and refinement keep equal pace, and an American parent would with difficulty consent to indulge his son's inclination to see the world, if he knew how insidiously his Darling Hope might contaminate the purity of his republicanism, amid the dazzling splendour of British aristocracy, his christianity among the deistical philosophers of France, and his morals in the seducing air of Italy.

The agents of manufacturing houses now spare our merchants the trouble of going to England to settle a correspondence; and the Revolution has taught us, that law can be studied without having chambers in the inns of court—

Physic and surgery, without repairing to the Professors of Edinburgh, or Montpellier—and even Divinity without foreign ordination.

It is impossible to travel through strange countries, without a degree of danger, fatigue, and imposition, which those that have incurred, can hardly recommend to the experience of their friends, who, thanks to the invention of printing, and the garrulity of modern tourists, may purchase information at a cheaper rate, and amuse themselves with the peculiarities of every quarter of the globe, without stirring a foot from the paternal roof, or the chimney corner.

END OF TRAVELS THROUGH SWITZERLAND AND ITALY.